THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

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MORE THAN A MILLION A WEEK CIRCULATION

Jerks and Repair Bills *vs.* Continuous Power

THE single-cylinder motor car *jerks* itself along.

You can almost see each separate jerk.

The four-cylinder car differs from the single-cylinder chiefly in that it has *four times as many jerks.*

Perhaps you never thought of it in just that way—but it's an absolute fact.

* * *

Jerks are the worst enemy of motoring.

Make it expensive.

Jerks eat up tires, devour gasoline and oil, and shake your car into the repair shop.

All makers know that.

Some of them have tried to lessen the force of the motor jerks by using heavy flywheels.

But heavy flywheels only *lessen* the shock of each jerk and do not *cure* the jerk itself.

Like giving the baby a sleeping opiate (so he'll not feel the pain) without doing one solitary thing to *remove the cause* of the pain.

* * *

Jerks in a motor car are due to the power-strokes of the piston.

A 48 horse-power single-cylinder car jerks along under 28,800 pound power strokes—28,800 pound jerks.

A 48 horse-power four-cylinder car jerks along under four times as many jerks, each jerk having 7,200 pounds behind it—7,200 pound jerks.

And the six-cylinder car (no matter how great its horse-power) doesn't jerk at all, because it has *Continuous Power.*

Mark that—*Continuous Power.*

* * *

At home you have a flight of stairs.

The carpenter comes and tears out every fifth step.

That leaves four steps and a gap, four steps and another gap, four more steps and another gap.

In climbing those stairs you have to jump every fifth step, don't you?

Well, that's practically what *every* four-cylinder motor has to do in driving its car.

For *every* four-cylinder motor produces power *only four-fifths* the time and has to jump the one-fifth gap before it begins producing power again.

And it makes absolutely no difference how fast the motor turns over or how many flywheels it has.

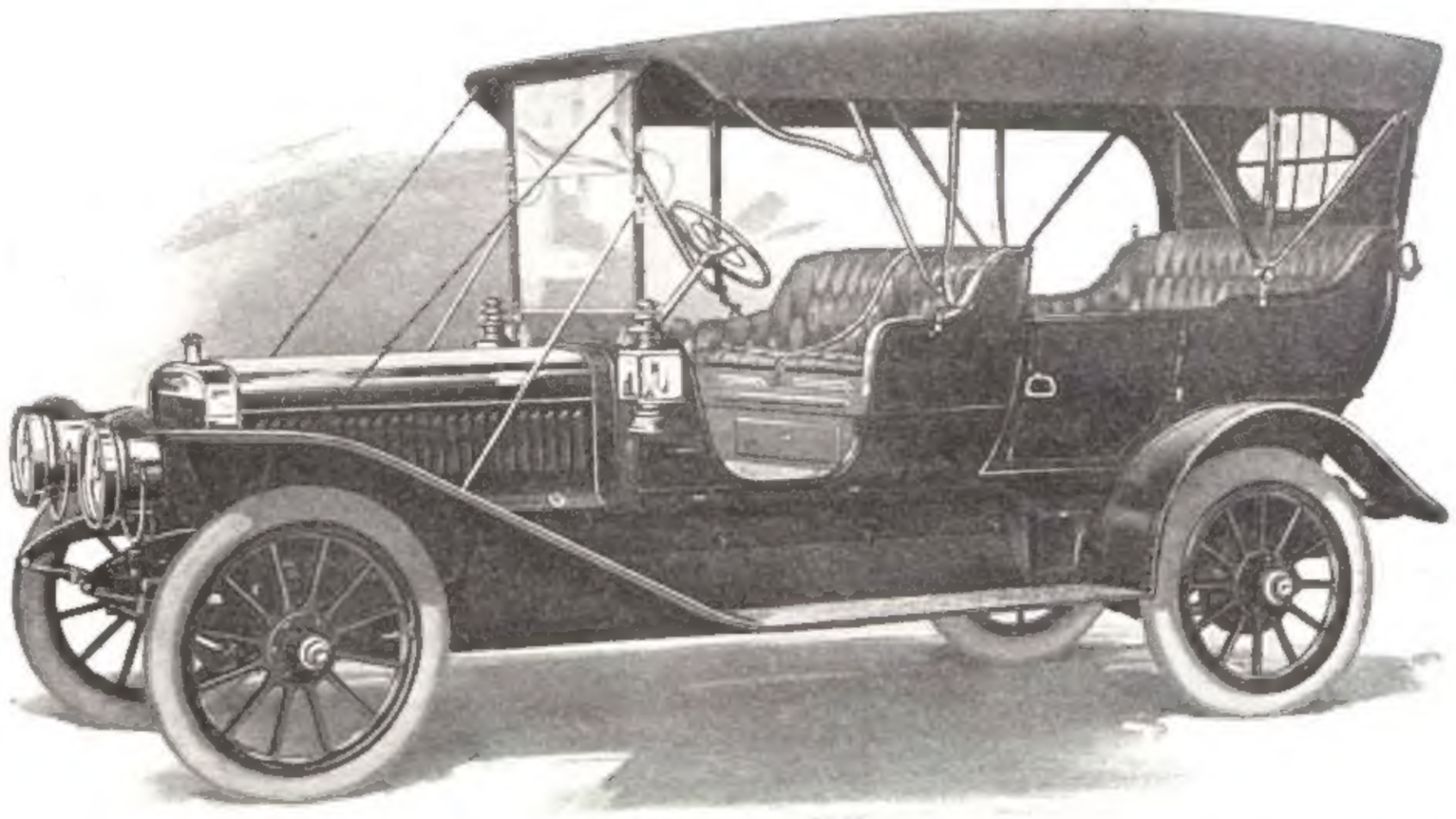
* * *

If all the steps were replaced, you could ascend and descend your stairs *without* acrobatics.

So, if a motor could only produce power *all the time*, it wouldn't be necessary to resort to flywheel acrobatics.

* * *

And since your acrobatics do not replace the missing steps, so neither do flywheel acrobatics replace the missing power.



WINTON SIX

One-cylinder motors produce power one-fifth the time.

Four-cylinder motors produce power four-fifths the time.

Six-cylinder motors produce power six-fifths the time.

That is, in the Six, power in each cylinder *always overlaps* power in each preceding cylinder one-fifth the time.

The result is *Continuous Power.*

The Six produces *more* than enough power to fill the gap.

So, there is never an instant of "no power" in the Six.

And there is *never a jerk* in the Six, because there is no gap.

* * *

See the Power Diagram.

Note the four-cylinder gaps of *No Power.* (Marked "Idle.")

Note the *continuous, unbroken power stream* of the *Six.*

* * *

Because it has a stream of *Continuous Power*, without ever a jerk, the Six is the smoothest, sweetest running motor in the world.

* * *

***Continuous Power* saves tires, and repair bills. Twenty Winton Sixes traveled 184,190 miles (more than seven times around the earth) on total repair expenses of $142.43.**

That averages *77 cents* per 1000 miles.

What was *your* average, Mr. Owner, on jerky power?

* * *

Continuous Power does more work than jerky power. That's why the Six motor will drive its car on high gear at a motor-speed so slow that, if attempted on a four, the motor would stall.

And since the Six motor will do this, it follows that the high motor-speeds represent *reserve power.*

It is this *reserve power* that makes the Six the best hill-climber there is.

* * *

Ability to run on high gear at extremely slow motor-speed reduces the necessity of gear-shifting in traffic and on hills. That means *Flexibility.*

Flexibility means that the motor is economical. Everybody knows the economy of continuous use of high-gear, and the wastefulness of low gears.

* * *

Continuous Power enables a car to "pick up" and get away faster than is possible with jerky power. The Six gets through crowded traffic at a great saving of time and patience.

* * *

Mark this:—The Six is the *only* gasoline motor car that has *Continuous Power.*

No motor car can have continuous power unless it has Six Cylinders.

Continuous Power and Six Cylinders are *inseparable.*

* * *

So, you see, six-cylinders are not a fad, nor just a way to get more power. Six cylinders *remedy* fundamental faults of *all* previous types.

And because that is true, the Winton Company is now in its third year of *exclusive Six-Cylinder* manufacture.

It is a matter of conscience with us. We could not conscientiously make an outclassed type of car.

* * *

These advantages of the Six over all other types ought to apply to all Sixes. Because the differences are fundamental and reach back to basic principles.

But since some makers, who are now producing Sixes, continue to make old-style types also, we can only conclude that their Sixes have *not* convinced them—the makers.

And if a maker isn't himself convinced by his own product, he is ill-equipped to try to convince you.

* * *

So we suggest that you look for Six Superiority in the Winton Six. It will afford us the utmost pleasure to give you actual proof of Six Supremacy.

* * *

Furthermore, there are numerous *exclusive advantages* in owning a WINTON SIX.

The Winton Six motor *starts* from the seat *without cranking.* This feature, not found on any other car of any other make, is a feature worth the price of one's self-respect.

The same pressure that cranks the motor also inflates your tires.

The Winton Six motor for 1910 is identically the same motor we used for 1909. It needed *no* improvement.

The Winton Six motor is completely housed—not a single working part exposed to dust and dirt. No wonder Winton Six motors seem to run forever without trouble.

The 1910 Winton Six buyer gets four forward speeds, a large-diameter multiple-disc clutch, the best carburetor we have ever seen, dual ignition, a superb, roomy body, suspended low on semi-elliptical springs, 124-inch wheel base (four inches more than last year), and an inswept frame, allowing short turning radius.

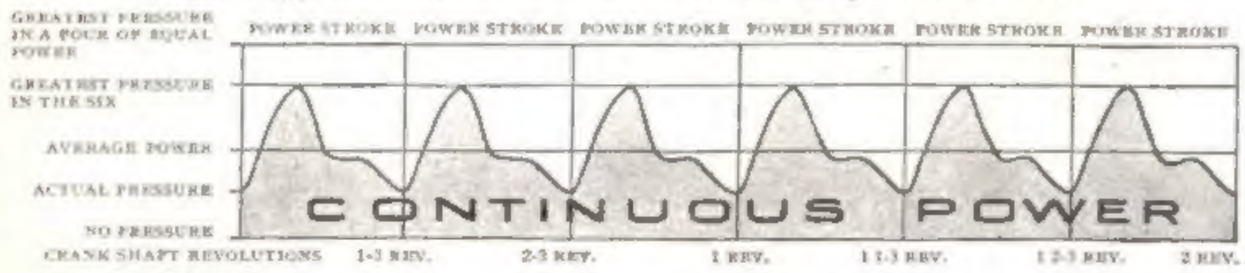
* * *

At $3000 the 48 horse-power Winton Six represents the absolute limit of motor car value.

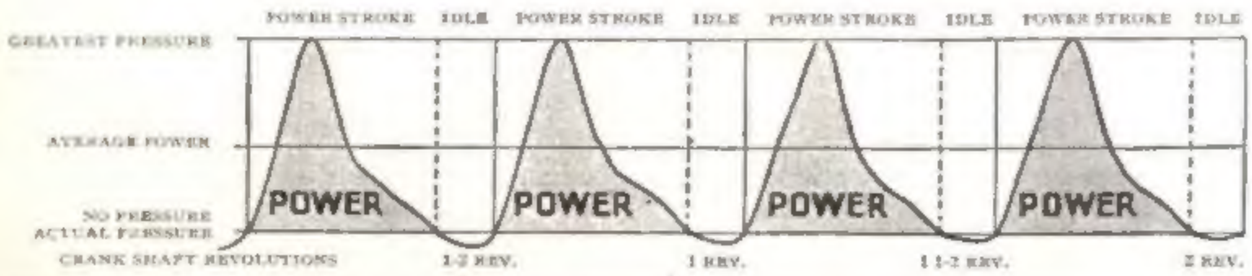
Let us send you the details. We want you to know about "Sixes vs. Fours:" you don't have to be a mechanical expert to understand the facts. And by all means get the full details about the 20 Winton Sixes that ran more than seven times around the earth on $142.43 repair expense.

Clip the coupon and send it today.

The Application of Power in the Six-Cylinder Motor



The Application of Power in the Four-Cylinder Motor



THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., 111 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send Winton Six literature to

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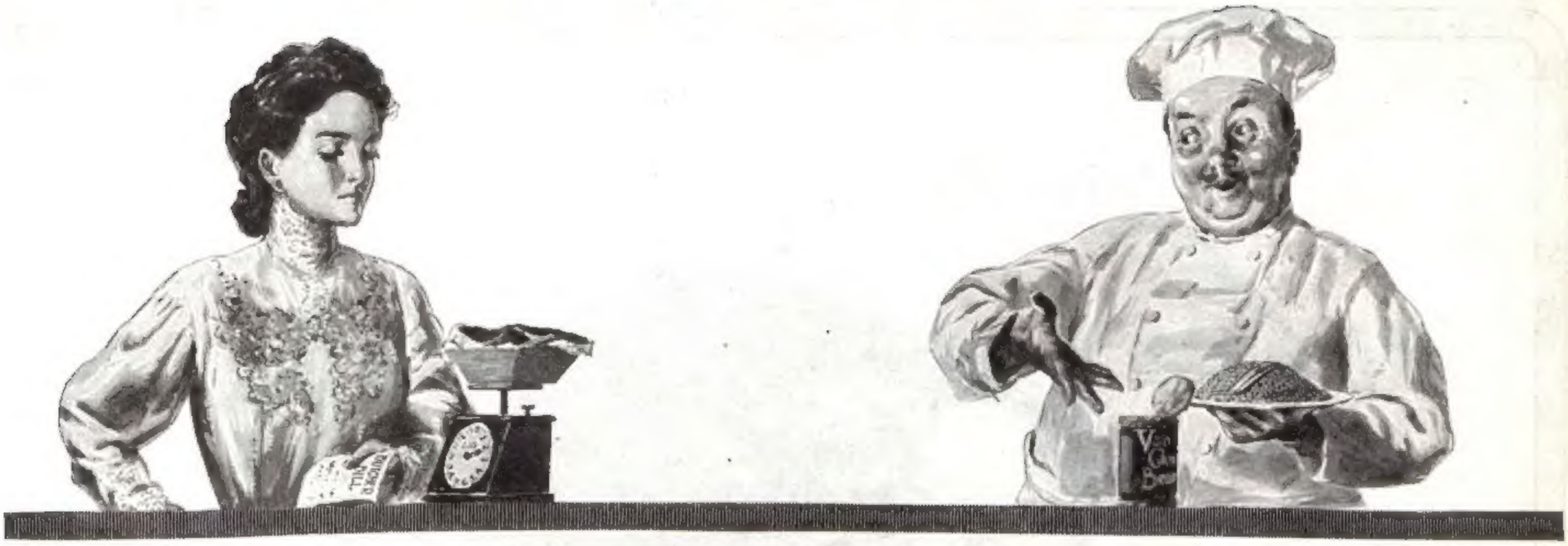
The Winton Motor Carriage Co.

Member A. L. A. M.

CLEVELAND, U. S. A.

Winton Branch Houses (owned and operated by the company) in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco.



Meat vs. Beans

Here are two pounds of beans and two pounds of sirloin steak. The beans cost 20c, the steak 45c. Yet the meat contains the lesser nutriment.

Beans are 23% nitrogenous—84% nutriment. They are Nature's premier food.

They contain more food value than beef, or eggs, or cheese. Yet see how little they cost.

They are appetizing and hearty. All people like them. They may be served in a dozen ways.

They should be a daily dish, not an occasional. They are our most economical, most staple food.

The trouble has been in home baking.

In a dry oven, the center beans of a baking dish never get half heat enough.

The particles are not separated so the digestive juices can get to them. The result is the beans ferment and form gas. You call them a heavy food.

The top beans are crisped, the middle beans mushy and broken. You have spent sixteen hours to prepare them, yet they are not an inviting dish. That is due to your lack of facilities.

Beans must be baked in a steam oven, as we bake them. The heat for hours must be maintained at 245 degrees.

They must be baked in small parcels, as we do, so the full heat goes through.

Then the beans are mealy—then they all digest. Yet the skins are unbroken. The beans are—as all people like them—nutty, mealy and whole.

Beans, to be digestible and wholesome—to be even inviting—must be factory baked.

Then we bake the tomato sauce with the pork and beans to secure our delicious blend.

We send them to you ready to serve. A dozen cans on the pantry shelf mean a dozen meals ready any moment.

They remain till you use them as fresh and as savory as when they came from our ovens.

Please learn what such beans mean to you. Then you'll never bake beans at home. You will serve beans five times where you now serve them once, and save a great deal on your meat bills. Millions of housewives have proved this already.

Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Don't judge Van Camp's by other ready-baked beans. Van Camp's now outsell all others together, because millions have learned the difference.

We have spent 48 years in perfecting this dish. We ought to know how best to prepare it.

We use only the whitest and plumpest Michigan beans—picked out by hand from the finest beans grown. They cost us four times what some beans would cost.

We spend, to make our tomato sauce, just five times what common sauce sells for in bulk. For we make ours of whole, ripe tomatoes, ripened on the vines. Thus comes our sparkling zest.

We could easily put up a cheaper dish—a dish that would pay us more profit. But the best possible beans are the cheapest for you, because people will eat more of them. So they are best for us.

The only way to get beans as good as they can be is to insist on Van Camp's. You'll never take others then.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

(2)

Van Camp Packing Company *Established 1861* Indianapolis, Ind.

Behold this vain infant of two!
He is certainly pleased with the view.
You'll forgive him—I hope—
For he's used Ivory Soap.
You would feel just the same. Try it, too.

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes; for the nursery; for shampooing; for everything and anything that necessitates the use of a better-than-ordinary soap, Ivory Soap is unequalled.

Ivory Soap . . . . . It Floats.

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Leadville, an Epic of the West

The Luck of H. A. W. Tabor—By Will Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLEN TRUE

TWO bands of prospectors, following the old Ute trails up to the roof of the Colorado Rockies, met one spring day in 1860 at the foot of Mount Massive, highest peak of the Continental Divide. They had ranged up along the Arkansas River, dodging Utes, breaking through late snows, in search of a mythical Kelly's Bar, an *ignis fatuus* of Colorado. Massive, and its flanking peaks of the Continental Divide, rose streamless to the west; to the east, from Mosquito Range, spread a series of gulches bottomed by white brooks. Where streams are, there may be placer gold. The two bands—one of Georgians, the other of Iowa men—entered into an agreement of offense and defense. "You go up this gulch," said the Georgians, "and we will go up that. The fellows that strike it first—honor bright—will build a bonfire and shoot off their guns." The Georgians proceeded up the gulch which rose exactly opposite the highest peak of Massive, dipping here and there into the sands as they walked. Where the stream rose toward a little waterfall, Abe Lee, a prospector, who had worked in California in '49, discovered "sign." They unlimbered their tools, got out their pans, and dug. Lee, the most experienced gold-man of the lot, washed the first pan. He stopped during the operation.

"What have you got?" his companions asked.

"By the Almighty, I've got California in the bottom of this here pan; that's what I've got!" cried Abe Lee. Gold—a thin streak of red placer gold down the amalgam! Night was falling when the Georgians fired a volley and lit a big fire. The Iowans, going into a discouraged bivouac in the next gulch two miles away, heard and saw; they abandoned their camp to stumble through the dwarf pines, the late snow hummocks, the rocks, into California Gulch—for so, from Abe Lee's exclamation, it was named before the next morning. At daybreak both parties were digging madly along the creek. It showed gold everywhere. When they foregathered for dinner they had already staked claims, had laid the foundation of the "miner's law" which, in default of a state law, was to rule in California Gulch for a decade, and were spending in imagination their imaginative earnings. So Leadville was founded.

A Whole City was in Confused Process of Transit

Not yet Leadville by name—not for eighteen years more. The laborers of the camp, cutting logs for their cabins, walked every day across a group of rocky, timbered hills, uninviting, showing no sign of the outcroppings by which miners know mineral strikes. Under those hills slept an era of the West, the making of a new center of civilization—three hundred and fifty million dollars added to the wealth of the country within the lifetime of that Abe Lee who cried: "I've got California in this here pan!" All that year they worked, and for many years, and never struck a pick into Carbonate Hill, nor Iron Hill, nor rolling, rocky little Fryer Hill, most sensationally rich of all. They had enough for the time being—a series of two-hundred-foot claims stretching from wall to wall of the gulch, out of which a man might dig every day his little sack of gold.

The news scattered along the mysterious channels by which news of a strike, however carefully guarded, however sparsely settled the region, always flies. Up to those gutters of the roof of the world, which scarcely any white man except the explorer Frémont had seen before, toiled the prospectors of the whole Colorado region. The virgin banks of the upper Arkansas were broken by the wheels of emigrant wagons; across those trails where the Utes, thugs and bullies of the mountains, ranged upward to Twin Lakes for fish and summer-migrating game, trudged footmen, driving their lazy jacks. In the first autumn a covered wagon pulled into the settlement of tents and log cabins which was growing along the edges of California Gulch. The miners left their diggings and ran to look when they saw what it had unloaded. A young woman and a baby—the first in camp. They paid less attention to her husband, the tall, swarthy man with the easy manners who stepped out beside her and announced that his name was H. A. W. Tabor and that he intended to stake a claim and start a store. Here, also, as in those unconsidered hills above, fortune slumbered in the womb of time. For eighteen years that sallow man is to be a soldier of ill fortune, sometimes making, sometimes losing, sticking, because he cannot get away, to a rising and then a dying camp. Fortune will blaze for him, unaccountably, into a great career of the West, lead him through splendors and great reverses back to a poverty worse than the poverty of his beginnings. He and the woman by his side are to die estranged and far apart—she rich, he less than a pauper. That, too, waited time, like the blanket of heavy black sand which underlay those hills.

They staked out the gulch until it held all the claims that miner's law allowed, and they founded Oro City—a store, later a dance hall, the inevitable gambling house and saloon, a post-office which served the public at fifty cents a letter, and of which Tabor became the head; many cabins. Winter begins early in those two-mile altitudes, a winter which drifts the snow twenty feet deep in the gulches. Their line of supplies was precarious. The flour which they turned into flapjacks, camp-fashion, or out of which Mrs. Tabor baked bread in her Dutch oven, came by jack train over snow-packed Mosquito Pass, and cost seventy dollars a sack in dust—they had as yet no money. When, with the first real snow, they covered up and took stock, they found that none was rich and all were prosperous. To its end, California Gulch remained a poor man's camp. Tabor had staked out a waterfall, believing that the gold had "stopped" there. He got only eight thousand dollars. The partners on the next claim below mined, before they worked out the ground, eighty thousand dollars; and that was the record. Little fortunes of twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars went East to buy competences in stores or farms, drifted to still newer camps to go, or grow, in lode mining, vanished in the crude dissipations of frontier cities. "Miner's law" worked better than the law of the land; it was an orderly camp. Father Macbœuf came over the passes and celebrated his first mass to a congregation of a Catholic, a Protestant and an atheist. The miners, striking legal problems too hard for miner's law, established a justice court.

They elected to the office of justice of the peace an old man unversed in law, but strong in common-sense. A lawyer had already appeared; a "busted" attorney from the States with three law-books and his talent. A case involving ownership of a burro came into court. The lawyer held his brief from the defense.

"Judgment for plaintiff," said the court.

"But, your Honor!" expostulated the attorney, "that subverts the principles of the common law. Let me read you from Blackstone ——" And he read a passage setting forth the law, clear and distinct against the court.

"There's no use talkin'," said his Honor. "I said judgment for the plaintiff, and judgment for the plaintiff goes."

"All right; I expected it," said the attorney. "I just read the passage to show what a damned old fool ——"

"Sir!" exclaimed the justice, reaching for the implement of law on his hip.

"——Blackstone was," finished the attorney.

Lynch law, too, they had when they needed it. The mounted messenger who carried mail to Denver—at fifty cents a letter—met two hard citizens making their way into camp. "Hands up!" they said with appropriate gestures. He dropped behind his horse, drew and wounded one man. The other ran away. The messenger whirled back toward camp and gathered a posse. They found the wounded man, and lynched him on the spot. That stopped the hold-up industry for many years.

Hard on this event followed mystery. A miner left on a hunting expedition; two days passed; he did not return. His partner laid it to the mountain lions; but one day a jack train brought into camp what was left of his body. He had been shot through the head. Scarcely was he buried when the postman rode over the decomposing body of a stranger—he, too, was shot clean through, and from behind. Another week, and they had another mysterious murder. Corpse after corpse appeared, all one summer and fall, and always away from camp in the forests of dwarf pine. Oro City huddled and murmured with this mystery; each man looked at his neighbor and wondered if this might be the devil who murdered for the lust of killing.

A hunter stood in a tree shelter one morning, waiting for a deer. His gun lay cocked along his arm. He heard a rustle in the bushes; he turned as a bullet grazed his head. The hunter whirled and fired from the hip at the brush. Something struggled and flopped in the bushes. He found a Mexican wounded unto death. Before the Mexican died, he cleared up the mystery. He was one of two brothers who had been dispossessed of their land holdings in Southern Colorado by the United States Government. They had sworn a blood-feud against the gringo, and they satisfied it by killing on the outskirts of the settlements. Finding this camp so remote, so far from law, they had settled down for a summer's killing. The Mexican died without the necessity for lynching; and the miners, though they searched faithfully, never found his brother.

The mails, traveling slowly, brought news of the Civil War. The Northern men formed two companies and sent them to Denver and the front. The Georgians, stealing away by twos and threes, gathered outside camp and marched to Texas. These two bodies of recruits, meeting here and there on the trails, skirmished all the way to Denver. California Gulch remained Northern, as Denver was mainly Southern; only the influence of these miners away up on the divides kept the territory from siding with the Confederacy. So strong was feeling in Oro City that the miners all but lynched an impetuous Southern boy for getting too free in expression of his opinions.

Relieved through the war of its surplus population, the camp settled down to dig and wash. By 1868 the miners had made of California Gulch one of those deep, yellow gashes in the face of the mountains which dot the West from Rockies to Coast Range, marking always a worn-out placer. How much they took out in all remains an uncertainty; the best estimate sets it at eight millions. The last workers, digging deep in the bottoms, found

Tabor Decided That He Too Would Dig—by Proxy

themselves hampered by a heavy black sand which clogged up the washers. That sand was lead carbonates, rich in silver—the very ore which afterward made Leadville. And still they put their fortune by. Miner and prospector went on, following other rainbows for their pot of gold. While they had been panning in California Gulch, a whole new era of mining had opened. That unstable mining population—citizens not of any community or state, but of the broad West—had been learning how to get at tighter-clutched riches in deeper treasuries; the mining engineer, the technician, had been teaching the practical miner, the prospector, how to smelt metal out of the rocks. In especial, the Nevada discoveries had taught them to know silver ore. Before the diggers left, some of them thought to tear up the floor of the old, abandoned dance-hall, where the patrons had paid for waltzes, smiles and drinks with gold dust. They panned the surface dust which had accumulated under the floor, and washed out a farewell stake of two thousand dollars—the careless accumulation from the sweepings of a decade. Then they, too, blew down into the world, leaving Tabor almost alone with his stove and his Oro City post-office. The trails, once alive with jack trains, were lonely again; the unpenned Utes, taking heart and believing in their innocence that the white man was gone, came again across Independence Pass to camp in summer between Twin Lakes at the foot of Mount Elbert, and to leave those little gems of agate arrowheads which the fishermen still kick up from the roots of the sagebrush.

Tabor might have starved with his store and post office, but for the prospecting. All about the edges of the Divide men had been finding lead and veins; camps, more or less promising, had been springing up here and there—Buena Vista, Fairplay, the Homestake District. California Gulch was a minor base of supplies, and hardy prospectors now and then took a whirl at these hills, on the chance of finding that mysterious mother-lode from which the California Gulch gold must have come. The Printer Boy, bearing gold quartz, was discovered over at one edge of the gulch. Then followed a short, hectic revival. From that time on the region was never quite deserted of miners.

It was 1873, however, before there came that first discovery which pointed the way. Lucius F. Bradshaw had been figuring on those heavy black sands which so bothered the gold-washers. He found an outcropping of galena ore, staked out the Oro La Plata, and ran into a body of lead carbonates. His ores were not rich enough to pay for transportation to the smelters of St. Louis, but still they gave promise. Alvinus B. Woods followed next year with the Lime and Rock Claim, and afterward the Iron. These prospects appealed to the mining sense of W. H. Stevens, known as "Cap" and "Uncle Billy." He helped Woods to get a patent on the Iron, and he found ore rich enough to stand transportation. He got out samples, sent them to St. Louis, established a regular system of ox-team transportation, and became prosperous. A small rush started. By 1877 Uncle Billy had imported a gang of miners from Michigan and was dickering for a smelter. Uncle Billy came near to the end of his mining in that year. He and his miners disagreed over his promises to them. Cutting argument short, they looped a rope around his neck, draped the other end over a limb, and repeated their demands. Uncle Billy talked for time, while his clerk, by pleadings and promises, raised enough money in Oro City to buy the life of the boss. A few of these miners left; they carried news of the camp. They had other discoveries to report. Pat Gallegher, looking for a cow as a favor to his landlady, had stumbled across a piece of rock which looked promising; he had located the Camp Bird and the Charleston; and the Camp Bird yielded very rich ore. Prospectors from every corner of the mountains drifted in to have a look. The look satisfied them. They remained to stake out claims on Carbonate Hill and Iron Hill. The abandoned shacks of Oro City became inhabited again. That winter, a few claim owners, disliking the location of Oro City, met and agreed to start a new town on the wooded flat at the foot of Carbonate Hill. They named it, in honor of the sheath which held the silver, Leadville; and thither Tabor moved that winter and set up his post-office.

And when spring broke, came the incident which made Tabor and Leadville. Tabor had been prospering all that winter. He had the start on the two or three other grocers who had come to feed the camp, and he proposed to keep it. Major A. V. Bohn, famous himself in the later annals of the camp, came over the mountains, bringing a mule train loaded with butter and eggs. The call of Leadville for "fresh grub" had reached Denver. Bohn led his train over the mountains in February—a perilous journey, in which he played his stock and his life against the chances of a blizzard. At Leadville he parked his mules and wagons and set out by night to interview grocers. "I'll see you in the morning," said the first. The second happened to be Tabor. He jumped down from the counter where he had been sitting in his shirt-sleeves, trading gossip, and put on his overcoat. "Let's see them," he said. The inspection was satisfactory. "How much?" asked Tabor. "Sixty cents a pound and sixty cents a dozen," replied Bohn, naming double

the price he was willing to take. "Done!" said Tabor. "We'll weigh and count in the morning." On the way back Bohn asked: "How much will you retail them for?" "What I paid for them," answered Tabor. "I just want to show people, when they're hungry for butter and eggs, that H. A. W. Tabor can furnish 'em where those other fellows can't." There, in the last three months before his fortune came, was the whole man—quick, enterprising and dramatically liberal. Only, add luck.

When the hills from mounds of snow became mountains of soft mud, the five or six thousand men who had reached Leadville were digging and staking everywhere. The Iron-Silver, the property which Uncle Billy Stevens held with Levi Z. Leiter, was showing great value; there lingered no more doubt about the camp. It was a freak formation; that was all. Instead of lying in upright veins, showing outcroppings, as most respectable ore bodies are supposed to lie, it lay horizontal like a blanket. Prospecting was a matter of blind fortune. "But," says Major Bohn, "it reminded me of what Sherman said to our colonel at Shiloh. We had been in reserve. We came up to the front, winded. 'Where shall we go?' our colonel asked. 'Go where you please,' said Sherman. 'You'll get damn good fighting anywhere!'"

Iron Hill and Carbonate Hill are respectable eminences even for that part of the world. Fryer Hill would hardly be called more than a mound even in the East; Leadville dignifies it with the name only in honor of what it has done for the camp. A prehistoric glacier, which missed the other hills, had crossed this one, leaving a field of boulders. When the snow melted away a little, one Fryer began sinking a shaft there. The prospectors and laborers, passing him on their way to the higher hills, noticed him but desultorily; they remarked languidly that some durn fool was likely to be digging most anywhere in those days.

Tabor, busy with his groceries, decided that he, too, would dig—by proxy. There appeared in his store one night two German shoemakers named George Hook and August Rische. They, too, wanted to dig, and Tabor "grubstaked" them. He agreed to furnish tools and to pay their board at the rate of a dollar a day, in return for a third interest in their finds. Hook was as green as grass, but Rische had been prospecting once before. They reached Fryer Hill; and there they grew weary.

"There's only one man digging here," said Rische, "and if we dig here, too, we won't be crowded. Besides, that Carbonate Hill body *might* drift this way."

When they were three feet down an excited man appeared at the top of their dump. He was waving a shotgun.

"I'm Fryer," he yelled, "and you're on my claim!"

"Well, where is off your claim?" asked Hook. Fryer drew his line. The partners stood thereon and looked down the world.

"We have lost three feet," said Rische, "and the boss will think we have loafed on the job. We must find a hole." Twenty-five feet away was a four-foot dimple in the earth. There they began to dig. Never in the history of mining was prospecting less intelligent.

At twenty-six feet down, Rische, taking his turn in the body of the shaft, broke into that heavy black sand. They hurried a sack of it to the assay office. It showed three hundred ounces of silver to the ton and forty per cent lead. "Don't talk to me about strikes!" said Mrs. Tabor when they told her. "I'm sick of mining!" "I'm a made man!" exclaimed H. A. W. Tabor.

Rische named it the Little Pittsburgh. As the partners dug on, their discovery grew to a bonanza. So rich was it that one ton of picked ore ran seventeen thousand dollars in silver. It ran like shot; a man with a pick could keep a whole shoveling and hoisting gang busy. Subsequent study of the Leadville ore bodies emphasized the curious luck of Hook and Rische. At no other place in the region did the carbonates rise so near to the surface as twenty-six feet. And had they kept on digging where they had begun before Fryer ran them off, they might have gone down a thousand feet and never turned over a dollar!

Men were now striking it everywhere in those hills; but never in Leadville was there such a strike as that in the Little Pittsburgh. Within two months Hook wanted to split with his partners. He grabbed at an offer of a hundred thousand dollars for his share. Tabor and Rische had no money to pay him off; but they crowded on the shifts and took out the purchase price at the rate of eleven thousand dollars a day. Then Rische wanted to get out, and he sold his share for three hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars. "The durn fools!" said the miners. But the three fortunes, so capriciously won, were capricious to the last. Hook held tight to his hundred thousand dollars. He has it yet, and much more. Rische, after a burst of spending and investment, lost it all. He is a night watchman now in the Denver State Capitol, willing always to talk Little Pittsburgh, chewing on the memory of the days when he never entered a saloon without dropping ten dollars on the bar to buy drinks for all comers. "My luck turned," he says. "And when a man's luck turns he'd better stay home." Tabor, as we have seen, died possessed of nothing but debts. The first became last, and the last first.

And now, Fryer's discoveries, little esteemed at first, have become sensational. And now, prospectors have found the point where the two carbonate ore bodies join across the dip of the "porphyry dyke," and located the bonanza Little Chief. But it is the Little Pittsburgh which fires mining imagination. Its name goes flashing across the country, as flashed California in 1849 and Pike's Peak in 1859 and Nevada in 1869. The whole mountain region is pulling stakes and hiking up, up, toward the enchanted roof of the country. The call reaches the cities and farms of the East; those adventurous boys, fretting at narrow folds, whose kind opened the West from the Mississippi to the Pacific, hear the call and follow. It

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The Nation of Shopkeepers

What an American Merchant is Doing for it in London

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"I SUPPOSE," said the Englishman to the American woman with that air of superiority tempered with gratification with which the Britisher views the tourist, "that, as this is your very first morning in London, you will do either the Tower or Westminster Abbey?"

"No," replied the tourist. "As I want to negotiate my letter of credit, send a telegram, buy a railway ticket, get theater tickets, write letters, find out how much it will cost to express a parcel to France, get an American newspaper, and rock in what I firmly believe is the only rocking-chair in London, I am going to the American store. Their omnibus advertisement says: 'Why not spend the day there?' Why not?"

"How very quaint!" said the Englishman. "How very extraordinary! Now, when we go to a shop we go to shop. We don't look on the shopkeeper as a host; we don't know him, you know. Neither do we regard his place as a club. We go to buy, d'ye see?"

One goes to buy, indeed, when one enters the average London shop, whether one intends to in the beginning or not. The moment a woman steps inside the doorway a shopwalker comes forward, bows and asks:

"What is Madam's pleasure?"

"I want to get a mauve net veil," says Madam.

"Certainly, Madam," replies the shopwalker, with that instinctive rubbing of the hands natural to those who sell in the British nation of shopkeepers. "'Cue." ("'Cue" means "Thank you," and the British lower classes could no more do without it than they could give up their beer.)

Madam proceeds, escorted without hope of escape, until she is face to face with an anæmic young woman in black, whose hair looks like a cross between a magpie's nest and a bunch of seaweed.

"Madam wishes a net veil," says the shopwalker.

"A mauve net veil," explains Madam.

"Certainly, Madam, 'cue," says the shopgirl, and she turns to her stock and shows a green net veil.

"That is the sort of net," says Madam, "but not the color."

"'Cue, Madam," replies the girl, "green is most smart, and will contrast ——"

"I want mauve."

"'Cue, but green ——"

"Haven't you mauve?"

"We haven't it just now, 'cue, but ——"

"I don't want green, thank you," says Madam.

"Now, When We Go to a Shop We Go to Shop"

If the girl has had three or four "swops"—which means customers who have looked but have not bought—she may plead with Madam, and even seize her arm, for she is likely to be dismissed if such luck continues. The shopwalker comes up and says in a surprised tone:

"Is anything wrong, Madam?"

"Nothing, except that you haven't a mauve veil."

"'Cue, but we have green, Madam."

Madam flees, probably pursued by the man, who says:

"What is Madam's next pleasure? Let me show Madam some lace, some gloves. Madam has taken up some of our time already, but we will gladly give her more if we can suit her with something."

Some of the larger English shops, educated by American visitors, are not so aggressive in their methods, and, doubtless, all of them will, in time, become less so, under the example set in the new American Department Store, where a woman is made to feel welcome whether she enters as spectator or buyer. Two years ago the owner came to London, thinking it a promising territory in which to play the great and scientific game of merchandising. He had been considering the step for years, though he had been warned against it.

But the prospect allured. Here was London, the largest city in the world, the head of retail trade, and yet, in the conduct of her large establishments, lagging behind half a dozen cities. The reason is that most of the London shopkeepers have man-behind-the-counter ideas; rubbing their hands and bowing down, they do not take the large attitude of the merchant prince. They have had department stores for fifty or sixty years, it is true; but that was probably due to protectionism. In early days protectionism caused most things to be dearer, and machine-made labor, being undeveloped, did not, at first, introduce the cheapening factor of a greater output. It, therefore, became necessary to cheapen production by lessening the expenses of merchandising, and, instead of having forty separate shops, to group these together as one store.

But further than this the average English shopkeeper has not gone. The stock of last year seems to him big enough for this year, and when he buys he does not study what the public wants; he rather chooses what he thinks it ought to have. Until the advent of the American the London shopkeeper advertised very little. Why should he? What did it matter to him that London shops were not developing like those of Paris, Berlin, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia? Things were very comfortably arranged in London. There were the little, exclusive specialist shops on Bond Street, like the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue places, where a personal business was carried on. There were the little but less exclusive specialist Regent Street shops, each with its own clientèle. There were the large shops with "connection trades," holding as patrons families that have been buying with them for years or generations and cannot be advertised away. There were the "popular"

places, a bit more dashing in method, perhaps, but still sound British institutions. Then why change, when bowing and scraping behind the counter kept trade much as it had always been?

The American is causing a few of these London shopkeepers to sit up—though most of them are sure he will fail—mainly because his ideas are new and large. A year and a half ago a corner in the shopping district of London was covered with some low and old buildings. Today, in their place, there stands a compact and beautiful shop, old ivory in color, one of the few buildings in London whose architecture bears any relation to its methods of construction. The steel lines of support are emphasized by stone coverings in the shape of Corinthian columns. The building looks not unlike the French shops—Franco-American Renaissance, it has been called. It stands five stories high with three below ground, which is all that the obsolete London building acts would permit. Its beauty sets an example which in time will doubtless be followed by all the drapers in the mile of Oxford shops.

"Vulgar and Blattering Noisiness"

It is not so large as at least one other; it has but six acres of floor, compared to this other shop's thirty-six acres. At two other stores one can buy, after a fashion, anything in the world. They will erect a marquise for you or get you an African lion. The American store does not sell groceries or furniture, birds or dogs or motor-cars; it is for dry goods primarily. Yet, for its class of business, in the number of its hundred and sixty-six departments it is larger than any other shop in London and its stock is more varied.

But a beautiful shop well stocked cannot account for the fact that, despite English prejudice and the jealousy of other shopkeepers, the house of the American is winning the goal its maker set. The American has avoided failure by carefully studying local conditions and by keeping Americanism as far as possible in the background. His establishment is carried on by a canny combination of American and British methods, with the emphasis on the British. The very flags on the roof of the shop announce this. They wave, a score or more, giving to the whole block an air of brightness on the dreariest day. Though they would seem to represent flags of all nations most of the larger ones are British, there being only two little retiring "Stars and Stripes" banners.

With a few exceptions the fifteen hundred employees are British. All the managers who come in touch with the flesh and blood of the business are English, but the general merchandising is done by an American who has no personal relations with any one on the staff. Intelligent merchandising, the collecting of products from all parts of the world and the placing of them before the public at such prices and in such a way that they create a demand, is not a British talent. The British shops have buyers or general managers, but they have no such man as the American merchandiser who watches how other people are selling and who has imagination enough to predict the wants of the coming season. The staff is a good answer to the people who said that the American was bringing in Americans to reap the British harvest.

The Mottoes on the Pay Envelopes

ONE ingenious use has been made of the staff by the American's superintendent, an Englishman, who has absorbed American ideas and who knows, even better than his employer, how to give them a British turn. Not long ago he wrote to the War Office, proposing that the American house, at its own expense, equip and drill a corps of one hundred and ten volunteers. The superintendent himself, who saw service in the Boer War, was to act as captain. The War Office accepted the offer. This concrete bit of evidence has had a distinct effect on the British mind, which is susceptible to anything that can be translated into army terms.

"How can the staff be Americans if they're in the Volunteers?" they ask. "The War Office wouldn't put up with Americans."

The American house always observes the British royal birthdays, mounting the proper flags for such occasions. It kept Empire Day by raising the flag (well before opening hours) in the presence of most of the staff, who then presented their employer with the British and the American flag done in flowers, as a token of appreciation of the fact that he fosters the patriotism of his employees. On Saint George's Day all lady visitors were presented with roses, and on Saint Patrick's Day with shamrocks. Indeed, some of the people who at first said that the American was going to "dump cheap and nasty American products upon England, to be sold by Yankees with cheap and nasty accents," now say that he is going in for Jingoism; that he would be liked as well if he did not try to be more British than the British themselves, and that he is pouring out soothing balm on quite unwounded national susceptibilities. Some there are who remark that a few years ago a shopkeeper might have hesitated to present gifts of flowers, on the ground that customers do not expect people in trade to take liberties.

A further use of his workpeople has added largely to the success of the new shop—the plan of treating them as personalities rather than as machines. After the superintendent had selected from ten thousand his fifteen hundred helpers he began to develop in them intelligence, imagination and enthusiasm. He meets them often to discuss topics bearing on their work, and he is constantly educating his staff council, formed of the heads of departments, who in turn train their assistants. He keeps records which show the good and bad work of the employees. On their pay-envelopes are the mottoes of advice and encouragement which were part of Marshall Field's system. They are admonished: To do the right thing at the right time and in the right way; to do some things better than they have ever been done before; to work from reason rather than from rule; to know both sides of a question; to be enthusiastic; to work for the love of work; to "do it now"; to anticipate requirements; to master circumstances; to eliminate errors—in short, to strive toward all those ideals which, if they really were carried out, would make this world a place where competition would be useless.

Teaching and Feeding the People Who Sell

THEIR book of rules, called a "guidebook," is couched in polite terms. There is, according to the American plan, a box in which employees may drop suggestions for bettering the service, for which suggestions, if accepted, they are paid. Especially intelligent workers are promptly promoted. All are treated with courtesy and friendliness by their superiors, which is not by any means the rule in the average English shop. Indeed, the American was warned that his method would lead to a too-great familiarity on their part. Instead, it has induced a spirit of the best sort of service, and something very like a family feeling. One would go far to find a happier or more grateful lot of people.

All this is new. Also new is the system of having, instead of apprentices who pay a premium, "students"—little girls and boys fresh from school, who learn the business department by department, being paid a dollar and twenty cents a week. They are provided with luncheon and tea, as are all the staff. The average wage is about seven dollars a week.

Most of these employees are "fed in," as this saves time for the firm, but they do not "live in," as they do at some other establishments, and at many of the old and little London shops. That living-in scheme is as undemocratic and machine-like a system as has ever been devised. The assistants either live above the shop or in some old buildings near by, the men in one part, the women in another. They are given something like two dollars a week over and above their living, with which they buy their clothes and their pleasures. Their board and lodging is said to cost their employers about twenty cents a day each. They have nearly two hundred rules to obey, in some cases; they can be out late only one night a week on pain of a fine; they cannot enter the bedrooms, shared by three or four, between morning and night; they may not hang pictures—in short, they are treated a good deal as if they were prisoners in a reformatory school. Such life weakens them mentally and physically, dooming the men to celibacy and driving the women to undesirable marriages. They look little enough like the people of the American house.

The American firm, then, sure of its sound inner mechanism, continues to walk softly so as not to tread on a British prejudice, and is carefully watching every phase of the business. No slightest detail is neglected. For example, recently green harness was put on the horses which draw the wagons, and this bit of advertisement has proved attractive. The shop shows a calm, unhurried surface; but, underneath, every one works hard, the owner himself getting down to his office an hour before other business men have breakfasted. He must work hard, because he knows that should a breach appear anywhere his competitors would be ready to spend a hundred thousand dollars to widen it.

A Catalogue of Yankee Crimes

THE jealousy of these men behind the counter has been excessive. Now some of them are leaping over it and are rushing into the open to see if they can beat the American at his own game. The attitudes they took in the beginning, supported by one or two trade journals, afforded one long comedy. The first to complain were the conservative souls, who talked and wrote as if it were a crime to lure women into a shop. They spoke of the wastefulness of having on sale thousands of gowns and blouses, and, showing a "quaint" lack of faith in their women, they deplored the moral deterioration which would follow if wives were subtly induced to buy luxuries and foreign gewgaws while their husbands were struggling to make both ends meet.

Next there was the question as to how the American could have secured a very important number for his telephone. Yet just this was a symbol of the new element that was competing with them. Any one could have got that leading number who had taken the trouble to arrange the matter with the person who already had it and was probably not inordinately attached to it. Then the American was accused of seeking all the advantages of the English market without accepting the duties and responsibilities imposed on English merchants, because he registered in Paris the agreement to take over a former company, where a twelve-cent stamp was the only charge, while in London the charge would have been some three thousand dollars.

Afterward came shocked amazement at one hundred thousand dollars spent in advertising the opening of the house. That advertisement went beyond anything that has been done even in America. The American employed twenty-six of the leading London artists in black and white, among them Walter Crane, Bernard Partridge, R. A. Bell and Ellis Martin, to make cartoons of such loveliness and power that they would give an added dignity to modern commerce. These cartoons convey beauty, fair dealing, courtesy, good quality, low prices and a British flavor. No one could have criticised them harshly as art productions, but those who wished to carp complained of the fact that they were flaunted on a full page. Until the American's advent an English draper's advertisement usually occupied a humble quarter column, or at most a half column. It was painful to see such a waste of money, even though it was not theirs, to say nothing of "vulgar and blattering noisiness."

That Instinctive Rubbing of the Hands Natural to Those Who Sell in the British Nation of Shopkeepers

Another objection was that four of the cartoons, if not six, were in honor of the British workman. Why should he be praised? Here, again, the American violated a British prejudice. It is not the custom to praise the British workmen; it is the middle classes who must be petted; they are

the ones who support the weight of the taxes and from whose lavish red corpuscles the anæmic blood of the aristocratic classes is vitalized—after the middle classes have money enough to do it. The British workmen, however, are regarded as a mob, as vulgar wretches always wanting tips, asking for a raise, forming unions; when unemployed demanding work, smoking baccy, being extravagant and starving to death rather than go to the workhouse. What did the American mean? He probably meant to express his appreciation, for certainly he has had nothing to gain by praising these men, since he has said that he hopes to attract to his shop people with incomes of from seven hundred dollars up. Few workmen earn that sum.

And why insure for a fair opening day at Lloyds? Why, for nothing else than advertisement, of course. And why should there be such talk of integrity and value, sincerity and good quality? Had not English drapers always lived according to these? And, speaking of integrity, how could the American send out half a million invitations to his opening if he had not got some of his workpeople to give him the names of customers of the shops in which they were formerly employed?

Also, what did the new man mean by saying that he would keep his window-shades raised till midnight? This would attract a rough element in the evening and give the police more work. The next step would be leaving them up on Sundays. This plan was tried, but such a clamor rose that it had to be abandoned, for the British Sunday must be decorous. And further, was the American so mad as to think he could do without shopwalkers? What woman would buy if she were not politely led to the stock she wanted? It is little wonder the American has said that his competitors have been his best advertisers.

A Dose of Their Own Drugs

AFTER this, some of the shopkeepers began to perform the difficult feat of ignoring the American's presence in town, at the same time copyng his methods. They decided to have, during the week of the American's opening in the middle of March, a grand "shopping week." Most of them advertised as they never had before, and the nearest competitor discovered that its diamond jubilee fell in this same week. They invited thousands of people, and, as the English say, "did them well," for they held concerts, including singing by some grand-opera stars. But the firm overreached itself. It arranged to have Mr. Haldane speak on a public question. At this the small drapers and the British public made such a protest that Mr. Haldane ran away. The British public does not care to have a Cabinet Minister lending the dignity of his high position as an advertising attraction.

The little drapers watched all this advertising with mixed feelings. They feared lest this new thing, a "shopping week," might cut into their profits. At the same time they took a kind of comfort in the circumstance that the big English "stores"—for many years the great basins that had thinned their little streams—should now themselves be taking the medicine of depletion. They recalled how useless had been their pleas—when the huge places threatened to evaporate them entirely—that they paid their way, did municipal work, bore higher taxation relatively than dukes, went to church, sent their daughters to teach in the Sunday-schools and their sons into the army ranks. While their nervousness has been increased in recent years by the growth of the mail-order business and by free deliveries, and finally by the American invasion, still they are learning new ideas of business. Some of them see that they have hopes of surviving by combining expert knowledge with personal service.

On the day of the American's opening a bugler ascended to the top of the new shop and blew a musical blast which was a sign to the hundreds thronging about the door that they might enter. The drapers, remembering their Bible—for the Englishman is always a repository of texts—said that at a blast of the bugle the walls of Jericho fell, but that the good old fortresses of British trade would not fall. When people rushed inside, a dozen clamoring for the honor of being the first to buy something, and passed on over six miles of green carpet and saw English wares against backgrounds of white and green in charge of English salespeople, not soliciting, but ready with English accents and human smiles to serve—when they saw this all the public could say was: "Really, how English it all is!"

The only un-English thing they could see on account of the crowds were the crowds. The policemen said that if the American had been content to conduct his shop on the English plan mounted police would not have been necessary and that they would rather handle the suffragettes than these sightseers. People do not usually rush into London shops at the rate of a hundred thousand a day.

One faultfinder said: "What does an American mean by keeping an English shop?"

The remark was overheard by an English shopgirl who happens also to be Irish.

"They remind me," she said, "of an old woman in the County Monaghan who was churning when a horseman went by. He got down and asked her for a drink of buttermilk. She filled him a dipper, and as he was about to take it he looked into the churn and saw a mouse.

"'There's a mouse in that churn,' he said crossly, pouring out the dipper.

"'Sure, so there is,' said the old woman, and she flipped the mouse out by its tail and filled the dipper again. When the horseman refused it she said: 'Arrah, 'tis harrd you are to suit. You won't have it wid the mouse in it and you won't have it wid the mouse out of it.'"

With the public, especially the middle-class public, the American house is winning its way. The firm maintains that its customers compare with those of the usual houses in America and Paris. An American spectator, however, might be inclined to say that the patrons rank a trifle below these and a trifle above those who go to certain other American shops. The American house, however, does not aim for an exclusive trade, though, perhaps, its popularity has been increased by the fact that several titled people have taken out accounts and that the shop has been visited by such persons as the Princess Christian and by the Duchesses of Bedford, Albany and Wellington, while Sir Dighton Probyn, virtually the King's private secretary, came in a royal carriage, presumably to make a report to the King. This shop, however, will never be labeled, as so many in England are, "Purveyors to His Majesty the King."

The Suburban Visitors Comment on the Conveniences of the Inside Structure

The chief sign of success, perhaps, is that people are doing what the American asked—coming to spend the day and finding plenty to occupy them, exclusive of shopping. What impresses them first are the windows. Those of the ordinary English shop are what are called "selling windows." They are huddled with articles, each ticketed with its price. Customers are supposed to see what they want and go in and get it, according to the direct British method. On the day of the opening the wide windows showed beautifully-painted backgrounds that Watteau would have loved, in front of each a model perfectly gowned or else a woman's portrait in an oval frame. Since then the window has been dressed in the usual American way, showing just a few articles unticketed and arranged with thought of form and color, and, in a broad way, indicative of the character and tone of the business inside rather than setting out a scheme for selling merchandise at a particular time.

The visitors seem impressed, too, by the arrangement of the shop—a cunning American arrangement, not entirely made with reference to convenience and light; for the luxurious articles, the small, dainty and perishable things which attract and pay a good profit and bring the buyer back for more, are all set near the doors where they can be quickly seen and coveted, while the piece goods and garments are put on the upper floors. In many of the older shops good solid things, like furniture and drugs, are placed near the entrances. The suburban visitors, those who come on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons when shops on the outskirts of London close, comment on the conveniences of the inside structure. Many suburban and London shops are merely private houses with glass fronts, high partitions and high counters. The new house shows the low style of "dressing out counters," having movable shelves, low fixtures and great central skylights in the roof.

English visitors are even favorably struck by that innovation, the bargain counter. As a rule, the English are afraid of sales. They cannot believe that goods advertised "almost at cost" or "below cost" can be what they pretend. Yet they are beginning to find that goods at cut prices are not necessarily "cheap and nasty." They appreciate, too, while they marvel at, the post, telegraph and money-order offices, the railway, steamer and theater booking offices, the writing-room, library and free telephones—all new to British shops.

They take kindly, also, to the bureau of information, which did not succeed when it was tried in America. Shoppers regard it very seriously, for they ask such questions as: "Who is Prince Ghika?" "When is the proprietor going to naturalize himself?" "What do you have to do to send a pair of shoes to France?" "Is there a Marconi station in the Himalayas?" "How can a lady just arrived from New Zealand get it announced in the papers?" "Where can one buy false eyelashes?" "What does Eureka mean?" "Where can one find a girl willing to go to Russia as a governess?" "Are there roulette tables in the Casino at Ostend?"

Taking Care of the Homesick

FOR recreation the shoppers go to the automatic phonographs, where for two pence one may sit in a chair and hear classical or popular music garnered from the concert halls of London, and for nothing at all may watch the faces and attitudes of the listeners, which is quite as amusing as what they listen to. It appears to interest English women to visit the "first aid to the injured" room, where sits a white-capped nurse whose services are rarely called for. The room that helps them more than this is the "silence" room, soft gray-blue in coloring, with soothing mottoes on the walls, restful willow furniture, and screens behind which one may retreat for dozing. For even English women are beginning to have "nerves." Before or after they are rested they go to the "repair" room and have rips or tears in their frocks sewed up free of charge.

It is, perhaps, the roof-garden that appeals most of all to the English shoppers. Here and inside very good food may be had at prices somewhat below those charged in houses of equal quality in America.

The "patriotic rooms"—the first aid to the homesick—appeal to the foreigner rather than to the Briton. There are four—an American, a French, a German and a Colonial, though in the advertisement they are cannily called "colonial rooms." Each is furnished in appropriate style and each has a registry in which visitors are requested to write down not only their names, but also their comments on the shop.

The most striking point to the reflective observer, interested or not, is the fact that the new shop begins where others leave off. All the others had their origins in a small way and have progressed with a gradual growth and through years of patient effort. This has been considered in England the inevitable way of making a sure foundation. The founder intends to show, it would seem, that capital may make a bold short-cut to the top. There are those who do not see how he can expect to gain in a few short months the good will that other drapers have won through slow development.

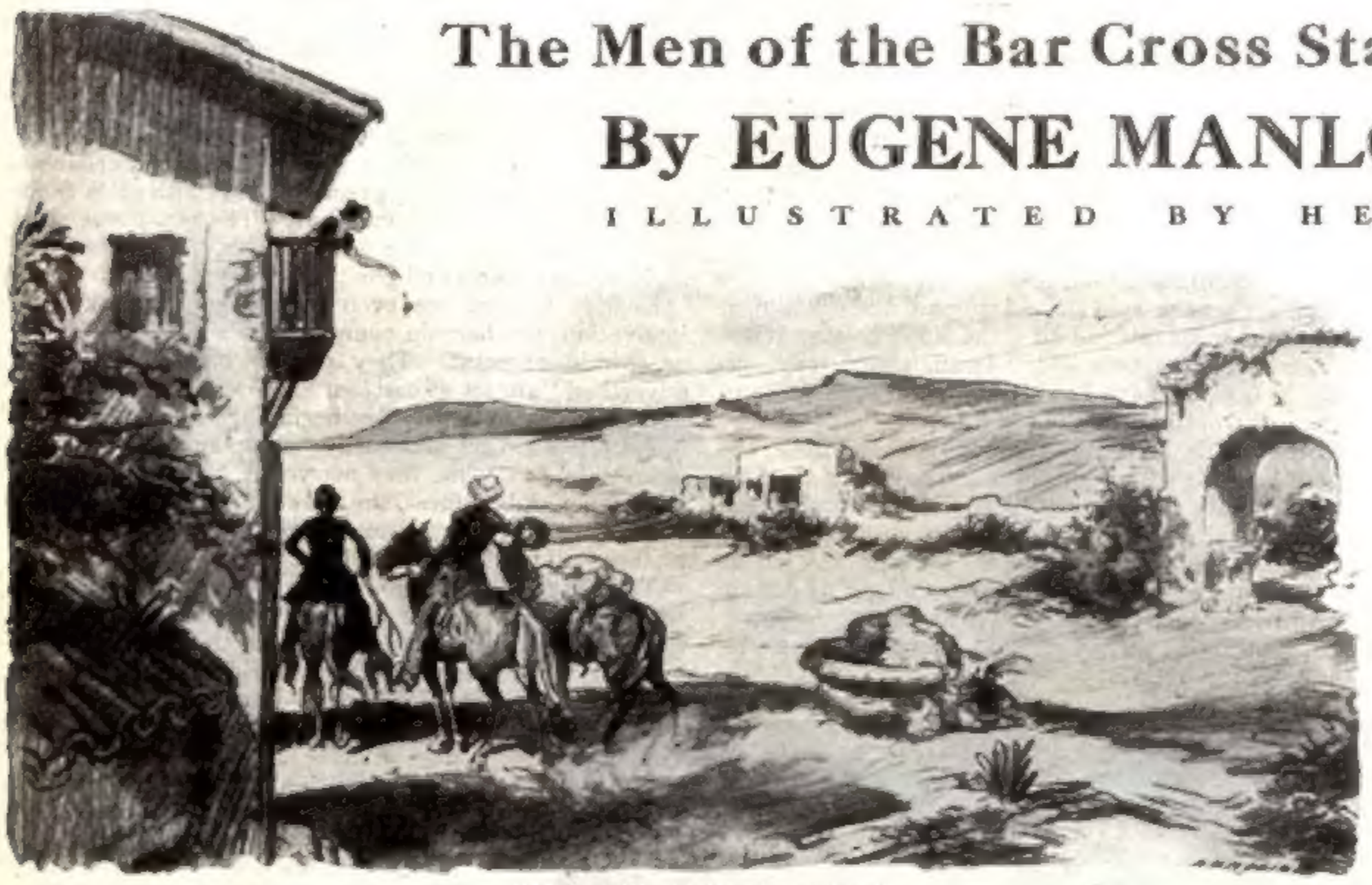
It will be a fight to the finish between the American and the other big shopkeepers, though he takes the point of view that on Oxford Street there is plenty of room for everybody, and that his limelight advertising will help the others. If their goods can bear the light, so much the better for them; if not, so much the better for the public. This, however, is a reasonably easy point of view for the newcomer to take, believing so thoroughly as he does in the doctrine of competition, and well-grounded as he is in the American methods which spell success.

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

The Men of the Bar Cross Stand Their Last Guard

By EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"Madam, We are Cowboys Now!"

THE artist had been doing the larger aspects of Elephant Butte Dam to illumine the text of Our Special Correspondent. Awaiting now, in Dundee, the dateless return of O. S. C., he set up his easel before a gray and seamed *adobe*, once the Bar Cross headquarters —last relic of prehistoric Dundee, the "cow town" of the days before the big dam. The battered old house drew him irresistibly with its look of secrecy, retrospection: the same haunting lure of history withheld that had once compelled him from the hulk of a nameless wreck, high-stranded in the sands by Guaymas.

It was a rambling, flat-roofed building, thick-walled and substantial, degraded now to a warehouse and marked for present demolishment. By a lively irony it was to be replaced, of all things, by an armory. Even in its present low estate it preserved a dignity in keeping with the surrounding desert, which was somewhat lacking in its prosperous bourgeois neighbors. It had an inviting and hospitable look, heightened by an unassuming comfortable gallery, overshaded by a patriarchal cottonwood, once a goal far seen across the plain. The roof-high windows, broad and candid, revealed the wide, long rooms, the deep fireplace, the beamed, high ceiling. A dwelling for use and comfort, to live in and not to look at, built on so generous and prodigal a scale as to foster the artist's fancy that it had been fashioned of old for a race of careless giants.

Further yet his dreaming led him. It cleared away box and bale; it rekindled a flame on the broad hearth; it repeopled the cheerful, firelit spaces of the great room with the resolute Titans of his fancy, returned from exile to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon.

On this reverie the workaday world broke harshly, a goodly part of prosperous Dundee pausing on its business way to express variously a unanimous amaze. Why did the artist lavish time and talent on the one blemish of their otherwise blameless city? Why, they inquired, did he not rather turn his attention to Burlingame Avenue—of tinted villas, gabled, turreted, dormered, porticoed, filigreed, beshingled and bestained? Further, they took it as a personal affront that the artist had willfully omitted all modern environment whatsoever, restoring the infinite recession of desert, its limitless, bare horizons.

To all these the artist, a petulant person, made replies ever more waspish, so that the citizenry presently went its commercial way, leaving him, as sole adviser, a silently-enthralled person of six, Little Lord Fauntleroy to the last curl. Nevertheless, as this small person dug his ankle with a neatly-shod foot, casting furtive, sidelong glances at the unconscious artist, his resemblance to the common or garden boy was startling.

Vainly the artist strove to recall the lost vision. Failing, he began to rough in the tall yucca in the foreground, at the same time becoming aware of his one faithful adherent. The boy sucked in his breath, entranced to see the yucca shape and grow under the swift strokes.

"My! Isn't it a big one?" he ventured at last, wriggling with admiration. "It's twenty-eight years old."

"How do you know?"

"A man told me so. A man at the Armendaris Hotel. With a big red mustache. He planted it. And fenced it in so's cattle couldn't eat the stalk. When it was only so high. He told me about when he used to live here. I wish it was then, now."

"*I* wish it was then, now," said the artist sympathetically. "Or that it was now, then. But it's much better for the real-estate business for it to be now, now." He scraped diligently at an offending line. "Were you thinking of being a cowboy?"

The boy extended his researches almost to his knee. His foot was now apparently quite dislocated. He peeped shyly through fringed lashes. Then, finding the artist's smile friendly and disarming:

"I'd like to. Or a brakeman. Or a painter like you. So I could paint Agnes Pauline."

"Ah, yes! Is Agnes Pauline your sweetheart?"

The eyes opened to their widest—gleeful, dancing eyes. He laughed derisively. "Sweetheart? Huh! She's my Jersey calf. Most a year old—and just as pretty!"

The artist considered gravely. "I very much need a boy to help me carry my easel—and—and do errands," he finished vaguely. He regarded the boy thoughtfully. "*I* might do Agnes Pauline for you if we could agree on terms. I usually get fifteen cents an hour, but I'll make it ten to you, taking my pay in errands at a fair price, if we can arrange the sittings for afternoons between two and three. Would that hour suit you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy eagerly.

"All right, sport, we'll call it a bargain. Show me where you live and then you can begin by taking the easel to the hotel while I carry the picture."

. . . . . .

"The best town in New Mexico by a dam site!" said Hiram Yoast enthusiastically. "Four years old, fifteen hundred population, electric lights, telephones, high-pressure water, fire department, automobile stage line to the Dam and the Hot Springs and another through Palomas Gap, national bank, opera house, sanitarium, railroad hospital, fine hotels, soap factory, big brick business blocks, churches, high school, beautiful homes, six miles of concrete walk —and just beginning to grow. I tell you, Dundee has a great future! Perfect climate; soil will grow anything, with water. When it gets here ——"

It was Too Much. The Gun Barked Thrice

For completion he waved his hand over the grounds of the Armendaris, where grew all manner of fruit trees, interspersed with lawns and flower-beds, bordered with trees of mushroom growth: the whole serving the double purpose of decoration and of advertising what the soil would do—with water. It may be said, in passing, that the Armendaris Hotel was owned and operated by the Armendaris Land and Realty Company, owners also of the Armendaris Land Grant and the townsite of Dundee.

Hiram Yoast had the prosperous appearance common to the burghers of Dundee. His once red mustache was grizzly-tawny; the thick mop of once red hair was gray. His feet were preposterously small and his hatbrim preposterously wide; worn, moreover, at a heterodox angle. His auditor was an elderly stranger of quiet and conventional appearance, who had caused much mirth in the Armendaris by registering as "John Doe."

"I thought the town was older than that," said John Doe.

"Of course, there was a station here before," said Hiram. "A store and post-office, a hotel and one dwelling-house. That's all. Just headquarters for a few scattered ranchers till four years ago."

"And the ranchers, the old-timers—where are they?"

"Gone. Some are in Heaven and some in New York. Scattered. California, Arizona, in the Mesilla Valley under the big ditch. Bob Martin is in Albuquerque, banker and Senator from Bernalillo County. But there's only two of the old gang left here now. Frank Bojarquez —sheriff—and me. And I'm going tonight, for keeps."

"Why didn't they stay?" said Mr. John Doe languidly. "Or, to be consistent, why don't *you* stay?"

Hiram ran a thoughtful hand through his mane. "I'll tell you," he said. "The first of all was when old man Baldwin—he's dead now—bought out the Bar Cross ——"

"I *beg* your pardon," said the stranger. "Bought out the what?"

"The Bar Cross Cattle Company. He shipped out thirty thousand head, bought a few Chihuahuas to be growin' while the range picked up, and showed us how to build dirt tanks. Reservoirs to catch rainwater," he added, forestalling query. "He only built 'em for watering cattle, but they were the beginning of troub—of progress. To get water for irrigation was just a matter of buildin' bigger. A few of us took to farmin' a little for our own use. And then the nesters—the grangers—began to come, with a little expensive water from deep wells and a good deal of dry farmin'. Another thing. You see, them thirty thousand head had held the Jornada for the company ——"

"The Jornada?" echoed Mr. John Doe, puzzled. "Excuse me, but what is the Jornada?"

"The desert. That is, not the desert exactly, but the *name* of the desert. The Jornada del Muerto—the Journey of the Dead Man."

"I see," murmured Mr. John Doe. "Sorry to interrupt. I have to do it to understand the facts."

Hiram resumed: "'Twas a mighty big range—one hundred miles by fifty. But that many cattle was all it would run, and the company didn't really own but a few watering places. There wasn't much temptation for newcomers on a crowded range. Once they was shipped out we all began grabbing the springs and lakes, and some of our old friendships went kerflummux. 'Twas like what Frank John told me about the break-up of the Holy Roman Empire—a lot of little states always scrappin' with each other.

"Next, the railroad fenced the track from Rincon to San Marcial. The Grant had done fenced us on the north before. That made it bad. The little twelve-mile strip between the fence and Caballos Mountain was soon eat out, and there they was. All the grass out the east of the fence and all the water on the west except Aleman and Six Mile, both belonging to Baldwin. They began to go. Some sold to nesters, some just moved, and some stayed so long they had nothin' to move. And the San Andreas was all taken with goats, except the Moongate country. There wasn't but one waterhole there, and the man wouldn't let that go.

"Last comes the Elephant Butte Dam. Biggest in the world. It'll make a lake one hundred and eighty feet deep and back water up for forty miles, when it's done. And nine-tenths of the lake will be on the Armendaris Land Grant.

"Naturally, the Grant people found out that its river land was mighty valuable. They put up a big, steady

howl to the Government. Finally, for damages, they got concessions to put in big pumping stations at the high-water mark, where it backs up McRae Creek, with an everlasting right to pump so many thousand inches a day over the ridge to the Jornada

"The rest is easy. Water's sure gold—when it comes. Waitin' for the dam to build they organized the townsite company and put in a temp'rary pumping plant at the Rio Grande for town water and shade trees along the streets. They laid out the park and put in a few fields and orchards just to show what could be done—and advertised. This town is built on faith, hope and first mortgages.

"They got the Panhandle cut off Socorro County and tacked on to Sierra, and built a thirty-thousand-dollar wagonroad through Palomas Gap, where they've got copper mines. The county seat was at Hillsboro, off the railroad. They got it moved here by replacin' the courthouse and jail free of charge to taxpayers. Then they advertised some more.

"The railroad done its part. They always had a pumping plant on a six-hour schedule at Muerto Spring, to keep their trains movin'. They put it to doing thirty-six hours a day, built a park, a new depot, a railroad hospital, got the sanitarium to locate here, ran homeseekers' excursions —and advertised. Best of all, they got capital to come here and start the Jornada Soap Factory. Best soap in the world, and ten million tons of raw soapweed in sight. Make paper from the fiber and roofing material as a by-product. I'm in it.

"So, here we are. Land with water rights selling for three hundred dollars an acre, town lots in proportion. That's the way I got mine. I believed in it, sold out my stuff, bought land cheap and sold it ——"

"Dear?" interrupted Mr. John Doe cynically.

"Reasonable," said Hiram warmly. "This kind of farming is better than a device where you can bet on the weather. You can set your rain like an alarm clock, six months ahead, and have it go off on time to the dot."

"Well, say—I don't want to be inquisitive, but—why don't you stay?" insisted Mr. John Doe.

Hiram's face wore a perplexed and weary look. "I miss the boys," he said gropingly. "I'm lonely here with so many folks. They're right good people, but they're . . . different. When I think of the good old times ——! We was a picked bunch, I tell you. The desert cut back the culls. We've made our mark. Even them that went wild went wild big. The Bar Cross furnished range bosses, sheriffs and crack ropers and riders for half New Mexico and Arizona. Most of 'em done well, too. There's Burt Mossman. Up in Dakota now, worth less'n a million." He began to chuckle. "I'll never forget the time somebody shot through the window at him one night at the Toby ranch. The bullet smashed the lamp right at Burt's head. Burt looked round and said ——" He paused for another chuckle.

Accurately, John Doe finished the sentence. "And Mossman said: 'I wish I knew who did that. I bet I'd make him pay for that window!'"

Hiram Yoast gazed at Mr. John Doe silently and long. Then he arose, lifted Mr. Doe by the collar and deliberately kicked him. "Why, you old fool!" he said affectionately. "Twenty years! How did you get the kink out of your nose? You derned old skunk! Writin' books—and plays! You always was a good offhand liar, but I didn't look to see you be a professional. Livin' in New York City, are you?"

"No. I'm farming," said Mr. John Doe sadly and shamefacedly. "I've sold my copyright for a mess of potash. Never mind me. Come to my room and tell me all about the boys."

On the way he ordered wet liquors. These arriving, they stood up.

"Wherever they are!" said Hiram Yoast.

"Wherever they are!"

Cole, Dallas, Charley, Cal? Scattered. Summerford? Dead. Billy? Dead. McCleod? Dead. Dana, John, Lon, Hartley? Scattered; gone. Emil, Jacky. Thorgood?

. . . . . .

The sun was nearly down. They started for the depot with full and good intent to board the El Paso train. It was not to be

By the Bar Cross house the artist was hard at work painting "The Start." Before his easel three ancient cow-ponies (friends of Hiram's), groomed to a gloss their happier days had never known, posed in mournful attitudes Two were saddled complete, with coiled rope and branding iron at the horn; hitched, after the manner of all good cow-ponies, on honor, with dangling reins

"Wherever They Are!" Said Hiram Yoast

There were models human as well as equine; two men, painfully belted and spurred and cuffed and leggined. They stood, foot to pack, frozen in the act of cinching a bed on poor Guy, most unhappy ex-cutting horse; who felt the humiliation keenly, drooping his head in resignation, groaning, rolling a despairing white eye.

"Oh, these made-up cowboys!" said Hiram acidulously "*That* ain't the way to throw a diamond hitch. Look here!" He made cunning readjustment. "You don't use it on just a bed, nohow. Get 'round there, Foamy, and we'll show 'em the N hitch."

The artist laid down brush and palette. Evidently, this was the real thing. He awaited developments with interest. It appeared that Mr. John Doe was "Foamy." They moved with a brisk vigor, a cheerful snap and precision at variance with their sedate and dignified appearance That done, Hiram gave his hat a debonair tilt and looked for more worlds to conquer. His accusing finger fell on a tightly-drawn gunbelt.

"What's that—a corset?" he jeered. "That ain't no way to wear a gun." Removing the offending property he buckled it on, loosely, so that the gun hung low on his thigh. "Like that. Then you can get your field-piece quick when you need action." An impish look came to his face "Suppose, now, that can ——"

The gun was drawn, cocked. But a tin can, in well-ordered, swept and garnished Dundee, was unthinkable anachronism. The neatly-policed street smote Hiram's eye and brought him very suddenly back to the harsh reality.

It was too much. The gun barked thrice; on the near telephone pole as many insulators splintered to tinkling fragments; a severed wire curled on the sidewalk. The street windows blossomed with craning necks. Littleman and Rebel cocked their ears aslant; even the melancholy Guy looked up hopefully.

The artist spake aside to Mr. John Doe. "You two were cowpunchers?"

"Sure thing!" Mr. Doe jerked his head at the old *adobe*. "We were Bar Cross men!" In such chesty tones Saul of Tarsus proclaimed his nativity of no mean city.

"Thought so. Your name isn't really John Doe?

The other shook his head. "My right name is O. B. Joyful," he said, and mildly divested the second near-cowboy of his artillery.

"I see," said the artist. "Go it!" Lighting a cigarette, he assumed the attitude of a disinterested observer.

Hiram had picked up the writhing wire and now held it to his ear, wearing the mischievous look of a benign and elderly goblin.

"Hello, Central! Give me Heaven! . . . Hiram Yoast. . . . Is the barbed-wire man there? . . . Wrong number? . . Yes —oh, yes! . . . . Good-by!"

He glanced around. Mr. John Doe gathered reins and cheekpiece of Rebel's bridle in his left hand, swung lightly to the saddle and raked his thumbs down the astonished Rebel's neck.

Rebel did a gruesome combination of bawl and scream, pitching as joyously as his poor old joints would permit. Mr. John Doe leaned precariously over and fanned the rebellious brow with a sedate derby. "Once in the saddle I used to go dashing, Once in the saddle I used to go gay," he chanted sprightfully. "Lil-la-lee-li-lee-HOO!" The pitching ceased, and Rebel, much refreshed, went strutting proudly off.

With a reassuring nod and a friendly, wagging finger for the contemplative artist Hiram grabbed at Guy's neck-rope and followed on a ridiculous Littleman, who arched his venerable neck and pranced mettlesome before high heaven. Despite the ignominious pack Guy seemed to have recovered a measure of self-respect. Pricking his ears, ignoring the lead-rope, he trotted jauntily alongside, nose to stirrup.

The train was coming. Far to northward its tiny feather of smoke rose over the long ridges. The escapade might well have ended at the depot had it not been for the portrait of Agnes Pauline. For after the sitting Agnes Pauline had been insecurely fastened, after the manner of small boys. At this psychological moment she made untimely escape, tore at a gallop across the sprinkled lawn of a terracotta bungalow, stopped with a sudden turf-plowing of forefeet and regarded Mr. John Doe inquiringly, flaunting her velvet ears.

"Ba-a-a?" said Agnes Pauline playfully, and fled hilarious down the show street of Dundee.

"A maverick!" Mr. John Doe's itching fingers plucked at his rope; the quivering Rebel plunged to frantic, unbidden chase.

Close behind, Hiram tore down the scandalized street, the abandoned packhorse in mad pursuit. Before the courthouse Mr. John Doe's whirling loop dropped on the

(Continued on Page 40)

"Yo-o! Ee-yo-o-o! Go 'Long, My Little Doughgies!"

SELLING WITHOUT SAMPLES

WITH THE WALL STREET SALESMAN

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. HOSKINS

ABOUT ten years ago some Wall Street promoters brought together a dozen or more factories in a certain industry, forming a trust which may be called the Consolidated Company, with preferred stock, common stock, bonds and all the trimmings.

Certain men who had led that industry as individual manufacturers looked dubiously at the project when it was broached. But the Wall Street men smoothed away all difficulties and, almost before they knew it, the manufacturing men, going right along making goods with no interruption, had become officers of the Consolidated. The only changes they observed under new conditions were better possibilities in making and selling goods. When it was all over they agreed that organizing a trust was rather an agreeable little formality.

As compensation for their own work the promoters, going back to Wall Street, took most of the Consolidated's common shares. For a time the manufacturing men heard nothing of either. Busy making goods, they did not observe that some of this common stock was put on the market experimentally, sold for a while around thirty, then dropped suddenly to six or seven and became inactive. The promoters, trying to sell their holdings, had found the time not ripe and put them aside, turning to something else.

Four years later, however, the manufacturing men heard of that stock again, and the promoters, too.

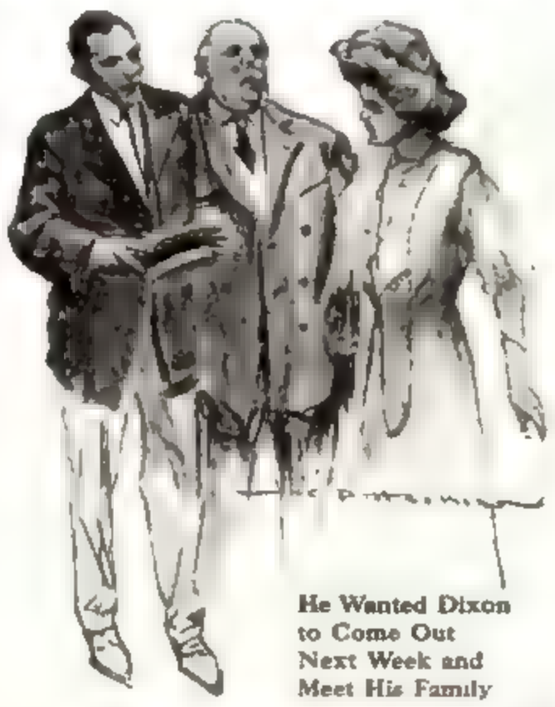
Over in New Jersey there was a tiny factory which had been considered too insignificant to be taken into the trust when it was formed. This plant now got into difficulties and was purchased by the Wall Street men. They made it the basis of a new corporation known as the Federal Company, gave the latter their Consolidated stock, and came to see the manufacturing men once more. This Federal Company, with its newly-acquired shares, had a voting power sufficient to control the Consolidated. The promoters, to make their holdings necessary to the manufacturing men, had stuck a small tail on the original dog, and with that tail proposed to wag it. The Consolidated Company made seventy-five per cent of all the goods in that industry, while the Federal Company, whose only physical property was a rusty little mill in New Jersey, had power to control the mighty trust.

A Million Dollars for a Dog's Tail

DURING the past four years, at almost any time, those manufacturing men might have gone quietly into the market and bought enough of their common stock at six to ten dollars a share to make such a flank movement impossible. But they were manufacturing men, intent on making and selling goods, and paid no attention to the stock market. In the end it cost them nearly a million dollars to regain control of their company.

This is one kind of Wall Street salesmanship—a sort so much in evidence the past decade that many persons assume, with reason, that there is no other kind.

As a matter of fact, however, Wall Street employs the salesman in other capacities, and its every-day selling methods are every whit as praiseworthy and legitimate as those of any other commercial organization. Outside the Street it often appears as though the stock market, by some strange fascination peculiar to itself, attracted customers from afar, as the flaming arc attracts the June-bug. But stocks and bonds, commercial paper and exchange, brokers' services and other Wall Street commodities have to be taken to customers through the salesman, no less than drygoods or lightning-rods.



He Wanted Dixon to Come Out Next Week and Meet His Family

The straightforward book agent, who works openly to get your signature on the dotted line of the subscription blank, might find himself at sea for a time in Wall-Street selling. For the bigger the potential business, as a rule, the less direct will be the Wall-Street salesman's method of going after it. In landing a large brokerage account there may be no spoken argument at all, nor any definite closing point—certainly no dotted line for the customer's signature. Unwritten law in the brokers' guild is distinctly against asking the customer of a competing house to transfer his account. Policy would be against it if there were no unwritten law.

Again, brokers operating on the recognized exchanges charge customers the same commissions, so that no house has price advantages, while through the Street generally salesmen are on a fairly even footing in goods and prices. Any sort of security, as well as numerous kinds of insecurity, may be bought in the vague district known as "Wall Street." Brokers of one class will buy or sell for you on the big exchanges, while another variety of "broker" will place your bet in a bucket-shop. One investment house will sell you gilt-edge Government consols, while across the street it is possible to purchase gaudy paper shares in a purely paper enterprise. But the salesman selling real bonds—bonds that bind something—will be pretty closely matched in price and other essential points with competing salesmen handling the same class of securities, because safety, yield and marketability roughly fix values.

The Way Dixon Did It

THUS, what makes one Wall Street salesman more successful than another is an element of skill and personality. Taking these conditions into account it is not surprising to find that Wall Street employs some of the best salesmen to be found anywhere, and that it has marked appreciation of selling ability.

It may be interesting to relate the experience of a young man named Dixon, who during little more than a year with a large brokerage house has built up an excellent following.

At college Dixon seemed to have a gift for making friends among well-to-do people, and subsequently, as salesman for a house dealing in fine merchandise, he turned this to account. Give him the choice between a hundred average customers easy of access, or a corporation president rated at several millions and difficult to reach, and Dixon would select the latter, get in touch with him, win his confidence and make sales. Young, frank, pleasant in manner, he was never awed by wealth or position, but preferred to move among the top-notchers and had the knack of getting on with them. After a corporation president had written his name on the dotted line he wanted Dixon to come out next week and meet his family. Dixon spent his week-ends at resorts where top-notchers congregate, played golf on the crack links, belonged to good clubs.

Wall Street attracted him because he saw that it was a center for the sort of people he liked to work among. Transactions were larger than in mercantile lines, and there were opportunities for building a solid following. One day, in concluding a sale to a broker, the latter said:

"Dixon, you're too good a salesman to be working anywhere but down here in the Street. Better come with us."

And he did. For several months before accepting this new offer, however, he studied investments. A broker's salesman must be chiefly an adviser. When a customer turns from the tape and asks casually what he thinks of Dominion Preferred he must have enough knowledge of its history, variations in price, amount of dividend and other factors instantly to give an opinion. This information is highly technical, and the mass of it to be studied is such that no one mind can contain it all.

As Dixon was going to lunch one noon soon after his arrival in the financial district he met an acquaintance who asked if he had heard about the trouble Smith was again having with his executions. The new salesman was not dead certain that he knew what an execution was. Nor had he ever heard of Smith.

"Is that Smith, the drygoods man?" he asked.

"Naw—*the* Smith," replied the gossip. "Old Dick Smith, the big wheat operator—Richard L. Smith. He's been trading through Skinner for years."

Skinner was a large competing broker. Dixon knew that much. Stopping a moment to get Smith's address out of a directory, he called on him within fifteen minutes. While it is not good etiquette in the Street to ask an operator for his brokerage account it is all right to ask him for part of it. Smith was somewhat crusty, but the salesman got on well with him and assured him that if there was one detail in service his own brokerage house took pains with it was executions. After several calls Smith was led to give Dixon a small order to buy wheat in Chicago. Arrangements had been made for speeding this through, so that it went to Chicago over the wires and an acknowledgment came back in record time. A few moments after Smith said "Buy" he was notified that his order had been executed on the Board of Trade in Chicago. The old operator was pleased when Dixon called on him an hour later.

Certain Men Who Had Led That Industry Looked Dubiously at the Project

"Mr. Smith, that execution may have seemed quick enough to you," said the salesman apologetically, "but we're not satisfied. It wasn't up to our usual service. We can do much better. But we'd ought to have direct connection with your own office here. Let me put a private telephone right at your desk."

"Do you think I'm going to pay for a special telephone just to give you people business?" objected Smith.

"We'll pay for it—just show me where you want it put."

So a private instrument was installed at the great Smith's elbow, and in a few weeks he was diverting enough of his orders to pay Dixon's salary.

Dramatizing a Deal

THE work of a brokerage salesman like Dixon depends on his wide acquaintance among people both inside and out of the market. He will know the leading operators, see them at least once a week, usually away from their offices, at uptown hotels or out-of-town resorts, pass the time of day, talk, discuss, play golf with them, as opportunity comes, yet never ask for patronage. Learning what an important operator is carrying, he may telephone him information before the market opens or send a messenger if there is an abrupt change. If the operator is at Lakewood it is the young man's business to know that and reach him with news. Thus, genuine service is rendered and is contrasted with that given by the operator's own brokers, and in time some of his patronage may be diverted. It is worth waiting for—no broker's salesman would hazard his chances by trying to force a sale.

He will also keep track of investors who buy securities outright, suggesting speculative purchases. He pays

"What I Really Came to Ask You About, Though, was Dogs"

particular attention to operators who make quick turns in the market. The profitable side of brokerage is in margins. It is often assumed that the broker is a tempter, seeking to persuade weak persons to lose their money on margins so that he may make his commission. However, the broker's real ideal in customers is one who trades actively and at the same time stays in the market, which he obviously wouldn't do if he lost his money. In many of the large brokerage houses there are rules against speculation by employees, often applied to members of the firm as well. There are also well-defined rules as to accepting or rejecting patronage—not every house will accept orders from women traders, for instance.

The bond salesman works along similar lines. His customers are people who invest money periodically—trustees, bankers, business houses with an emergency reserve in bonds, men who alternate bonds with life insurance, and so forth. He also cultivates a wide acquaintance and, like the broker's young man, frequently stops and puts his ear to the ground to ascertain if footsteps are approaching on horseback from any direction.

For several months a bond salesman had been looking in at the office of a wealthy old investor who bought securities from a competing house. No progress was made until he learned that the old gentleman was very fond of a "horse-trade" in securities - if his house could give him eleven bonds of the same yield and safety for ten he had in his safe he would trade every time.

One afternoon the old gentleman spoke of a small lot of bonds he held as trustee for an estate, stating that his own bond house had offered an exchange which would give him a slight increase of income. Our salesman could make only a slightly better offer—prices and other points in such securities are so constant that it was only a matter of a few dollars. But he reasoned that the other house's salesman, dealing with this investor frequently, would probably have made the offer in a perfunctory way, submitting bald figures with no selling argument. His own figures, while only a trifle better, might be made more attractive if the deal were skillfully dramatized.

He Must Have Enough Knowledge Instantly to Give an Opinion

"Mr. Giddings, I've got an odd lot of six per cent irrigation bonds to offer for those you hold," he said. "The exchange would give you a little more income. But here's something else. Those bonds of yours have a slow market, because six per cents are bought to hold till maturity. Your own bond house takes them over in trade. They must be peddled out a few at a time till disposed of. That costs something. You pay this selling cost, naturally, Now, I think I can find a quick purchaser for your bonds, saving selling cost. Will you give me a few days on it?"

A Double Horse-Trade in Bonds

THE old gentleman consented. Next day this salesman came in to say that he had seen "that party," and the matter was being considered. A day later he reported that the proposition was being considered seriously. The third day he hurried in to announce that the thing would be decided shortly. When he came in next he was quite out of breath.

"Are you sure that those bonds are just as you described them?"

"Yes, certainly," said the investor, now catching the excitement of this double "horse-trade."

"Can you have them at the Broad Street National Bank tomorrow morning at ten-thirty?"

"Why, yes, yes!"

"Positive there won't be any hitch?"

"No, no!"

On the following day the trade was effected on a basis that really gave but slight additional income. But the result of introducing a little suspense into that deal was to secure for this salesman a snug percentage of the old gentleman's regular business.

In another instance a bond salesman called frequently on an investor who had dealt with a rival house for years. It seemed more or less futile to attempt to divert any of his patronage. This salesman knew, however, that business alliances are something like marriages. No matter how well the parties to either get along, there is bound to come disagreement occasionally. So, while making no attempt to sell to this investor, he kept up an acquaintance, praised his judgment in dealing with a fine house like the competing concern, protested that even he could think of nothing to say against it.

"I like to come in here and get your views of the financial situation," he would say. "It's no use to talk business to you, because you're dealing with a first-class house already—none better. But I do want to say this much: that if you ever *should* want to change your connection, here is what my house can give you in the way of service."

Once or twice a month that salesman looked in to find out what this investor thought of the business outlook, and before departing he always reminded him that if during the next fifteen or twenty years he should find it advisable to switch to another bond house here was what he could do for him, and so forth.

Human nature is exceedingly frail. After less than a year of such indirect argument the investor one day became highly displeased with his old bond house. Some insignificant detail went wrong, or he fancied that better service was being given new customers than to himself. He broke off that connection and went over bodily to the salesman who had based his whole selling argument on a little "if." The transactions amount to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. The bond salesman finds arguments that count when he runs across an investor who is also being canvassed by a broker's salesman. For then, instead of skillful fencing to gain some slight advantage, as where pitted against other bond salesmen, he can bluntly insist that speculation is unsafe—which it usually is. The broker's young man can demonstrate that bonds do not yield twenty-five per cent. Bonds never do.

Other investors, on the contrary, are too conservative, and the bond man gets their patronage by broadening their operations.

A certain merchant, for example, was putting considerable income into bonds every year, buying nothing but listed bonds, which can be sold quickly, yet yield only three to four per cent. He is a man of thorough business judgment and travels widely over the United States. A bond salesman persuaded him to use the same methods that a bond house follows in investigating securities. On his next trip West he looked into several communities with a view to determining whether their five and six per cent utilities bonds were safe investments for himself. He decided that they were. Thus, by being persuaded to use his own judgment many of his investments were converted in a way that doubled his income. The salesman now has an excellent customer in that merchant.

The essence of such selling lies in personal knowledge of the people dealt with. The Wall Street salesman goes further than selling. He must form connections and maintain them. So, it pays to study a man all by himself, learn his tastes and meet him on common ground.

Down on the borders of the financial district an elderly millionaire has a little office. Retired from business, he spends much of his time traveling. At least once a year, however, he opens up this office and invests his income for his grandchildren. Bonds are his chief security, and for years he had been dealing exclusively with a leading Wall Street house.

The ablest salesman for a competing bond house heard about this old fellow, made some inquiries and finally paid him a visit.

It was a gloomy, damp morning. The millionaire's rheumatism was torturing him. Some unexpected bills had come in the mail, too—bills of one of those grandchildren for whom he is making such careful provision. The representative of his regular bond house had looked in, but went away again when the old gentleman began to scold. For half an hour he fumed all alone. Then the salesman for the other house entered.

"Bonds, hey!" snapped the investor, glancing at the card. "Young man, you sit right down there, and I'll tell you what *I* think of bonds and you fellows that sell 'em, too."

He began to scold peevishly about everything under the sun

He May Send a Messenger if There Is an Abrupt Change

except bonds—the times, the weather, children, rheumatism, grandchildren, swearing freely—blinkety-blink-blank-blank! The salesman listened silently, looking out the window. When a lull came he observed:

"I never knew you could see the Statue of Liberty from here."

Again the torrent broke loose—blankety-blank-dash-dash-dash! The salesman listened without a word until the flow slackened and then made an observation about the harbor. When the old gentleman started in for a third time his steam was pretty well blown off. The salesman had anticipated that, knew that a kettle cannot boil over indefinitely, and saw that this chance to scold somebody was doing the investor a lot of good.

"Well, you asked me what I thought about bonds," concluded the millionaire, "and I've told you."

"What I really came to ask you about, though, was dogs," said the bond man.

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, delighted. "Do you know anything about dogs? Why didn't you say so?" It was the subject nearest his heart. For a month the bond man had been getting acquainted with dogs. So the foundation of a fine account was laid.

Nothing in the Personal Following

SOME investors suspect interested motives in salesmen and refuse advice. In those cases the salesman feels that he has a free hand to sell what brings his house the most profit. When an investor asks for advice, however, telling how much money he has to put into securities, whether it can all be tied up for a long period, or some of it may be wanted on short notice, the salesman will set aside his own interests to make up a selection that will give the best return and conform to the investor's needs.

It might be assumed that salesmen working in this field would form such close relations with customers as to be able to carry their personal following from one house to another. But it is said that this is seldom done successfully, because, in the end, the investor deals with the house rather than with the salesman. A brokerage house, for instance, will take a crack salesman from some bond house and set him to work building up a bond department. Few customers are carried away. For the brokerage house merely buys and sells for its customers and, in the main, is confined to listed securities. These securities are in a wholly different class from those sold by a bond house, yielding smaller interest and being suited to a different class of investors.

Another interesting phase of Wall Street selling is found among the brokers who deal in "commercial paper"—notes of merchants and manufacturers. This is really a twofold selling proposition, for one group of salesmen goes about among the borrowers, getting issues of such notes, while a separate selling organization disposes of them to bankers and investors.

A manufacturer is constantly borrowing money to be used in buying materials and paying the cost of making goods for which he may not be paid himself until many months later. Wholesale and large retail merchants borrow to carry stocks. Until these borrowers need loans larger than their local banks can advance, the banks are usually their chief resource. About the time that a borrower outgrows his local banking facilities, however, he is likely to receive visits from

(Concluded on Page 44)

Another Variety of "Broker" Will Place Your Bet in a Bucket-Shop

The Comedy of a Playwright

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

She Broke Down Again

IN OUR first scene we behold him a nice, modest young gentleman, new to the broad ways of Broadway, with wonder in his frank, clear eyes—and a twinkle, too; he still found it all highly entertaining. He is standing before a dingy door on a side street. He looks a little in awe of it.

It was only the iron grill of the basement entrance to what was once a smug New York home of the brownstone period of ugliness, now converted in its undignified old age into wardrobe and dressing-rooms for the adjacent theater. But to him it seemed a house of enchantment, and he felt like a reckless intruder.

He tries the door. It is locked. He rattles it, he rings. "What do you want?" comes in a sleepy growl from the mouldy cavern under the crumbling steps.

"Ah, I see they keep a dragon," says the intruder aside. He was not surprised.

The dragon's name is Mike. He sticks out his head and demands the challenger's business.

The latter draws back a little. "Can you tell me what they're rehearsing here?"

"The King's Favorite," Mike pronounced as if saying The Merchant of Venice or even Uncle Tom's Cabin. It seemed to amuse the young man. "Say that again, and say it slow."

The dragon had been sleepy; he is now irritated. He roars, "King's Favorite, I tell you," in the manner of asking, "What's that to you?"

"I don't believe it," the young man addressed himself; but the dragon hears. He answers with irony, "You don't, eh; why don't you?"

"Because I wrote it."

(A pause. Mike looks astonished. Youth looks grave. Hold picture while you count three.)

Mike (in respectful manner quickly opens door): "I beg your pardon, sir, I didn't know you were Mr. Torresdale. Come in; they have been expecting you for a week."

Howard Alfred Torresdale was fresh from college, where he had won a prize for an essay on the Elizabethan drama, had studied all the masters of stage technique and was the author of the undergraduate musical comedy in his senior year. Nevertheless, he had written a very good play. Even more remarkable it was to be produced—the first play he had ever written, accepted by the first manager he had brought it to! This was alarmingly contrary to tradition. And it was a poetic drama at that. He had rushed in where theatrical angels did not dare to tread and, in the less literary language of theatrical managers, he had got away with it. His eight ounces of manuscript had been chosen out of a ton of rejected ones. It was an achievement and he felt very happy over it. So did his mother. So did his classmates—those who weren't would-be playwrights themselves—and so did the girl at home who "took an interest in his work." It was for her he was doing it all, he thought. Well, he might need a nice girl to think about now. . . . Already he had done something in the great outside world which had been so maligned by those who had already entered it. Here, however, we are concerned with what it did to him.

The scene now changes to one which could not be shown upon the stage because it happens to be a part of the stage itself, the vast back part, too dark in daytime to be seen at all. The sudden change in passing from the hot glare of the noisy outdoor world of reality into the cool gloom of this mysterious region of make-believe was dramatic enough in its effect upon a mind young, sensitive and well stocked with the lore of the stage. But neither could this effect be produced in a play nor the dank, musty odor—also mysterious and suggestive to him—of the dark, mole-like passage he had treaded. It was once the unromantic basement hall used by cooks and scullions, but now the royal route followed by kings and queens from their dressing-rooms to the stage. It was full of romance, this dingy old house. Its fascination for him at this period came out in his letters to the girl at home. The house did not seem to appreciate its artistic career, looked rather ashamed of itself, indeed, as if saying, "Oh, that I should ever have come to this—a makeshift for play-actors with numbers painted on my once respected doors!" Such always is the unappreciative attitude of Philistine respectability. And yet, on the top floor, where the servants used to sleep, royal apartments and Italian gardens were now designed; it was the scenic artist's studio. The back yard, where once on Mondays the family wash was wont to flap with impotent candor, now harbored Italian tapestries, baronial fireplaces and Louis XIV chairs. It had been roofed over for a property-room. On a papier-mâché throne lay a cat drowsing. Her ancestors used to promenade upon the fence. Perhaps she had come here to look at a king. More likely for a mouse. She was a "practical" cat.

But he did not linger over these delights at present They would keep. He pushed on to the wings, where the supreme delight awaited him.

It took him unawares, before he was quite prepared for it. He was still at a distance from that small segment of the stage which audiences see, groping his way, amid coarse, painted canvases, battered and blasé from their experiences on the road, toward a gleam of artificial lights beyond. Suddenly there came to him a stirring cry of distress, followed by a sentence spoken rapidly in the sweetest of girlish tones, pleading, poignant. It echoed back from the dark, vacant auditorium. It echoed in his youthful breast. He stopped abruptly, with a never-to-be-forgotten thrill. Those were *his* words, just as he had written them one night in his room while a man was playing Chopin on the floor above. They were rehearsing his play. What an idea!

He came a little closer. He heard more lines. This time in a man's voice. To be sure, they were doing it all wrong, but they were doing it. And they seemed to be taking it so very seriously, quite as if their lives depended upon it. Perhaps they did. He experienced a guilty sensation, as if he had played a practical joke upon a number of earnest, well-meaning people, all of them older than himself, none of whom had done him any harm. He drew back into the shadow again as if afraid of being caught at it. Well, it was too late now; it was the manager's responsibility, not his.

But, all the same, he seemed to be quite fascinated with his work, for presently he crept forward again in a stealthy fashion, as one stalks game. He was now within plain sight of his victims. There they were!

They did not notice him; they were absorbed in their work, intense, oblivious of the outside world; craftsmen busy with their craft. Down in front, the stage manager, prompt book in hand, was drilling them like a sergeant-major, an absorbed scowl on his brow. "That's a tricky scene—let's run through it once more," he said. "And this time, dearie, take a little more stage." They wore their ordinary street clothes, just as he had heard they did; some of the men kept their hats on. They called each other "dear" and "dearie." It was all coming true most obligingly. It was all quite as if it were a real play.

But it was! And that seemed the oddest and most unreal thing about it. His dream, almost as old as he was, was coming to life at last, and yet the reality seemed more dreamlike than ever, there, on the great barnlike stage, with the scene painters working industriously on the paint bridge far aloft and whistling as they worked, and the players below, moving about like phantoms in a dream, while out in front, in the darkness, the seats and boxes were biding their time under long, white coverings suggesting the ghosts of former audiences—or audiences to be, let us hope.

The players did not seem to realize that they were phantoms in a long-cherished dream. To them it was all part of the day's work. The royal prince, who wore an imitation panama hat, having finished his scene with his hated rival, the soon-to-be-vindicated duke, now amicably offered him a cigarette as they retired off stage, and told each other, within hearing of the author, that neither had had such a rotten part for years. They had all been stars heretofore, it seems. The court jester, waiting for his entrance cue, was scanning that important message of the civilized press entitled Past Performances. He seemed to be a sensitive, self-conscious type, not the sort given to playing the fool or the races. "He'll ruin his eyes," thought the young author, but did not tell him so. The queen mother, the female heavy part, was pacing up and down, repeating her lines to herself in a mellifluous bass voice, holding her script with one hand and gesticulating earnestly with the other. She seemed rather absurd. The boy blushed for her. He heard the words as she passed near, his own carefully-wrought lines, and he felt like saying, "Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't read them *that* way!" But he only gazed at her instead, and wondered what was her conception of the part. She had none; she was only trying, like the others, to do the thing as the stage director told her to do it. They were instruments. He played upon them, and the score was written by the playwright.

Another group of those not on during the present scene were idly exchanging the gossip of Broadway—the little world they knew so much about, though to them it was the whole world, and of what lay outside of it they were as ignorant as children. They were not interested in the play, it seemed; some of them did not even know the story, never would know it. They were only interested in their own parts. When they were not on they paid no more attention than the charwoman dusting the aisles out in front, whose businesslike indifference seemed to say, "Go right on with your spouting; it doesn't disturb me in the least."

"Sst! Your cue, my dear," called one of the gossiping group to the queen mother, who thereupon turned and ran abruptly out upon the stage, saying, "Oh, I *beg* your pardon," in her natural tones, and then proceeded with her lines in a manner which seemed most unnatural to the author. But apparently it was the way the stage manager believed in queen mothers talking on the stage, for he nodded and smiled kindly. "That's the stuff, Queen," he said. "Go right on." And she did, with greater gusto than ever.

But Torresdale did not follow her scene. For when the stately queen mother came on her daughter, the lovely princess, went off. She was the one who had uttered the piercing cry for help which brought the playwright. She was very beautiful and quite young for a leading lady, and she interested him. As she joined the gossiping group she made a little grimace as if to shake off her grandiloquence, a little amused by it herself. He liked her all the more for that. "That's a good exit speech, all the same," she said, and throwing an arm casually about the shoulder of the duke she gave him a friendly little hug. The author wondered how she could do it so casually. The duke, going on with the remark he was making at the moment, removed the girlish arm in an equally casual manner,

apparently not caring to be hugged just then. The author wondered still more how the duke could do that.

Not in the least offended, she presently moved on, humming a bit of current comic opera and taking a dance step to accompany herself. She seemed a most delightful person, full of life and spirit. She had never been a leading lady before and it felt good. It was Lucille Lawless. He had seen and admired her in other plays, and it was an overwhelming thought that now she was to appear in a play written by himself. He wondered what it would be like to know her. Possibly he was wondering whether she would ever want to throw her arm casually about his shoulder.

She had not noticed the young man, but she happened to stop near him. He had never had an attack of actresses in all his innocent youth, and they still seemed beings of another world—and so, to be sure, they are. He brought her a chair; she must be tired. "Won't you sit down?" he asked. And then stepped away a little distance.

"Thanks," she said, in a clear, young voice, and gave him a frank smile. Then she looked up at him again. She seemed to approve of his looks.

"How did you like me in that scene?" she asked. She did not know who he was—for he had been spared the ordeal of reading his play to the company and had had nothing to do with selecting the cast—but that did not matter; she would have asked Mike, the doorkeeper, with the same democratic frankness.

The young author had expected a little more arrogant exclusiveness, far less girlish naturalness in leading ladies—there are all sorts of leading ladies—but he was pleased and flattered at her speaking to him, and a little overcome.

"Fine," he answered shyly.

"Really? I am so glad," she returned with the eagerness of a child. "It's a great play, isn't it?"

"Great!" agreed the author and let it go at that. He could see her very clearly now, with the light upon her face casting interesting shadows under her long lashes and around the corners of her charming, large mouth; but apparently she had forgotten all about him, for she had begun humming her tune again. He had been led to believe upon the excellent authority of those who have had no experience in such matters that all actresses were sirens on the lookout for men to lure. Clearly, this one was letting an excellent opportunity slip by. To be sure, there were particular reasons why he did not propose to be lured at present, but he thought it would be interesting after they became better acquainted to watch her try.

"Say, are you Mr. Torresdale?" A Broadway voice, masculine gender, approached him from behind.

"Yes." The author turned and beheld a sallow man, with a bright waistcoat and wide, thin-lipped mouth.

"Mike told me you were in here. I'm Henderson. Gimme some dope about you for the advance notices." He produced an old envelope and a fountain-pen, manifesting meanwhile surprise and rather inconsiderate amusement at the author's youthfulness. "Let's see. Written any other plays?"

"No."

"Any books?"

"No books."

"Magazine stuff?"

"No, except a little verse."

"All right, we'll make it a poet," said the press agent, taking notes in a businesslike manner, for this was business.

The author seemed uncomfortable and murmured a protest. The press agent misunderstood it. "Oh, that's all right," he replied reassuringly. "Last season a poet made good." He had nothing against poets, you see; they couldn't help it. "Got any stories about yourself for reading notices?"

"No," said Torresdale; "no, I haven't."

"I'll fake up some," said Henderson casually. "Long as you've had no experience we'll play you up as a young genius, just out of college, and all that. That'll please the Governor," he added, half to himself. "Kahn likes to be known as a discoverer."

The young genius was biting his lip. "Suppose you keep me out. I want my play advertised, but not my personality."

The press agent pocketed his notes and glanced at the author. "Oh, that's all right," he said, and passed on. "Gee!" he thought, "that kid will have to get over his highbrow notions if he expects to succeed in this business." As a matter of fact, the cynical press agent had more faith in the playwright's getting over his notions than in the play's getting over its second week.

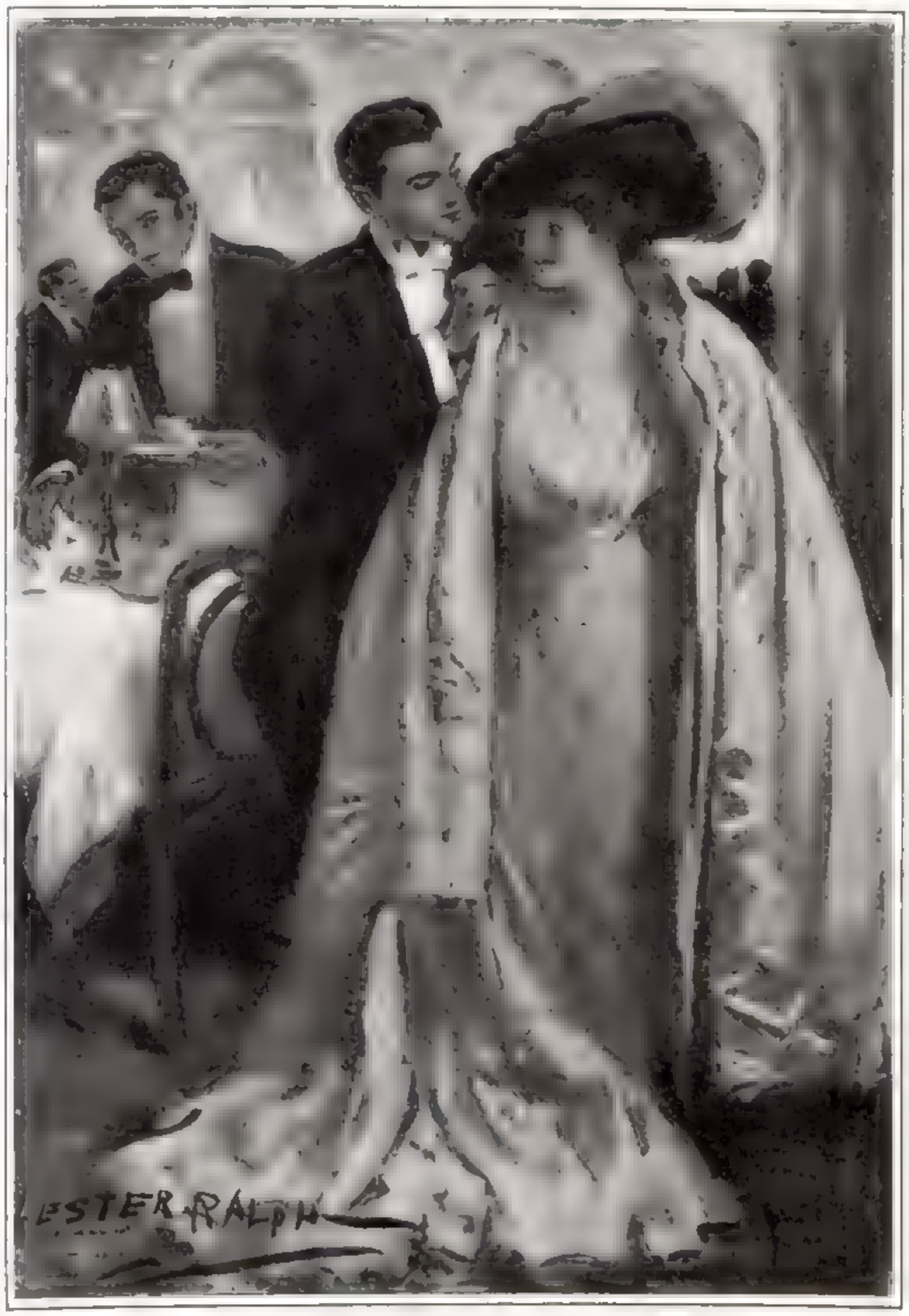
The leading lady had overheard. "Oh, Mr. Torresdale! I beg your pardon." She was apologizing for having spoken to him! Her manner was now constrained, like that of pupil to master. But she laughed all the same, and covered her face with her hands. "Why didn't you tell me?" she asked.

The playwright did not cover his face with his hands, though it was crimson. He made no answer.

"I hope you will be willing to help me get your conception of the part," she said deferentially.

He said nothing.

"I am sure you must hate the way I'm doing it; authors always do. It's such a perfectly beautiful part."



"Oh, Don't Get Emotional," She Returned, Surprised and a Little Sorry

"You're doing it beautifully," he said; "if I'd only known that you were to be in the company I would have tried to make it more worthy of you."

She looked at him and smiled. What a nice man. But he did not smile, he seemed to mean it. What a strange author. To her it was purely a business relation, and she had not expected the homage of sex. "No, but honestly," she said in a frank, businesslike manner, implying "all joking aside," "you must help me all you can. I always feel queer in these kind of parts."

Young Mr. Torresdale had never had business relations with women, not even with women stenographers, and he did not know how to get across the gulf of sex-consciousness. He was accustomed to doing things for them, not to having them do things for him. To tell her to do this or that seemed to him as impertinent as to tell her not to say "these kind." But her manner now was that of a little child to a very wise grown-up. She demanded instruction. "If I were to make any suggestions at all," he began ——

"Go on," she said with flattering eagerness.

"Well, you're a princess, you know. Now, in your love scene I don't think I'd grab hold of him if I were a princess. What do you think?"

"Oh, but *I* would," she laughed, "if I was crazy about him."

Torresdale laughed, too. "But she's a mediæval princess. Suppose you try it this way, just to see how it goes: When the Duke in disguise says"—Torresdale quoted the line—"and crosses over, you might drop your eyes instead of raising them." (The top lights would make a good effect upon her long lashes, he thought.) "Then take a step back, until he takes you by the shoulders. Hold the picture for a couple of seconds—the audience will wait, don't worry—then slowly raise your eyes, look another second and suddenly lock your arms about his neck."

She was listening with the eager absorption of a boy learning a new game. "I see, I see," she said, blinking as she visualized the scene. "I like that. Let's run through it that way. You be the duke." She spoke her line, dropped her long lashes, stepped back. "That's your cue," she said.

Torresdale laughed. She did not.

"Grab me by the shoulders." She said it as if requesting him to draw a card from a pack. He did as requested. She held off for a moment, then raised her eyes gloriously and her arms encircled his neck. "Is that the idea?" she asked, releasing him.

Torresdale said that it was.

"Oh, I like that much better," she cried enthusiastically, too intent upon her work to observe his perturbation. "What else?"

"Nothing else."

The press agent had returned and he was looking on. "Mr. Torresdale," he said, in a matter-of-fact manner, "the old man wants to know if you won't come out in front. He'll introduce the company to you at the end of this act."

Torresdale looked around. All of the company who were not on at that moment were looking at him with considerable interest. "Why, he's a mere boy!" he heard the queen mother whisper with a fond motherly smile to the court jester.

"Come on," said the press agent.

"In a moment," said the playwright gravely. But in a moment young Mr. Torresdale was in the hot asphalt glare of Broadway, hurrying for home, as if afraid of being caught.

Actors it seems are not the only victims of stagefright.

Well, even authors have been known to get over it.

II

(A period of one year has elapsed. Only a year, but:——)

HOWARD ALFRED TORRESDALE, author of The King's Favorite, which had run two hundred nights on Broadway and was now playing to big business with three road companies in the West and South and a couple of foreign productions in preparation, sprang lightly out of his car, slammed the door echoingly behind him and strode hurriedly in through the dingy iron grill of the stage entrance. He was so preoccupied with the weight of his responsibilities that he scarcely acknowledged the respectful salutation of Mike, the ancient doorkeeper, who did not stop him this time to ask his business. Mike knew. Every one knew. The doorkeeper only bowed and meekly handed the dramatist the morning's accumulation of letters and telegrams. "A gentleman waited half an hour to see you, sir," he ventured to add. "Said he'd be back later."

Torresdale kept on scowling absently, as he hastily sorted out requests from managers who wanted plays, collectors who wanted autographs and ladies who wanted

his society. "Tell him," he said without looking up, "that I never see any one when I'm rehearsing a play." And with that he straightway started in to rehearse it. To be sure, this was the first play he had ever rehearsed, being the second he had written, but it is always well to establish good principles early in life.

Mike (meekly): "Yes, sir. He was a newspaper man." (Pause. Torresdale stops abruptly at exit.) "Said he wanted to write a Sunday special with photographs of you conducting rehearsals."

(Torresdale's scowl vanishes. Hold picture; count three.)

Torresdale (remembering to scowl again): "Confound these reporters! Why can't they let me alone?" (Shrugs shoulders.) "Oh, well. I suppose we'll have to see him. Send him in; send him in."

(Exit toward stage calling "First Act! Places! First Act!" Mike stands looking after him, scratches head in perplexity, then sits down and resumes business of reading newspaper.)

It was only a year—but it had been a wonderful year. Mr. Torresdale had enjoyed it all—and that was right and proper, much better than hiding self-consciously in a corner and dodging women's compliments. He liked the compliments, he loved the women, and success is an excellent stimulant, quite as necessary for some natures as adversity or the so-called spur of necessity which sometimes only hampers "creative work"—as writers enjoy calling theirs. But like all stimulants, too much at once is likely to go to the head, especially a young head not accustomed to strong wine. At first he had been overwhelmed and amused by it all. He took it as a joke. There must be some mistake. He wondered when they would see through him. It was hard to realize that he, Howard Torresdale, happened to be the one so many people were talking about, making such a fuss over.

But by this time he could hardly realize anything else. And as the rest of the world, his world, seemed to be talking about him, he, too, being an alert-minded young man, soon picked up the current topic of conversation. It was in the air, he could not get away from it if he wanted to. It stared him in the face from the billboards in letters three feet high; the magazines published essays on the return of romance, his play the text; the newspapers printed symposiums on the elevation of the stage, his views played up prominently. And the women—oh, the women were the worst of all! They always are in such matters. His men friends would have seen to it that he was not too well pleased with himself; there are always plenty who are generous about such requisites of true friendship. But the ladies did not care how well pleased he was with himself, so long as he was pleased with them. He was so young, so good looking, and had such a precociously gallant way with him that they made love to him with shamelessness that at first caused the poor bewildered boy to blush for them. Later, he soon ceased to blush—even for himself.

By this time, naturally, plays and playwriting seemed the most important thing in life. Little activities like Empire building and religious awakenings were significant only as material for art, especially his own art, which he considered the most difficult and divine of all. "What a loose and formless thing is the novel," he said to March, who had come on from the West to fight for his self-respect in the dramatization of one of his books. Howard, now lavish in hospitality, had invited him to dine at the club, and the novelist listened to him talk. March had a boy of his own about Torresdale's age, and it happened to be his business as well as his pleasure to draw human beings inside out. So he listened without a smile as young Torresdale remarked, "Now, I shouldn't care to be quoted, but my advice to you would be——" and so on. "Thank you," said March, in the quiet manner which deceived every one who did not know him well, and he added in parting, "I have enjoyed this evening with the author even more than the evening with his play."

But the author did not see it. "If there is anything I can do for you, please command me," he said, and drove off to keep a supper engagement with a crowd of pseudo-Bohemians who did and, more especially, said devilishly wicked and cynical things, and flattered the young playwright to his face and laughed at him behind his back.

Well, all this was in itself as harmless a manifestation of youth as the broad, black ribbon he had acquired for his glasses to go with his temperament. He also had a temperament now, it seems. Many of the French dramatists wore similar ribbons and they all had temperament. He had his portrait painted with the black ribbon and his hand up to his face, his temperament shining from under his scowling brow—mere growing pains; perfectly normal and natural for one who arrives too soon. Youth comes but once and it is only natural to enjoy it in a youthful way, especially when you are a celebrity at twenty-four and are pointed out and quoted by people who snubbed you at twenty-three. It is only in its effect upon the man behind the pose that this form of intoxication is worthy of serious attention.

The first effect was to make him throw over the manager who had discovered him, given him his chance and risked thirty thousand dollars upon an unknown play by an unknown writer. Torresdale gave his new piece to a new firm who offered no more royalties but more flattery. Kahn, who put on the first play, called him "Torry, old man," smiled indulgently at his affectations and asked how much he paid for his fur overcoat. Kahn was one of those unpleasant persons who "had known him when." The new management, however, took him seriously or seemed to, had a deep regard for his temperament and said: "Now, we want you to have a free field for carrying out your own ideas, Mr. Torresdale."

"I Want My Play Advertised, but Not My Personality"

The second symptom was more serious. It manifested itself in his work. When you write a play you are a playwright; when you write a success you are a dramatist. Torresdale was a dramatist. See Who's Who in America. Being a dramatist he ignored the advice of his new manager and his old friends. They wanted him to follow up his first success with another play of the same sort. "That's your own field," they said; "nobody can touch you in it." But he knew that, it seems, already. "Of course, I could make a barrel of money by writing another costume piece, but I want to do something else this time. They think"—meaning the waiting world—"that I can write only poetic drama. I'm going to show them." Therefore, he wrote a modern "society" comedy—a stinging satire on life in New York, where he had lived from the age of twenty-three to the age of twenty-four. "Now, in my big scene in the third act," he told the fellows at the club, "when Husband comes in and finds Wife in Artist's studio——" but this highly original idea is copyrighted, so we must forbear except to infer that though he had lived in New York only a year, at least he "had lived." Being a true artist, he preferred to express himself in his work.

In his first play he was not thinking about himself, but about old romance. He was carried up and out of himself by a vision of life as it never was nor will be on land or sea, but always was and will be in the minds of men and women, especially women. He had caught something of the noble grace, the stately lilt, of the old boys he admired and imitated. It was not unlike the precocious facility of some supple young golfer who catches the hang of a full St. Andrews' swing at the age of fourteen, not knowing quite how he does it, while older men look on with covert envy.

In his new play he turned his back on all this, being ashamed of his youth, and tried a new game for which he was not fitted by nature or experience, assuming a cynical manner of the man of the world. There were plenty of others who, genuinely or affectedly, could do this sort of thing far more impressively. But there were not so many who had youth, enthusiasm and a poetic imagination. He had thrown away his best asset and was as proud of it as a boy swaggering in borrowed long trousers. However, he was brilliant in dialogue, resourceful in construction, and the management did not know the difference. A new play is a mere bet in any case. In this case there were several "strong situations," and the management bet on the public's fondness for peepholes through the seventh commandment.

Finally, his ailment manifested itself virulently in the production of the play. He insisted upon starring Lucille Lawless, who had been the leading lady in The King's Favorite and had become a warm friend of the author. "She's got the boy author so he eats out of her hand," was the Broadway gossip. Also he insisted upon conducting his own rehearsals. That was the reason for his split with Kahn.

"Lucille is not of star caliber," said Kahn, shaking his head, "and you don't know enough, old man, to stage a play."

"I know enough to write the most successful piece *you* ever produced," was the retort obvious, "and I have written this play for her. You don't appreciate her."

When this news of more or less importance to the world was announced in the whispering gallery which runs from Herald Square to Times Square a representative of a theatrical newspaper called to see Torresdale about it. The great man spoke as follows:

"It's the only way a dramatist can get his own interpretation across the footlights. And I'll say right here that I'll never sign another contract without a clause giving me that right. Look at the way they murdered the last act of The Favorite! Now, my real meaning in that act was," etc., for half an hour. He had not known that it was murdered until the new management told him so.

"A bad case of authoritis," thought the newspaper man, who had seen other cases.

Well, by the second week of rehearsals the obvious and inevitable happened. From the old man who had played with Booth down to the lad who took the part of "Buttons" and imitated Torresdale's manner of brushing his hair the whole company at first adored the boy author, as they affectionately called him. Players are the most impressionable children in the world. His youth, his breeding, his brilliance and his lavish generosity—he was supporting a couple of men in the company during rehearsals—had cast a glamour of romance about his personality.

But as soon as that wore off, as such things always will by close contact, and they discovered how little he really knew about their own beloved and difficult art, he lost their admiration and finally their respect. He was born with a scenic instinct and he had some excellent ideas, but he knew as little about executing them as a brilliant amateur architect knows about the builder's trade. Besides, he scorned and laughed at certain sacred traditions of the stage. Such, for instance, as letting the lovely lady stand up while the noble hero comfortably sits down.

"That is the way it is always done," they protested.

"On the stage, but not in life," he answered.

"Well, it succeeds on the stage."

"But not for that reason—in spite of it. The trouble with you people is that you are all trying to act like actors."

"Do you mean that a player should not study the masters of his art?"

"Precisely. Study life."

This was blasphemy to the old veteran in the cast who had played with Booth. When the author tried to keep control by scolding and swearing the players sulked. Then he tried to regain their favor by being kind and conciliatory, which was worse. He sent roses and compliments to the women and sat up half the night drinking with the men. The next morning when he tried to maintain discipline they laughed at him. So, one day the manager, who had been biding his time, dropped in at rehearsals, and a long, private interview ensued. As a result, Torresdale's press agent—he employed one of his own now—gave out that Howard Alfred Torresdale, the author of The King's Favorite, had been ordered by his physician to take a trip to Bermuda as a result of overconscientious work on the production of his new comedy, The Step-Ladder. Meanwhile, an old and experienced Broadway hack was called in to lick the play into shape, and rehearsals began all over again. This was what the management had in mind all along. It cost them nothing; the poor players are not paid for time spent on rehearsing.

Unlike the inside story of some press-agent dope, Torresdale did go to Bermuda. Before he returned the play had had a week's trial on the road. The management had rushed the production through for the very purpose of keeping Torresdale's hands off. As soon as he received word of this he made for New York, and reached there

just in time to see a "large and brilliant" audience gathering to witness the first appearance of Miss Lucille Lawless as a star in The Step-Ladder, the new comedy of New York life by Howard Alfred Torresdale. But he thought they had come to see The Step-Ladder by Howard Alfred Torresdale, with Lucille Lawless in the part of the Wife. "They're all mine," he thought, looking out into the audience from the box where he sat with his mother and the girl from home, "all mine to do with as I will—to make them laugh, to make them weep, to make them think, to make them forget." It was a glorious, godlike feeling, and he turned to see how the girl was taking it, while people in the audience were pointing him out to one another.

During the past vivid year he had not seen much of the girl from home, because he so seldom had time to go home. "You know how it is in this town," he wrote; "they won't let you alone." But he was glad to have her in the box with him, for he wanted to watch the effect of this play upon her. She typified a certain element in our American life, he thought, a tender, delicate hothouse product of wealth, refinement and restriction. She knew very little about the great world that throbbed about her. The play would show her a number of things about it—and about him.

"Well, what do you think of my first act?" he asked her at the close of it. "They took a lot of liberties with it during my absence."

She hesitated, not wishing to hurt him. "Perhaps that was why I liked the first act of the other play better," she answered, and he laughed indulgently. "Naturally," he thought, "she likes the romantic thing better," and he smiled again. "That's like a young girl."

Though the play had been changed until it was hardly recognizable as his own there was still enough left of the "informing spirit," he told her and his mother, to make it go. "One must paint life as one sees it," he said gravely.

The players were all tired out with five weeks of rehearsing and numerous confusing changes in lines and, what is more confusing, in cues. They had become disheartened by the cold reception on the road, and had now reached a condition of nerves and discouragement where every one hated every one else, the men all swearing and the women all weeping. They were whipped before the curtain rang down on the first act, and most of them knew it. But the young author did not. He had never met Failure, and did not know it when it stared him in the face.

At the end of the third act "the big scene" which was to have swept New York off its feet, and which, indeed, did have some new tricks in it, there was enough applause from certain parts of the house (friends of Lucille's) to warrant half a dozen curtains. Then came the usual polite call for the author. This time he required but little urging. The girl beside him was thinking of another scene a year ago. How he had been shoved out before the footlights, looking very young, very pale and very sweet as he stood all alone between the blank curtain and a haze of friendly faces. "Thank you," he had said. "Thank you very much." Then he had suddenly remembered that his hands were in his pockets and took them out abruptly. This got a laugh. He joined in. Every one loved him for his boyishness. "And in conclusion I will only say—thank you." Then he had smiled in confusion and had run off the stage and into the arms of the lovely leading lady, while the rest grabbed his hands and the manager hit him on the back, saying: "They're eating it up—it's a knockout." The next day he woke up to find himself famous, and the girl had felt prouder and happier than she had ever expected to be when he had preferred to spend that wonderful day alone with her in the country instead of with those who wanted to make much of him.

This time he arose and made his speech from the box, which caused the other playwrights in the audience to raise their eyebrows. They have their code about these things, and it is considered better form, if an author takes a call, to make his bow from the stage like the other servants of the public. "Your humble servant," Sir Henry Irving used always to say. This time Torresdale had carefully prepared his speech, and recited it with smiling assurance. He spoke of the responsibility that rests upon "us dramatists" and told the audience: "In my present piece I have endeavored to hold a mirror up to New York society. If you do not like what you see there it is not my fault." Then he sat down, while every one who knew him and many that did not experienced that indescribable pain which comes from seeing a fellow-member of the human race turning himself into an ass.

"Rotten speech," he said as he took his seat; "not what I wanted to say at all." His mother, bewildered by her mingled feelings of maternal pride in her son's eminence and maternal alarm at her son's knowledge of the wicked world, told him that he was right to show them the truth. The girl said nothing. "What did you think of it?" he asked her, smiling.

"I liked your other speech better," she said, avoiding his gaze; "and the other play, too," she added.

"And the other playwright?" he asked, smiling benignantly. He had grown; she had stayed still. How little she really knew him, how narrow and absurd seemed her sheltered life!

"You have changed a good deal," she said, glancing at his eccentric waistcoat, his unnecessarily-ornate shirt studs. He actually seemed vulgar. He had a bold, familiar manner of address and an atrocious habit of grasping one by the elbow when leading one into the box.

"It is *you* that have changed," he whispered, adding facetiously: "I don't believe you love me any more."

"Well," she answered, smiling, "perhaps not so much as my rival does."

He flushed angrily. Where had she heard about Lucille? She was jealous; they always were. "I didn't expect *you* to listen to idle gossip," he answered. "May I ask you to explain what you mean by 'your rival'?"

"I meant yourself," she answered, laughing.

His jaw dropped. This was unexpected, from her. Then his lip curled, and finally he smiled benignly. "Of course, if you don't care to keep this up you will tell me so," he said with a gallant movement of the head.

She was looking out over the audience, twisting and folding her program. "I don't care to keep it up," she said.

"So be it," he answered, adding under his breath: "How like a woman!"

They had no more to say to each other. Each knew that this was inevitable, had known it for some time and felt more relief than they could politely express. Moreover, each felt a little flat and foolish, as if cheated out of what

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OUR DEBT TO THE ANIMALS

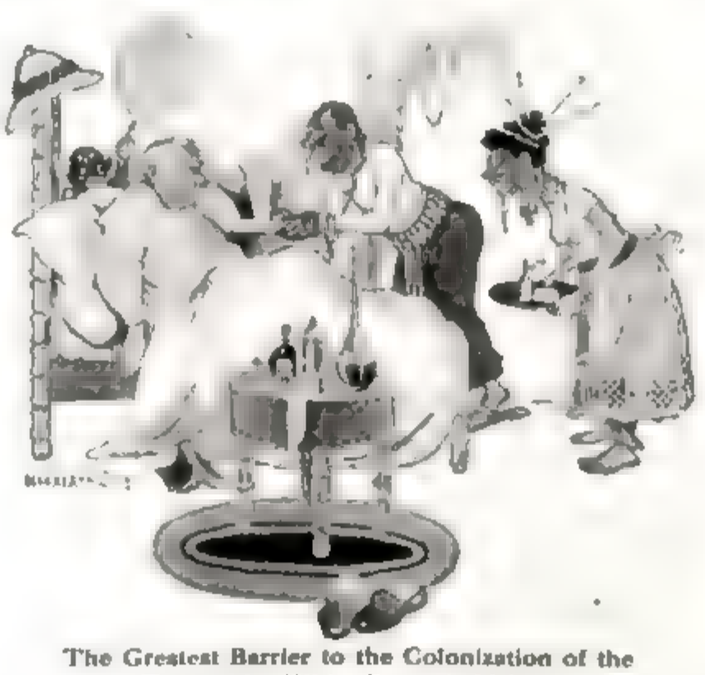
By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRISON CADY

EVERY living thing depends for its existence upon some other form of life—or death. Were it not for the pale, underground flowers of the soil—the bacteria—the grass could not live. If it were not for the grass, the browsing beasts of the field could not live. If it were not for the beasts of the field and the ripened seeds or roots of the grass, man could not live. On the other hand, there is the return circuit. The pale flowers of the soil feed upon the withering stems and leaves of the very grass that they nourish, as well as upon the flesh of the beasts of the field and on that higher flesh which, the Psalmist tells us, is as grass. To the table of these pale flowers we must all come, to pay the debt of our birth and to be born again into higher and more beautiful forms of life. The lap of Mother Earth is the great crucible of Nature into which sink our tired bodies, the ashes of all life's fitful fever, to be fused into new forms of life and beauty. The resurrection of the body is a fact of science. Omar was almost as true a scientist as poet when he sang:

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled.

The higher life feeds the lower and is fed by it. The browsing flocks and herds fatten the pasturage that they feed upon. As the old Spanish proverb has it: "The foot of the sheep is golden." Even man, the waster and the slaughterer, has preserved and brought into existence at least ten times as many lives as he has destroyed. Two-thirds of the bird population of any given region will be found in the garden, the orchard, the meadow and the cornlands, within half a mile of the homes of men. The prairie, the deep forest, the swamp and the savanna are places of silence and solitude compared with the orchard and the garden. They are as thinly populated with bird life as they are with human. Moreover, though man has swept whole regions clear of deer, antelope and bison, these creatures were but few to the square mile. On the other hand, he has repopulated each mile with hundreds of living creatures in pasture, in byre and fold, in cote and in hutch, for his own use and service. Many of them must die to serve him, as did the handful of wild things they replaced; but while they live their lives are free from the pinch of hunger and famine, the bitter bite of the frost, the lash of the sleet and the dusty torture of drought.



The Greatest Barrier to the Colonization of the Tropics by White Races is Malaria

Their days are peaceful and happy, and their end, when it comes, is sudden and comparatively painless. Broadly considered, man has added at least ten times as much to the sum of animal life and happiness as he has taken from it.

Though man has exterminated several noble species of animals and birds and brought perilously near to the vanishing point a score of others, he is far from being the only destroyer. This is strikingly illustrated by the fact that, with the exception of his latest conquests, fowls and pigeons, the wild ancestors of his domesticated animals have practically ceased to exist in a state of Nature. They, too, would be unknown and extinct, were it not for his preservation of them by domestication. Strange as it may seem, naturalists today are unable positively to put their finger upon the wild ancestor of the horse, of our cattle, of the dog, of the sheep, or even of the goat and the cat.

Man has on the credit side of his account in the great book of life not only countless millions of living things which he has protected and propagated with deliberate intent, but also a large involuntary credit of a slightly different sort. This is for the swarm of welcome and unwelcome pensioners upon his bounty—not only the feathered friends whose music and color are the choicest charms of garden and croft, and whose soft beaks could hardly earn them a living without the aid of his plow, but also the innumerable horde of rats and mice which can live only in his barnyards and granaries, and the swarms of rabbits and ground-squirrels and game birds which share his crops. Considering that in the United States alone man contributes—most unwillingly—in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars a year to the support of rats alone, he certainly has some standing as a preserver of animal life. Twenty million dollars donated to rats each year would have considerable weight as an offset, even before an animal court, to a few thousand guinea-pigs bred for and utilized in the laboratory.

Our debt to the animals is enormous; and one we are glad, yes, eager to acknowledge, but there need be no sense of humiliation, for we have conferred benefits as well as received them. The immensity of our debt to our kinsfolk in fur and feathers is a household word. Not even the dullest of us needs to be reminded of our priceless debt to the strength and swiftness of the horse, to the courage and fidelity of the dog. Our very lives depend upon the meat and milk and skins of cattle, upon the wool and the flesh of sheep, upon the products of the poultry-yard, of the rabbit-hutch and pigeon-cote. Half our clothing is inherited from some other form of life, including that "excrement of worms," the shiny, shimmering silk. But there is another portion of our debt to animals which is not so widely recognized and fully known—and that is our debt to them for our knowledge of our own body and its diseases. The poets assured us long ago that the proper study of mankind is man; but such is the confusing effect of what astronomers call the "personal equation" that, by a curious paradox, much of our "proper study" when conducted directly upon its subject went round and round in a circle. It was only when we began to study man through the animals that we made solid and substantial progress. Owing to the bitter prejudice against dissecting the dead human body, two-thirds of our earliest real knowledge of anatomy was founded upon the dissection of animals. So true is this that, incredible as it may

seem, certain of our bodily organs were named and originally described from their shape, coloring and conditions as they appeared in animals. It was only in the Fourteenth Century that anatomy began to be placed upon a purely human basis by the dissection and study of the dead bodies of men. Though knowledge of the mere structure of the human body was thus put into fairly definite and reliable form, the wildest of confusion and conjecture prevailed as to its behavior during life—its physiology. The arteries were supposed to carry air to the different parts of the body, as their name to this day, from two Greek words meaning "to contain air," shows. The heart was the seat of the emotions, as every Valentine's Day still bears witness. The spleen was the abode of the angry passions. The nerves were supposed to be tubes carrying the vital fluid from the brain all over the body. There were four different kinds of fluid in the body—the red blood, the black bile, the "nervous fluid" and the lymph, which gave rise to the still surviving belief of the four temperaments—the Sanguine, Nervous, Bilious and Lymphatic. Physiology, in fact, was a mass of fairy tales, of conjectures and legends. The first white light which entered this misty shrine of absurdities came early in the Seventeenth Century, when Harvey opened the chest of a deer and that of a frog and watched their hearts beat until he had succeeded in discovering that those organs were actually pumping blood, instead of throbbing with emotion.

Two-Thirds of the Bird Population of Any Given Region Will be Found Within Half a Mile of the Homes of Men

Then, from observations upon the translucent membrane supporting the intestines in the frog, came the discovery of the passage of the blood through its tiniest channels, the capillaries. A little later, from the tiny milk-white streaks seen in the same transparent sheets in warm-blooded animals after a meal of milk or fat, the lacteals were discovered, and the method of the absorption of the fat of our food was explained. Finally, by further experimentation and observation during life or immediately after death in animals killed for the purpose, the whole system of the lymphatics—the closed sewerage system of our body cells—was discovered.

Similarly, as late as the middle of the Eighteenth Century, in such a highly-important process as the digestion, the vaguest of ideas and most whimsical of conceptions prevailed until the experimental method was applied directly to the process. For sixteen centuries after Hippocrates, digestion was vaguely regarded as a fermentation, with so little definite idea of its character that, as late as Van Helmont, the theory was gravely advanced that it was like the raising of bread; that the intestinal canal never completely emptied itself, but always contained a small residuum which, like the baker's leaven, started the process in each new batch of food. This was of a piece with that infantile belief in many rural districts that a cow may "lose her cud," so breaking the invisible chain which keeps the food circulating through her stomachs, and paralyzing the processes of digestion. This idea was dissipated by causing birds and animals to swallow a piece of sponge with a silk cord attached, by which, after the sponge was saturated with the gastric juice in the stomach, it could be pulled up for analysis. In later experiments a permanent opening was made directly into the stomach, thus providing a "peep-hole" through which the process of digestion could be watched.

Solving the Mysteries of Life

A CENTURY and a half later two fortunate accidents occurred in human beings—one a gunshot and the other a stab wound in the side which penetrated the stomach, leaving a permanent fistula through which the processes of human digestion could be directly observed. The results obtained were absolutely identical with those observed a hundred years before in animals. Incidentally it may be remarked that both of these men lived for years in vigor and comfort, with permanent openings into their stomachs, and they declared emphatically that, after the original wound had healed, they suffered no pain from their condition, and only slight inconvenience and discomfort from the numerous experiments and observations made upon them.

Since the discovery of antisepsis, this form of direct observation of the processes of animal digestion has been carried to a high degree of perfection. The animals are cared for with every precaution and care that would be given to patients in a private hospital; the rooms in which they are kept are sterilized and spotlessly clean, the operations are done like high-class hospital operations, under ether and with the strictest antiseptic precautions. The little pouch or pocket of the stomach or intestine to be observed is drawn completely out of the main course of the food canal, and the gap is stitched up. So all the processes of digestion and assimilation go on perfectly and normally in the animal, and a little supernumerary stomach or loop of intestine, which is attached to an opening in the skin, serves as a sort of pyrometer, or indicator, of the changes taking place in the main food canal. Animals under these conditions grow fat and frolicsome and live for years while furnishing daily information of the greatest practical value. Not infrequently they either die of some accidental disease, or, when the experiments are ended, have their fistulas closed by another surgical operation, and spend the remainder of their lives as pets in the homes of the investigators, or as pensioners of the laboratory.

Thus, one after another, the mysteries of our bodily functions have been opened up by the golden key of experimentation, the Baconian method—the lever of modern science with which the world is literally being moved. It is almost incredible how recent is most of our accurate knowledge of our own bodies. The bulk of it is not more than a century and a half old; much of it is not more than a quarter of a century, and all because this method was not applied before. The liver, the pancreas, the thyroid and other ductless glands, the brain and the nervous system, all have yielded up their secrets.

This wonderful increase of accurate knowledge of our body and of its behavior in health was the broad and necessary foundation for our superb advances in control of its activities in disease, without which half our knowledge of bacteriology and pathology would have been useless or wasted. We can now pick out a certain type of congenital idiot, the cretin, who at twenty years of age has about the intelligence and development of a healthy child of two, feed him with the dried thyroid gland of the sheep, and change him into an intelligent, self-supporting, rational human being in a few short months.

Watching the Wheels Go 'Round

FROM experiments made upon dogs and rabbits under chloroform, stimulating the surface of the brain, to see what portions of it control the different muscles, areas and activities of the body, we can now locate the position of a brain tumor, a hemorrhage, or a depressed fracture of the skull, to a fraction of an inch, merely from the spasms, paralyses or pain which it produces in certain regions of the body. Trephine the skull in that precise area and we can cut down upon and remove, in four cases out of five, the cause of the otherwise almost certainly fatal trouble. The difference between the new experiment-based physiology and the old deductive variety is like that between a knowledge of watch repairing, gained from opening the case and watching the wheels go round, and one based upon ingenious speculations upon the movements of the hands and the color of the dial.

Our next great flood of light into the mysteries of our body temples came, not from the study of human beings, nor even of animals, but from that of plants, from the realm of botany. The great world-genius, Pasteur, who has left us only within a decade or so, in his masterly series of investigations which finally laid the ghost of the great problem of scientific thought, spontaneous generation, showed that every possible form of living activity, including fermentation and putrefaction, was due to the presence of previously introduced living organisms known as bacteria. A step further and it was shown that certain of the diseases of plants notably the *phylloxera* of the grapevine—and a little later a disease of animals, the *pebrine* of silkworms, were due to the same kind of living germs. Instantly the genius of Lister leaped the gap and conceived the inspiration that wound infections, the suppurations and blood poisoning of surgical patients were due to the same sort of cause. Lister filled the air of the operating-room with carbolic spray, cleansed his hands, his instruments and the patient's body with powerful antiseptics, and his wounds healed without a drop of pus. The science of modern surgery was born and surgical fever became a thing of the past!

Animals Under These Conditions Grow Fat and Frolicsome

A link in the chain of absolute demonstration was still lacking. The mass of the surgical profession were "Missourians," or worse! Twenty years before, Semmelweiss in Vienna, and our own Oliver Wendell Holmes in Boston, had demonstrated practically the same necessity for cleanliness and antisepsis in another infectious disease, childbed fever. But they were unable absolutely to demonstrate the cause of the inflammation and death, and their pleadings fell upon deaf ears. Now, however, the scene had changed, and the demonstration was readily afforded. Pasteur promptly took the discharges from suppurating wounds, spread them upon proper cultures, incubated them and demonstrated the presence of a tiny organism which he termed the *streptococcus*. When he had isolated these organisms in pure culture he rubbed them into the wounds of animals and promptly produced suppuration and erysipelas. The most hardened mind could not resist such demonstration as this, and antisepsis in surgery was placed upon as solid ground as the law of gravitation.

Backed by such mathematical experimental demonstration, antiseptic surgery swept over the civilized world with the swiftness and irresistible force of an epidemic, including in its sweep the lying-in hospitals, which thirty years before had turned a deaf ear to the pleadings of Semmelweiss and Holmes, who lacked this support.

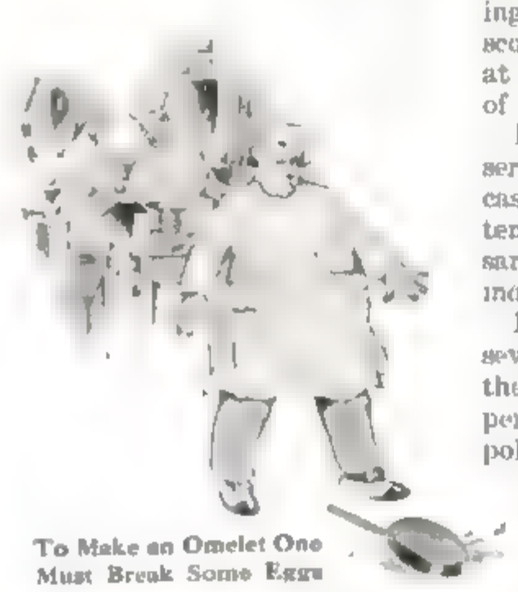
A Temporary Setback

FOR a time it looked as if surgery were to have a monopoly of the benefits of the new-found science of bacteriology, but not for long. Less than ten years after the joint triumph of Lister and Pasteur, a young German bacteriologist, Robert Koch, announced the discovery, in 1881, of the tubercle bacillus. More than twenty years before Villemin had proved that consumption was contagious, by inoculating rabbits with tuberculous matter, but the discovery of Koch turned a hopeless struggle against a vague, incurable, terrible scheme of decay and decline of unknown causation into a fight against a definite, curable, preventable disease. Almost more important than the actual discovery of the bacillus itself were the broad, fundamental principles of bacteriologic research which his magnificent grasp and insight enabled him to lay down with such clearness and judgment that they remain to this day the canons of procedure in the search for the causes of disease. These canons were that any germ which was to be regarded as the cause of a disease must fulfil certain definite and indispensable requirements. First, the germ must be invariably present in the tissues and fluids of the body of those suffering from this disease; second, it must be present in no other disease conditions. Third, it must be capable of reproducing the disease when, after being isolated in pure culture, it is injected into the bodies of animals; and it must be again recoverable in recognizable form from the lesions and inflammations produced by it in the bodies of such animals. Upon this basis, and following these methods, there were discovered, within little more than a decade, the germs causing diphtheria, typhoid, anthrax, lockjaw, cholera, plague, malaria, pneumonia, influenza, and, a little later, sleeping sickness, meningitis and hookworm disease. It is not too much to say that the results of these fifteen years have given man more control over his destiny, his health, his power of colonization, his happiness and his morals than any thousand years of his previous history on this planet. The greatest barrier to the colonization of the tropics by white races and the most potent cause of their degeneration in sub-tropical regions is malaria. One of the most weighty factors in poverty and dependency—yes, and in pauperism and crime—is tuberculosis. From one-third to one-half of our criminals are born of diseased or defective parents, stunted and warped by infections, reared upon poisoned water and decaying food, in sunless, airless hovels and slums.

For a time there was an echo of disappointment about these discoveries; they appeared to be of much greater scientific interest than of practical value. "What's the use?" asked practical men both in and out of the medical profession—men who prided themselves on their hard-headedness and the fact that they demanded results, not theories. "What's the use of all this knowledge about the causes of disease if they give you no new remedies to cure them?" For a time there was no answer, and, to make matters worse, the first product of the newly-discovered disease germs which was put forward as a possible cure for the disease which they caused, the now famous tuberculin of Koch, proved, temporarily at least, a distressing and disastrous failure. Bacteriology and all its works were hotly denounced, not merely in the lay press, but even in some medical editorial columns, as little better than delusions, raising high hopes only bitterly to disappoint them. But the bacteriologists, though disappointed, were not disheartened; they improved their methods and returned to the attack, with the cheering result that nine years later, in 1890, Behring and Kitasato announced the discovery of the diphtheria antitoxin. The triumphs of this

life-saving discovery are already a household word. Within five years of its general introduction it had reduced the death rate from diphtheria fifty per cent; within ten years seventy-five per cent, while today the mortality of diphtheria cases given antitoxin within three days of the beginning of the disease is barely five per cent, as contrasted with an average mortality before the antitoxin of over forty per cent. When we consider that the antitoxin has now been used for some fifteen years all over the civilized world with almost absolutely uniform results, and that, for instance, in France alone some three hundred thousand children are attacked by diphtheria each year, and a nearly equal number in Russia, in England and in Germany, and that the death rate has been reduced from forty per cent to a little over ten per cent—making a saving of nearly one hundred thousand children's lives in France alone each year—it can be seen what an enormous boon this discovery of the laboratory and of the experimental method has already been to humanity!

An item of somewhat earlier date on the debit side of our account with the animals, which must not be omitted from the ledger, is vaccination, though time and familiarity, those great levelers and buriers, have somewhat dulled our vision to its vast importance. Here was an antidote against a deadly infection, discovered a century before the science of bacteriology was born and more than a century before its germ was discovered—a prophecy of future triumphs. By a fortunate combination of lucky chance, observation and that wonderful insight which we term genius, a thoughtful country doctor, Edward Jenner, noted that the dairymaids in his county who had milked cows suffering from a mild pustular skin disease called cowpox, and caught a similar eruption upon their own hands and wrists, did not develop smallpox, then as common as measles, when exposed to it. After repeating his observations until he felt absolutely sure of the fact he inoculated the child of one of his more intelligent farmer patients, first with the pus of cowpox, and later with that of virulent smallpox. The experiment was a brilliant success, and within fifty years of its general adoption the method had reduced the death rate from smallpox in Europe from hundreds of thousands annually to a few hundreds. Inside of a hundred years it had practically exterminated the disease which had a heavier mortality than any infectious disease except tuberculosis. No civilized country now has a death rate from smallpox of more than a few score to a few hundred yearly, and three-fourths of these are in individuals who have been unfortunate enough to escape vaccination. In 1907, for instance, smallpox caused fifty-nine deaths in the United States, while tuberculosis slew one hundred and fifty thousand. What experimental science has done to one disease within a century, it will do to the other in half that time! A century ago from twenty to fifty per cent of the population were pockmarked; from fifty to sixty per cent of the blind in our blind asylums had had their sight destroyed by smallpox.



To Make an Omelet One Must Break Some Eggs

The Trinity of Deadly Scourges

OTHER diseases have diminished in deadliness under civilization, but none of them at a rate to compare with smallpox, for we have had no animal-born antidote against them. Other diseases, like the diseases of infancy, have become milder with the progress of civilization. But the great trinity of deadliest scourges that ravage humanity—cholera, smallpox and the Black Death—still kill as many of their victims as they did in the days of Genghis Khan, unless they have been protected against them by some form of inoculation. As any health officer can testify from bitter experience, virulent smallpox today falling upon vigorous men in the prime of life and health, in our most highly civilized and healthiest communities, with ideal water supply, drainage and food, still exacts its old, historic death-toll of from twenty to forty per cent if its victims be unvaccinated. Its fatality even among women and children, who have ever been successfully vaccinated, however imperfectly, is barely five per cent. A vaccination scar, no matter how faded or indistinct, is to the smallpox demon what the splash of the blood of the Paschal lamb over the doorway was to the angel of the Plague of the Firstborn in Egypt.

The diphtheria antitoxin was, and still is, the greatest single curative result of the new knowledge, but it is very far from being the only one, as we sometimes hear critics of bacteriology complain. The diphtheria bacillus produces larger amounts of its poison or toxin, and excretes them more freely outside of its own tiny body into its cultures or the tissues of its victims, than any other disease germ yet discovered. Thus it has been possible to isolate this poison in sufficient amounts to inject into animals in large enough doses to produce a very high potency of the antitoxin in their blood, and thus provide an antidote which is strong enough to arrest and cure even the most virulent and advanced cases of the disease.

A typical instance of the weaker antitoxins is that of tetanus, an antidote for the horrible and fatal disease, lockjaw. We have now developed by the injection of the tetanus toxin into horses an antitoxin which, though not powerful enough to cure more than a moderate percentage of advanced cases of lockjaw, has already greatly reduced the mortality from the disease by its preventive use in infected wounds and in very early stages of the disease. Incidentally, the tetanus antitoxin furnishes an illustration of the benefits which have accrued to animals from this experimentation, for this antitoxin is now habitually used in veterinary practice for the purpose of immunizing horses which may have been exposed to the disease.

A New Cure for Snake-Bite

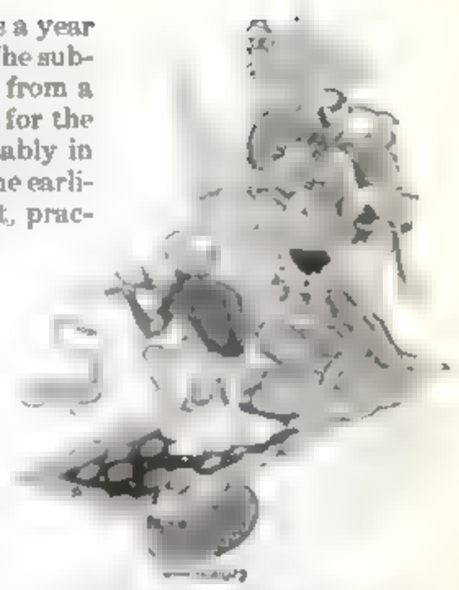
SIMILAR serums have been made in the laboratory by the same methods for protection against anthrax and rinderpest, hog-cholera and glanders in horses, with the resultant saving of thousands of animal lives every year at the expense of a few score sacrificed in the common interest.

It is not too much to say that for a considerable percentage of our more serious infectious diseases some form of antitoxin has already been produced which, though still ineffective in severe and advanced cases, is exceedingly helpful in the early stages and in milder cases. A score of laboratories all over the civilized world are hard at work perfecting, developing and improving every one of these antitoxins.

For instance, in cholera, Haffkine has developed an antiserum the use of which in India reduces the percentage of cases developing in those inoculated with it to about one-tenth of that occurring among the uninoculated in the same villages and districts. The protective effect of the inoculation lasts about fourteen months.

For dysentery, a serum has been produced which in several series of two hundred or more cases has reduced the death rate from twenty-five per cent to less than ten per cent. For hay fever, a disease caused largely by the pollen-dust of certain grasses and flowers, an antitoxin called pollantin has been produced from animals, the introduction of which into the eye or nose of the sufferer has produced marked improvement in over fifty per cent of some two thousand cases. For bubonic plague, or Black Death, we have now a serum which, though comparatively powerless to cure this deadliest known pestilence, has a very marked effect in protecting persons against its attack. Among seven hundred thousand uninoculated persons in certain districts in India, there occurred fifty thousand cases of the plague with thirty thousand deaths. Of one hundred and eighty-seven thousand in the same communities who had been inoculated, only thirty-four hundred took the disease, and of these only eight hundred and fourteen died—a mortality of four-tenths of one per cent. In the case of typhoid fever we have another mild vaccine developed by Wright, of Netley, the chief pathologist of the British Army Medical Department This was used as a preventive during the Boer War, among the troops sent out to South Africa, where typhoid was known to be rife. Out of some two thousand inoculated, one hundred and sixty-two, or eight per cent, died of the disease. Of eleven thousand other troops in the same divisions and camps who had not been inoculated, eighteen hundred, or sixteen per cent, died. The percentage of those who contracted the disease was about ten times as great among the uninoculated soldiers as among the inoculated. Chantemesse, in Paris, is now claiming remarkable results with a serum which he has produced by the inoculation of horses, reducing the death rate in a thousand cases to four and three-tenths per cent; while five thousand cases in the same hospitals and districts which were not inoculated had a death rate of seventeen per cent.

Another disease for which a valuable antitoxin has been developed by the experimental method is snake-bite. This antitoxin, though of little practical importance in the temperate zones, is highly useful in the tropics. British India alone has reported twenty thousand deaths a year as due to snake-bite. The subject is of great interest from a scientific point of view, for the reason that it was probably in this field that some of the earliest, if not the very first, practical applications were made of the modern theory of immunity against the effects of a poison by the use of a succession of constantly-increasing small doses of it. Centuries ago the snake-charmers of India had succeeded in giving themselves some form of protection against the bite of venomous serpents which they handled. There was, of course, an immense amount of deception about the process, but certain it is that a number of snake-charmers in modern times have been bitten without apparent ill effects, by snakes whose bite was promptly fatal to rabbits and chickens, and produced very serious results in rash skeptics who allowed themselves to be bitten.



Centuries Ago the Snake-Charmers of India Had Succeeded in Giving Themselves Some Form of Protection Against the Bite of Serpents

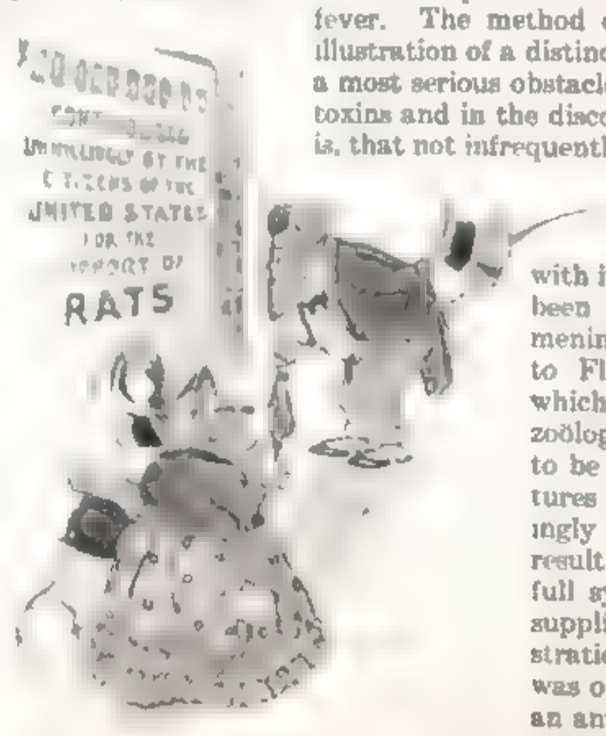
Building in part upon this and in part upon the new knowledge of antitoxins, Calmette and other experimenters have succeeded in developing, from the blood of animals inoculated with increasing doses of snake-venom, an antitoxin called antivenine. This has been found exceedingly helpful in hundreds of cases of snake-bite, saving lives which, without it, would almost certainly have been sacrificed.

Even in tuberculosis, in spite of the distressing disappointment resulting from the first use of tuberculin, varying forms of the products of the tubercle bacillus are now used in suitably-selected cases with decidedly helpful and beneficial results, although none of them can claim to possess specific value as yet. This, fortunately, is not so serious as might be supposed, in view of the fact that we already have a fairly reliable cure for the disease in the now well-known open-air treatment. But, limited as tuberculin may be in its curative use, it has been of simply inestimable value for diagnostic purposes, enabling us to recognize the disease in those early stages in which alone it is almost certainly curable. Especially is this the case since the discovery by Calmette and Von Pirquet that a few drops of a solution of tuberculin dropped into the eye or scratched into the skin will in perfectly healthy individuals produce no results whatever, but in those who are suffering from tuberculosis it will promptly set up a reddening and inflammatory reaction.

Experimenting on the Missing Link

THESE reactions of tuberculin are now relied upon as our most valuable means of recognizing the disease before marked changes have begun in the lungs. Tuberculin has already been of as much value to humanity as any curative drug or serum that could be mentioned—with the exception of quinine, mercury and the diphtheria antitoxin.

Last, but not least, has been the production by Flexner at the Rockefeller Institute of a serum which has already produced most striking improvement in the recovery rate of cerebrospinal meningitis, popularly known as spotted fever. The method of its production is an interesting illustration of a distinctly unexpected fact which has been a most serious obstacle to us in the development of antitoxins and in the discovery of the causes of disease—that is, that not infrequently there is no animal known which is susceptible to the disease that is being studied, and consequently no animal which can be infected with it. Many unsuccessful attempts had been made to produce cerebrospinal meningitis in animals, when it occurred to Flexner that possibly those animals which were nearest allied in blood and zoölogical relationship to man might prove to be the pathologic missing link. Cultures of the meningococcus were accordingly injected into monkeys, with the result that they promptly developed the full symptoms of the disease. Thus was supplied the missing link in the demonstration that this was the causal germ. It was only a step then to the production of an antitoxin by injecting it into our ever-useful friend, the horse. The antitoxin thus produced was then administered to monkeys which had been inoculated with



There Need be No Sense of Humiliation, for We Have Conferred Benefits as Well as Received Them

(Continued on Page 50)

"I've Got to be in a Hurry"

THE SPREAD EAGLE

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

IV

FITZ did not take a degree at Oxford. He left in the middle of his last term, leaving many friends behind. He stood well, and had been in no especial difficulty or mischief, and why he left was a mystery The truth of the matter is that he had been planning for ten years to leave Oxford in the very middle of his last term. For upon that date fell his twenty-first birthday, when he was to be his own man. He spent a few hours in his mother's house in London. And, of course, she tried to make him go back and finish, and was very much upset, for her. But Fitz was obdurate.

"If it were Yale, or Princeton, or Harvard, or Berkeley or Squedunk," he said, "I would stick it out. But a degree from Oxford isn't worth six weeks of home."

"But aren't you going to wait till I can go with you?"

"If you'll go with me tonight you shall have my stateroom, and I'll sleep on the coal. But if you can't go till tomorrow, mother mine, I will not wait. I have cabled my father," said he, "to meet me at quarantine."

"Your poor, busy father," she said, "will hardly feel like running on from Cleveland to meet a boy who is coming home without a degree."

"My father," said Fitz, "will be at quarantine. He will come out in a tug. And he will arrange to take me off and put me ashore before the others. If the ship is anywhere near on schedule my father and I will be in time to see the Clevelands play the New Yorks at the Polo Grounds."

Something in the young man's honest face and voice aroused an answering enthusiasm in his mother's heart.

"Oh, Fitz," she said, "if I could possibly manage it I would go with you. Tell your father that I am sailing next week. I won't cable. Perhaps he'll be surprised and pleased."

"I *know* he will," said Fitz, and he folded his mother in his arms and rumpled her hair on one side and then on the other.

. . . . . .

Those who beheld, and who, because of the wealth of the principal personages, took notice of the meeting between Fitz and his father, say that Fitz touched his father's cheek with his lips as naturally and unaffectedly as if he had been three years old, that a handshake between the two men accompanied this salute, and that Williams senior was heard to remark that it had looked like rain early in the morning, but that now it didn't, and that he had a couple of seats for the ball game. What he really said was inside, neither audible nor visible upon his smooth-shaven, care-wrinkled face. It was an outcry of the heart, so joyous as to resemble grief.

There was a young and pretty widow on that ship who had made much of Fitz on the way out and had pretended that she understood him. She thought that she had made an impression, and that, whatever happened, he would not forget her. But when he rushed up, his face all joyous, to say good-by, her heart sank. And she told her friends afterward that there was a certain irresistible, orphan-like appeal about that young Williams, and that she had felt like a mother toward him. But this was not till very much later. At first she used to shut herself up in her room and cry her eyes out.

They lunched at an uptown hotel and afterward, smoking big cigars, they drove to a hatter's and bought straw hats, being very critical of each other's fit and choice.

Then they hurried up to the Polo Grounds, and when it began to get exciting in the fifth inning Fitz felt his father pressing something into his hand. Without taking his eyes from Lajoie, who was at the bat, Fitz put that something into his mouth and began to chew. The two brothers—for that is the high relationship achieved sometimes in America, and in America alone, between father and son—thrust their new straw hats upon the backs of their round heads, humped themselves forward and rested with their elbows on their knees and watched—no, that is your foreigner's attitude toward a contest—they *played* the game.

I cannot leave them thus without telling the reader that they survived the almost fatal ninth, when, with the score 3 2 against Cleveland, two out and a man on first, Lajoie came once more to the bat and, swinging cunningly at the very first ball pitched to him by the famous Mr. Mathewson, lifted it over the center-fielder's head and trotted around the bases and, grinning like a Hallowe'en pumpkin, came romping home

At dinner that night Williams senior said suddenly:

"Fitz, what do you want to do?"

A stranger would have thought that Fitz was being asked to choose between a theater or a roof-garden, but Fitz knew that an entirely different question was involved in those casually-spoken words. He was being asked offhand to state offhand what he was going to do with his young life. But he had his answer waiting.

"I want to see the world," he said.

Williams senior, as a rule, thought things out in his own mind and did not press for explanations. But on the present occasion he asked:

"As how?"

Fitz smiled very youthfully and winningly.

"I've seen some of it," he said, "right side up. Now I want to have a look upside down. If I go into something of yours -as myself—I don't get a show. I'm marked The other clerks would swipe to me, and the heads would credit me with brains before I showed whether I had any or not. I want you to get me a job in Wall Street -under any other name than my own—except Percy"—they both laughed—"your first name and mamma's maiden name would do—James Holden. And nobody here knows me by sight, I've been abroad so much; and it seems to me I'd get an honest point of view and find out if I was any good or not, and if I could get myself liked for myself or not."

"Well," said his father; "well, that's an idea, anyhow."

"I've had valets and carriages and luxuries all my life," said Fitz. "I think I like them. But I don't know—do I? I've never tried the other thing. I'm sure I don't want to be an underpaid clerk always. But I am sure I want to try it on for a while."

"I was planning," said his father, "to take a car and run about the country with you and show you all the different enterprises that I'm interested in. I thought you'd make a choice, find something you liked, and go into it for a starter. If you're any good you can go pretty far with me pulling for you. You don't like that idea?"

"Not for now," said Fitz. "I like mine better."

"Do you want to live on what you earn?"

"If I can stand it."

"You'll be started with ten dollars a week, say. Can you do it?"

"What did grandpa start on?" asked Fitz

"His board, two suits of clothes and twenty-four dollars a year," said Williams senior with a proud ring in his voice

"And you?"

"I began at the bottom, too. That was the old-fashioned idea. Father was rich then But he wanted me to show that I was some good."

"Did grandpa pull for you, or did you have to find yourself?"

"Well," said the father diffidently, "I had a natural taste for business. But," and he smiled at his son, "I shouldn't live on what you earn, if I were you. You needn't spend much, but have a good time out of hours. You'll find yourself working side by side with other sons of rich men. And you can bet your bottom dollar *they* don't live on what they can earn. Unless you make a display of downright wealth you'll be judged on your merits. That's what you're driving at, isn't it?"

So they compromised on that point; and the next morning they went downtown and called upon Mr. Merriman, the great banker. He and Williams had been in many deals together, and on one historic occasion had supported prices and loaned so much ready money on easy terms as to avert a panic.

"John," said Williams senior, "my son Fitz."

"Well, sir," said Merriman, only his eyes smiling, "you don't look like a foreigner."

"I'm not," said Fitz stoutly.

"In that case," said Merriman, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to be called James Holden," said Fitz, "and to have a job in your office."

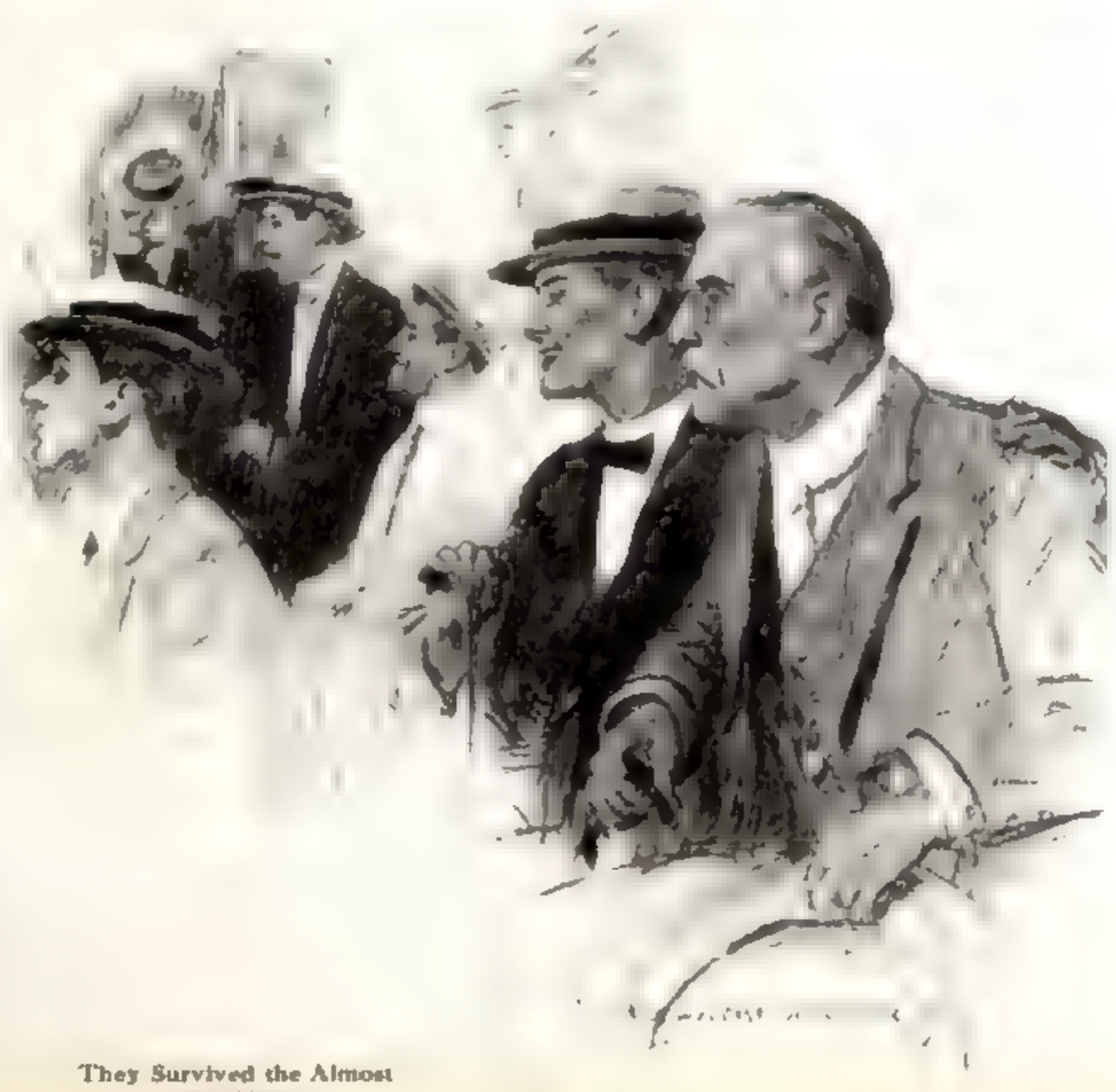
Merriman listened to the reasons with interest and amusement. Then he turned to Williams senior. "May I drive him?" he asked grimly.

"If you can," said Fitz's father. And he laughed.

Finally, it was arranged that, in his own way, Fitz was to see the world.

V

FITZ'S experiment in finding himself and getting himself liked for himself alone was a great failure He had not been in Mr. Merriman's employ two hours before he found that he disliked long sums in addition, and had made friends with Wilson Carrol, who worked next to him. Indeed, Fitz made friends with everybody



They Survived the Almost Fatal Ninth

in the office inside of two weeks, and was responsible for a great deal of whispering and hanging out of back windows for a puff of smoke. Nobody but Mr. Merriman knew who he was, where he came from or what his prospects were. Everybody liked him—for himself. Rich or poor, it must have been the same. His idea that character, if he had it, would tell in the long run proved erroneous. It told right away.

Wilson Carrol and half a dozen other clerks in the office were the sons of rich men, put to work because of the old-fashioned idea that everybody ought to work, and at the same time pampered according to the modern idea, with comfortable allowances over and beyond their pay. With one or other of these young men for companion, and presently for friend, Fitz began to lead the agreeable summer life of New York's well-to-do youth. He allowed himself enough money to keep his end up, but did not allow himself any especial extravagances or luxuries. He played his part well, appearing less well off than Carrol, and more so than young Prout, with whom he got into much mischief in the office. Whatever these young gentlemen had to spend they were always hard up. Fitz did likewise. If you dined gloriously at Sherry's and had a box at the play you made up for it the next night by a chop at Smith's and a cooling ride in a ferryboat, say to Staten Island and back. Saturday you set off early and went to Long Island or Westchester for tennis and a swim, and lived till Monday in a luxurious house belonging to a fellow-clerk's father or were put up at the nearest country club.

Downtown that summer there was nothing exciting going on. The market stood still upon very small transactions, and there was no real work for any one but the bookkeepers. The more Fitz saw of the science of addition the less he thought of it, but he did what he had to do (no more) and drew his pay every Saturday with pride. Once, there being a convenient legal holiday to fatten the week-end, he went to Newport with Carrol and got himself so much liked by all the Carrol family that he received and accepted an invitation to spend his holiday with them. He and Carrol had arranged with the powers to take their two weeks off at the same time—from the fifteenth to the end of August. And during business hours they kept their heads pretty close together and did much plotting and planning in whispers.

But Mrs. Carrol herself was to have a finger in that vacation. The presence in her house of two presentable young men was an excellent excuse for paying off dinner debts and giving a lawn party and a ball. Even at Newport there are never enough men to go round, and with two whole ones for a basis much may be done. The very night of their arrival they "ran into" a dinner party, as Carrol expressed it. It was a large dinner; and the young men, having got to skylarking over their dressing (contrary to Mrs. Carrol's explicit orders) descended to a drawing-room already full of people. Carrol knew them all, even the famous new beauty; but Fitz—or James Holden, rather—had, except for the Carrols, but a nodding acquaintance with one or two of the men. He felt shy, and blushed very becomingly while trying to explain to Mrs. Carrol how he and Wilson happened to be so unfortunate as to be late.

"Well," she said, "I'm not going to punish you this time. You are to take Miss Burton in."

"Which is Miss Burton?" asked Fitz, on whose memory at the moment the name made no impression.

"Do you see seven or eight men in the corner," she said, "who look as if they were surrounding a punch-bowl?"

"Miss Burton is the punchbowl?" he asked.

"All those men want to take her in," said Mrs. Carrol, "and you're going to make them all very jealous."

Dinner was announced, and Mrs. Carrol, with Fitz in tow, swept down upon the group of men. It parted reluctantly and disclosed, lolling happily in a deep chair, the most beautiful girl in the world. She came to her feet in the quickest, prettiest way imaginable, and spoke to Mrs. Carrol in the young Ellen Terry voice, with its little ghost of a French accent. Fitz did not hear what she said or what Mrs. Carrol answered. He only knew that his heart was thumping against his ribs, and that a moment later he was being introduced as Mr. Holden, and that Eve did not know him from Adam.

Presently she laid the tips of her fingers on his arm, and they were going in to dinner.

"I think Mrs. Carrol's a dear," said Fitz, "to give me you to take in and to sit next to. I always wanted people to like me, but now all the men hate me. I can feel it in the small of my back, and I like it. Do you know how you feel in spring—the day the first crocuses come out? That's the way it makes me feel."

She turned her great, smiling eyes upon him and laughed. The laugh died away. His young, merry face had a grim, resolved look. So his father looked at critical times.

"I thought you were joking—rather feebly," she said.

"I don't know," said he, "that I shall ever joke again."

"You make your mind up very quickly," she said.

"The men of my family all do," he said. "But it isn't my mind that's made up."

Something of the girl's stately and exquisite poise forsook her. Her eyes wore a hunted look for a moment. She even felt obliged to laugh to cover her confusion.

"If It's Only a Moment, I Think It Ought to be Complete"

"It's my heart," said Fitz. "I saw you—and that is all there is to it."

"Aren't you in something of a hurry?" she asked, her eyes twinkling. She had felt for a moment like a soldier surprised without weapons. But now, once more, she felt herself armed *cap-à-pie*.

"I've got to be," said Fitz. "I'm a bank clerk on a two weeks' vacation, of which the first day is gone."

She was sorry that he was a bank clerk; it had a poor and meager sound. It was not for him that she had been trained. She had been made to slave for herself, and was to make a "continental" marriage with the highest bidder. Eve's heart had been pretty well schooled out of her, and yet, before dinner came to an end, she found herself wishing that among the high bidders might be one very young, like the man at her side, with eyes as honest, and who, to express admiration, beat about no bushes.

Later, when they said good-by, Fitz said:

"It would be good for me to see you to-morrow."

And she said:

"Would it be good for *me*?" and laughed.

"Yes," he said firmly, "it would."

"Why?" she asked.

"To-morrow at four," said Fitz, "I will come for you and take you around the Cliff Walk and tell you."

She made no promise. But the next day, when Fitz called at the cottage which Mrs. Burton, by scraping and saving these many years, had managed to take for the season, Eve was at home—and she was alone.

VI

NEWPORT, as a whole, was busy preparing for the national lawn-tennis championship. There was a prince arrived to be pampered and entertained, and every night, from the door of some great house or other, a strip of red carpet protruded, covered by an awning, and the coming and going of smart carriages on Bellevue Avenue seemed double that of the week before. But the affair between James Holden—who was nobody knew who, and came from nobody knew exactly where—and Newport's reigning beauty held the real center of the stage.

Beautiful though Eve was, natural and unaffected though she seemed, people had but to glance at Mrs. Burton's old, hard, humorless, at once anxious and triumphant face to know that the girl, willing or not, was a victim prepared for sacrifice. Confessedly poor, obviously extravagant and luxury-loving, even the rich men who wanted to marry her knew that Eve must consider purses more than hearts. And they held themselves cynically off and allowed what was known as "Holden's pipe-dream" to run its course. It amused those who wanted Eve, those who thought they did, and all those who loved a spectacle. "He will go back to his desk presently," said the cynics, "and that will be the end of that." The hero of the pipe-dream thought this at times himself. Well, if it turned out that way Eve was not worth having. He believed that she had a heart, that if her heart were touched she would fling her interests to the winds and obey its dictates.

What Eve thought during the first few days of Holden's pipe-dream is not clearly known. She must have been greatly taken with him, or she would not have allowed him to interfere with her plans for personal advancement and aggrandizement, to make a monopoly of her society and to run his head so violently into a stone wall. After the first few days, when she realized that she liked to be with him better than with any one she had ever known, she probably thought—or to that effect—"I'll just pretend a little—and have it to remember." But she found herself lying awake at night, wishing that he was rich; and later, not even wishing, just lying awake and suffering. She had made up her mind some time since to accept Darius O'Connell before the end of the season. He had a prodigious fortune, good habits and a kind Irish way with him. And she still told herself that it must be O'Connell, and she lay awake and thought about Fitz and suffered.

Mrs. Burton alone hadn't a kind thought or word for him. Her face hardened at the mere mention of his name, and sometimes, when she saw a certain expression that came oftener and oftener into Eve's face, that callus which served her for a heart turned harder than Nature had made it, and she saw all her schemes and all her long labors demolished like a house of cards. Even if Eve flung Fitz aside like an old glove, as inevitably she must, still Mrs. Burton's schemes would wear a tinge of failure. The girl had shown that the heart was not entirely educated out of her, and was frightening her mother. Even if she went no further, here was partial failure. She had intended to make an inevitably rising force of Eve, and here at the very outset were lassitude and a glance aside at false gods.

Fitz was stubbornly resolved to win Eve on his merits or not to win her at all. He had but to tell her his real name, or his father's, to turn the balance of the hesitation and doubt; but that, he told himself, would never, never do. She must turn aside from her training, love him for himself and believe, if only for a few hours, that she had thrown herself away upon poverty and mediocrity, and be happy in it, or else she must pass him by, and sweep on up the broad, cold stairway of her own and her mother's ambitions.

But Fitz wanted her so much that he felt he must die if he lost her. And sometimes he was tempted to tell her of his millions and take her for better or worse. But he would never know then if she cared for him or not; he would never know then if she had a real heart and was

worth the having. So he resisted, and his young face had, at times, a grim, careworn look; and between hope and fear his spirits fell away and he felt tired and old. People thought of him as an absurd boy in the most desperate throes of puppy love, and certain ones felt grateful to Eve Burton for showing them so pretty a bit of sport. Even those very agreeable people, the Carrols, were disgusted with Fitz, as are all good people when a guest of the house makes a solemn goose of himself. But Fitz was not in the least ridiculous to himself, which was important; and he was not ridiculous to Eve, which was more important still.

Then, one morning, the whole affair began to look serious even to a scoffing and cynical world. Darius O'Connell was missed at the Casino and in the Reading-room; the evening papers announced that he had sailed for Europe. And Miss Burton, far from appearing anxious or unhappy about this, had never looked so beautiful or so serene. Some said that O'Connell had made up his mind that the game was not worth the candle; others, that he had proposed and had been "sent packing." Among these latter was Mrs. Burton herself, and it will never be known what words of abuse she poured upon Eve. If Mrs. Burton deserved punishment she was receiving all that she deserved. Sick-headaches, despair, a vain, empty life with its last hopes melting away. Eve—her Eve—her beautiful daughter had a heart! That was the sum of Mrs. Burton's punishment. For a while she resisted her fate and fought against it, and then collapsed, bitter, broken and old.

But what looked even more serious than O'Connell's removing himself was the fact that during the match which was to decide the lawn-tennis championship Eve and her bank clerk did not appear in the Casino grounds. Here were met all the happy people in society and all the unhappy people—even Mrs. Burton's ashen face was noted among those present—but the reigning belle and her young man were not in the seats that they had occupied during the preceding days of the tournament; and people pointed out those empty seats to each other, and smiled and lifted their eyebrows; and young Tombs, who had been making furious love to one of the Blackwell twins—for the third tournament in five years—sighed and whispered to her: "Dolly, did you ever in your life see two empty seats sitting so close to each other?"

Meanwhile, Fitz and the beauty were strolling along the Cliff Walk in the bright sunshine, with the cool Atlantic breeze in their faces, between lawns and gardens on the one side and dancing blue waves upon the other. Fitz looked pale and careworn. But Eve looked ecstatic. This was because poor Fitz, on the one hand, was still in the misery of doubt and uncertainty, and because Eve on the other, had suddenly made up her mind and knew almost exactly what was going to happen.

The Cliff Walk belongs to the public, and here and there meanders irritatingly over some very exclusive millionaire's front lawn. A few people, unable to endure the sight of strangers, have caused this walk, where it crosses their properties, to be sunk so that from the windows of their houses neither the walk itself nor persons walking upon it can be seen.

Fitz and the beauty were approaching one of these "ha-ha's" into which the path dipped steeply and from which it rose steeply upon the farther side. On the left was a blank wall of granite blocks, on the right only a few thousand miles of blind ocean. It may have been a distant view of this particular "ha-ha" that had made up Eve's mind for her, for she had a strong dramatic sense. Or it may have been that her heart alone had made up her mind, and that the secluded depths of the "ha-ha" had nothing to do with the matter.

"Jim," she said as they began to descend into the place, "life's only a moment out of eternity, isn't it?"

"Only a moment, Eve," he said, "a little longer for some than for others."

"If it's only a moment," she said as they reached the bottom of the decline, and could only be seen by the blind granite wall and the blind ocean, "I think it ought to be complete."

"Why, Eve!" he said, his voice breaking and choking. "Honestly? . . . My Eve! . . . Mine! Look at me. . . . Is it true? . . . Are you sure? . . . Why, she's sure! . . . My darling's sure . . . all sure . . . . . .

Later he said: "And you don't care about money, and you've got the biggest, sweetest heart in all the world. And it's mine, and mine's yours."

"I can't seem to see anything in any direction," she said, "beyond you."

. . . . . .

Later they had to separate, only to meet again at a dinner. Before they went in they had a word together in a corner.

"I *told* you," said Fitz, "that my father would understand, and you said he wouldn't. But he did; his answer came while I was dressing. I telegraphed: 'I have seen the world,' and the answer was: 'Put a fence around it.'"

She smiled with delight.

"Eve," he said, "everybody knows that you've taken me. It's in our faces, I suppose. And they are saying that you are a goose to throw yourself away on a bank clerk."

"Do you think I care?" she said.

"I know you don't," he said, "but I can't help thanking you for holding your head so high and looking so happy and so proud."

"Wouldn't you be proud," she said, "to have been brought up to think that you had no heart, and then to find that, in spite of everything, you had one that could jump and thump, and love and long, and make poverty look like paradise?"

"I know what you mean, a little," he said. "Your mother tried to make you into an Article; my mother tried to make an Englishman of me. And instead, you

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THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XIII

TWO days later the majority of the people had left Roya-Neh, and the remainder were preparing to make their adieux to the young châtelaine by proxy; for Geraldine had kept her room since the night of the masked fête, and nobody except Kathleen and Doctor Bailey had seen her.

"Fashionable fidgets," said Doctor Bailey in answer to amiable inquiries; "the girl has been living on her nerves like the rest of you, only she can't stand as much as you can."

To Duane he said in reply to persistent questions:

"As a plain and unromantic proposition, young man, it may be her liver. God alone knows with what young women stuff their bodies in these bucolic solitudes."

To Kathleen he said after questioning her and listening in silence to her guarded replies:

"I don't know what is the matter, Mrs. Severn. The girl is extremely nervous. She acts, to me, as though she had something on her mind, but she insists that she hasn't. If I were to be here I might come to some conclusion within the next day or two."

This frightened Kathleen, and she asked whether anything serious might be anticipated.

"Not at all," he said.

As he was taking the next train, there was nothing to do. So he left a prescription and whizzed away with the last motor-load of guests.

There remained only Duane, Rosalie Dysart, Grandcourt and Sylvia Quest, a silent group, unresponsive to Scott's gayety to find himself comparatively alone and free to follow his own woodland predilections once more.

"A cordial host you are," observed Rosalie; "your guests are scarcely out of sight before you break into inhuman chuckles."

"Speed the parting," observed Scott in excellent spirits; "that's the truest hospitality."

"I suppose your unrestrained laughter will be our parting portion in a day or two," she said, amused.

"No; I don't mind a few people. Do you want to come and look for scarabs?"

"Scarabs? Do you imagine you're in Egypt?"

Scott sniffed: "Didn't you know we had a few living species around here? Regular scarabs. Kathleen and I found three the other day—and a regular beauty with two rhinoceros horns on the thorax and iridescent-green and copper-tinted wing-covers. Do you want to help me hunt for some more? You'll have to put on overshoes, for they're in the cow-yards."

Rosalie, intensely bored, thanked him and declined. Later she opened a shrimp-pink sunshade and, followed by Grandcourt, began to saunter about the lawn in plain sight, as people do preliminary to effacing themselves without exciting comment.

But there was nobody to comment on what they did; Duane was reading a sporting-sheet souvenir of the departed Bunbury; Sylvia sat with cheek resting against her hand, looking out over the valley. Her brother, her only living relative, was supposed to have come up that morning to take her to the next house party on the string, which linked the days of every summer for her. But Stuyvesant had not arrived.

So Sylvia, who was accustomed to waiting for her brother, sat very colorless and quiet by the terrace parapet, pale eyes resting on the remoter hills—not always—for at intervals she ventured a furtive look at Duane.

As for Scott, he sat on the parapet, legs swinging, fussing with a pair of binoculars and informing the two people behind him—who were not listening—that he could distinguish a black-billed cuckoo from a thrasher at six hundred yards.

Which edified neither Sylvia nor Duane, but the boy continued to impart information with unimpaired cheerfulness until Kathleen came out from the house.

"How's Sis?" he inquired.

"I think she has a headache," replied Kathleen, looking at Duane.

"Could I see her?" he asked.

Kathleen said gently that Geraldine did not feel like seeing anybody at that time. A moment later, in obedience to Scott's persistent clamoring for scarabs, she went across the lawn with the young master of Roya-Neh, resigned to the inevitable in the shape of two-horned scarabs or black-billed cuckoos.

It had always been so with her; it would always be so. Long ago the Seagrave twins had demanded all she had to give; now, if Geraldine asked less, Scott exacted double. And she gave—how happily only her Maker and her conscience knew.

Duane was still reading—or he had all the appearance of reading—when Sylvia lifted her head from her hand and turned around.

"Duane," she said, "it occurred to me just now that you might have really mistaken what I said and did the

other night——" She hesitated, nerving herself to encounter his eyes lifted and leveled across the top of his paper at her.

He waited; she retained enough self-command to continue with an effort at lightness:

"Of course, it was all carnival fun—my pretending to mistake you for Mr. Dysart. You understood it, didn't you?"

"Why, of course," he said, smiling.

She went on: "I—don't exactly remember what I said—I was trying to mystify you. But it occurred to me that perhaps it was rather imprudent to pretend——"

There was something too painful in her effort for him to endure. He said laughingly, not looking at her:

"Oh, I wasn't ass enough to be deceived, Sylvia. Don't worry, little girl." And he resumed the study of his paper.

Minutes passed—terrible minutes for one of them, who strove to find relief in his careless reassurance, tried desperately to believe him, to deceive that intuition which seldom fails her sex.

He, with the print blurred and meaningless before him, sat miserable, dumb with the sympathy he could not show, hot with the anger he dared not express. He thought of Dysart as he had revealed himself, now gone back to town to face that little crop of financial rumors concerning the Algonquin that persisted so wickedly and would not be quieted. For the first time in his life, probably, Dysart was compelled to endure the discomforts of a New York summer—more discomforts this summer than mere dust and heat and noise. For men who had always been on respectful financial terms with Dysart and his string of banks and his Algonquin enterprise were holding aloof from him; men who had figured for years in the same columns of print where his name was so often seen as director and trustee and secretary—fellow-members who served for the honor of serving on boards of all sorts, charity boards, hospital, museum, civic societies—these men, too, seemed to be politely, pleasantly, even smilingly edging away from him in some indefinable manner.

This seemed to force him toward certain newcomers among the wealthy financiers of the metropolis—brilliant, masterful, restless men from the West, whose friendship in the beginning he had sought, deeming himself far-sighted.

Now that his vision had become normally adjusted he cared less for this intimacy, which it was too late to break—at least, this was not the time to break it, with money becoming unbelievably scarcer every day, and a great railroad man talking angrily, and another great railroad man preaching caution at a time when the caution of the man in the street might mean something so serious to Dysart that he didn't care to think about it.

Dysart had gone back to New York in company with several pessimistic gentlemen who were very open about backing their fancy, and their fancy fell on that old, ramshackle jade, Hard Times, by Speculation, out of Folly. According to them there was no hope of her being scratched or left at the post.

"She'll run like a scared hearse-horse," said young Tappan gloomily. There was reason for his gloom. Unknown to his father he had invested heavily in Dysart's schemes. It was his father's contempt that he feared more than ruin.

So Dysart had gone to town leaving behind him the utter indifference of a wife, the deep contempt of a man, and a white-faced girl alone with her thoughts, which were painful if one might judge by her silent, rigid abstraction.

. . . . . .

Dinner that night was not a very gay function; after coffee had been served the small group seemed to disintegrate as though by some prearrangement, Rosalie and Grandcourt finding a place for themselves in the extreme western shadow of the terrace parapet, Kathleen returning to the living-room, where she had left her embroidery.

Scott, talking to Sylvia and Duane, continued to cast restless glances toward the living-room until he could find the proper moment to get away. And in a few minutes Duane saw him seated, one leg crossed over the other, a huge volume on Scientific Conservation of Natural Resources open on his knees, and seated as close to Kathleen as he could conveniently edge, perfectly contented, apparently, to be in her vicinity.

From moment to moment, as her pretty hands performed miracles in tinted silks, she lifted her eyes and silently inspected the boy, who sat absorbed in his book. Perhaps old memories of a child seated in the schoolroom made tender the curve of her lips as she turned again to her embroidery; perhaps a sentiment more recent made grave the beautiful lowered eyes.

Sylvia, seated at the piano, idly improvising, had unconsciously drifted into the Menuet d'Exaudet, and Duane's heart began to quicken as he stood listening and looking out through the open windows at the stars.

How long he stood there he did not know; but when, at length, missing the sound of the piano, he looked around Sylvia was already on the stairs, looking back at him as she moved upward.

"Good-night," she called softly; "I am very tired," and paused as he came forward and mounted to the step below where she waited.

"Good-night, Miss Quest," he said with that nice informality that women always found so engaging. "If you have nothing better on hand in the morning let's go for a climb. I've discovered a wild boar's nest under the Golden Dome, and if you'd like to get a glimpse of the little, furry, striped piglings I think we can manage it."

She thanked him with her eyes, held out the thin, graceful hand of a schoolgirl, then turned slowly and continued her ascent.

As he descended, Kathleen, looking up from her embroidery, made him a sign and he stood still.

"Where are you going?" asked Scott as she rose and passed him.

"I'm coming back in a moment."

Scott restlessly resumed his book, raising his head from time to time as though listening for her return, fidgeting about, now examining the embroidery she had left on the lamp-lit table, now listlessly running over the pages that had claimed his close attention while she had been near him.

Across the hall in the library Duane stood absently twisting an unlighted cigar, and Kathleen, her hand on his shoulder, eyes lifted in sweet distress, was searching for words that seemed to evade her.

He cut the knot without any emotion:

"I know what you are trying to say, Kathleen. It is true that there has been a wretched misunderstanding, but if I know Geraldine at all I know that a mere misunderstanding will not do any permanent harm. It is something else that—worries me."

"Oh, Duane, I know! I know! She cannot marry you—in honor—until that—that terrible danger is eliminated. She will not, either. But—don't give her up! Be with her—with us—in this crisis—during it! See us through it, Duane; she is well worth what she costs us both—and costs herself."

"She must marry me now," he said. "I want to fight this thing with all there is in me and in her, and in my love for her and hers for me. I can't fight it in this blind, aloof way—this thing that is my rival—that stands with its claw embedded in her body, warning me back! The horror of it is in the blind, intangible, abstract force that is against me. I can't fight it, aloof from her; I can't take her away from it unless I have her in my arms to guard, to inspire, to comfort, to watch. Can't you see, Kathleen, that I must have her every second of the time?"

"She will not let you run the risk," murmured Kathleen. "Duane, she had a dreadful night—she broke down so utterly that it scared me. She is horribly frightened; her nervous demoralization is complete. For the first time, I think, she is really terrified. She says it is hopeless, that her will and nerve are undermined, her courage contaminated. . . . Hour after hour I sat with her; she made me tell her about her grandfather—about what I knew of the—the taint in her family."

"Those things are merely predispositions," he said. "Self-command makes them harmless."

"I told her that. She says that they are living sparks that will smoulder while life endures."

"Suppose they are," he said; "they can never flame unless nursed. . . . Kathleen, I want to see her."

"She will not."

"Has she spoken at all of me?"

"Yes."

"Bitterly."

"Y-yes. I don't know what you did. She is very morbid just now, anyway; very desperate. But I know that, unconsciously, she counts on an adjustment of any minor personal difficulty with you. . . . She loves you dearly, Duane."

He passed an unsteady hand across his eyes.

"She must marry me. I can't stand aloof from this battle any longer."

"Duane, she will not. I—she said some things—she is morbid, I tell you—and curiously innocent in her thoughts—concerning herself and you. She says she can never marry."

"Exactly what did she say to you?"

Kathleen hesitated; the intimacy of the subject left her undecided; then, very seriously, her pure, clear gaze met his:

"She will not marry for your own sake and for the sake of any—children. She has evidently thought it all out. . . . I must tell you how it is. There is no use in asking her; she will never consent, Duane, as long as she is afraid of herself. And how to quiet that fear by exterminating the reason for it I don't know." Her voice broke pitifully. "Only stand by us, Duane. Don't go away just now. You were packing to go, but please don't leave me just yet. Could you arrange to remain for a while?"

"Yes, I'll arrange it. . . . I'm a little troubled about my father——" He checked himself. "I could run down to town for a day or two and return——"

"Is Colonel Mallett ill?" she asked.

"N-no. . . . These are rather strenuous times—or threaten to be. Of course, the Half-Moon is as solid as a rock. But even the very, very great are beginning to fuss. . . . And my father is not young, Kathleen. So I thought I'd like to run down and take him out to dinner once or twice—to a roof-garden or something, you know. It's rather pathetic that men of his age, grown gray in service, should feel obliged to remain in the stifling city this summer."

"Of course you must go," she said; "you couldn't even hesitate. Is your mother worried?"

"I don't suppose she has the faintest notion that there is anything to worry over. And there isn't, I think. She and Naida will be in the Berkshires; I'll go up and stay with them later, when Geraldine is all right again," he added cheerfully.

Scott, fidgeting like a neglected pup, came wandering into the hall, book in hand.

"For the love of Mike," he said impatiently, "what have you two got to talk about all night?"

"My son," observed Duane, "there are a few subjects for conversation which do not include the centipede and the polka-dotted dicky-bird. These subjects Kathleen and I furtively indulge in when we can arrange to elude you."

Scott covered a yawn and glanced at Kathleen.

"Is Geraldine all right?" he asked with all the healthy indifference of a young man who had never been ill and was, therefore, incapable of understanding illness in others.

"Certainly she's all right," said Duane. And to Kathleen: "I believe I'll venture to knock at her door."

"Oh, no, Duane. She isn't ready to see anybody."

"Well, I'll try."

"Please don't!"

But he had her at a disadvantage and he only laughed and mounted the stairs, saying:

"I'll just exchange a word with her or with her maid, anyway."

When he turned into the corridor Geraldine's maid, seated in the window-seat, sewing, rose and came forward to take his message, and returned, saying:

"Miss Seagrave asks to be excused, as she is ready to retire."

"Ask Miss Seagrave if I can say good-night to her through the door."

The maid disappeared and returned in a moment:

"Miss Seagrave wishes you good-night, sir."

So he thanked the maid pleasantly and walked to his own room, now again prepared for him after the departure of those who had temporarily required it.

The starlight made the leaded windows brilliant; he opened them wide and leaned out on the sill, arms folded The pale, astral light illuminated a fairy world of meadow and garden and spectral trees and two figures moving like ghosts down by the fountain among the roses—Rosalie and Grandcourt pacing the gravel paths shoulder to shoulder under the stars.

Below him, on the terrace, he saw Kathleen and Scott—the latter carrying a butterfly net—examining the borders of white pinks with a lantern. In and out of the yellow rays swam multitudes of night moths glittering like flakes of tinsel as the lantern-light flashed on their wings; and Scott was evidently doing satisfactory execution, for every moment or two Kathleen uncorked the cyanide jar and he dumped into it from the folds of the net a fluttering victim

"That last one is a Pandorus Sphinx!" he said in great excitement to Kathleen, who had lifted the big glass jar in the lantern-light and strove to get a glimpse of the exquisite moth whose wings of olive green, rose and bronze velvet were already beating a hazy death tattoo in the lethal fumes.

"A Pandorus! Scott, you've wanted one so much!" she exclaimed, enchanted.

"You bet I have. Pholus Pandorus is pretty rare around here. And I say, Kathleen, that wasn't a bad net-stroke, was it? You see, I had only a second and I took a desperate chance."

She praised his skill warmly; then, as he stood admiring his prize in the jar which she held up, she suddenly caught him by the arm and pointed:

"Oh, quick! There is a hawk-moth over the pinks which resembles nothing we have seen yet!"

Scott very cautiously laid his net level, stole forward, shining the lantern-light full on the darting, hazy-winged creature which was now poised hovering over a white blossom and probing the honeyed depths with a long, slim proboscis.

"I thought it might be only a Lineata, but it isn't," he said excitedly. "Did you ever see such a timid moth? The slightest step scares the creature."

"Can't you try a quick net-stroke sideways?"

Her voice was as anxious and unsteady as his own.

"I'm afraid I'll miss. Lord, but it's a lightning flyer! Where is it now?"

"Behind you. Do be careful! Turn very slowly."

He pivoted; the slim moth darted past, circled and hung before a blossom, wings vibrating so fast that the creature was merely a gray blur in the lantern-light.

The next instant Gray's net swung; a furious fluttering came from the green silk folds; Kathleen whipped off the cover of the jar, and Gray deftly imprisoned the moth

"Upon my word!" he said shakily, "I believe I've got a Tersa Sphinx!—a sub-tropical fellow whose presence here is mere accident!"

"Oh, if you have!" she breathed softly. She didn't know what a Tersa Sphinx might be, but if its capture gave him pleasure that was all she cared for in the world

"It is a Tersa!" he almost shouted. "By George! it's a wonder!"

Radiant, she bent eagerly above the jar where the strange, slender, gray-and-brown hawk-moth lay dying. Its recoiling proboscis and its slim, fawn-colored legs quivered. The eyes glowed like tiny jewels.

"If we could only keep these little things alive," she sighed; then, fearful of taking the least iota from his pleasure, added: "But, of course, we can't; and for scientific purposes it's all right to let the lovely little creatures sink into their death-sleep."

A slight haze had appeared over the lake; a sudden cool streak grew in the air which very quickly cleared the flower-beds of moths, and the pretty, sub-tropical Sphinx was the last specimen of the evening.

In the library Scott pulled out a card-table, and Kathleen brought forceps, strips of oiled paper, pins, setting-blocks, needles and oblong glass weights; and together, seated opposite each other, they removed the delicate-winged contents of the collecting jar.

Kathleen's dainty fingers were very swift and deft with the forceps. Scott watched her. She picked up the green-and-rose Pandorus, laid it on its back on a setting-block, affixed and pinned the oiled paper strips, drew out the four wings with the setting-needle until they were symmetrical and the inner margin of the anterior pair was at right angles with the body.

Then she arranged the legs, uncoiled and set the proboscis and weighted the wings with heavy glass strips.

They worked rapidly, happily there together, exchanging views and opinions; and after a while the brilliant spoils of the evening were all stretched and ready to dry, ultimately to be placed in plaster-of-Paris mounts and hermetically sealed under glass covers.

Kathleen went away to cleanse her hands of any taint of cyanide; Scott, returning from his own ablutions, met her in the hall, and so miraculously youthful, so fresh and sweet and dainty did she appear that, in some inexplicable manner, his awkward, self-conscious fear of touching her suddenly vanished, and the next instant she was in his arms and he had kissed her.

"Scott!" she faltered, pushing him from her, too limp and dazed to use the strength she possessed

Surprised at what he had done, amazed that he was not afraid of her, he held her tightly, thrilled dumb at the exquisite, trembling contact.

"Oh, what have you d-done!" she stammered in dire consternation—"what have you done! We—you cannot—you must let me go, Scott!"

"You're only a girl, after all—you darling!" he said, inspecting her in an ecstasy of curiosity. "I wonder why I've been afraid of you for so long? Just because I love you."

"You don't—you can't care for me that way ——"

"I care for you in every kind of a way that anybody can care about anybody." She turned her shoulder, desperately striving to release herself; but she had not realized how tall and strong he was. "How small you are," he repeated wonderingly; "just a soft, slender girl, Kathleen. I can't see how I ever came to let you make me study when I didn't want to."

"Scott, dear," she pleaded breathlessly, "you must let me go. This—this is utterly impossible ——"

"What is?"

"That you and I can—could care—this way ——"

"Don't you?"

"I—no!"

"Is that the truth, Kathleen?"

She looked up; the divine distress in her violet eyes sobered him, awed him for a moment.

"Kathleen," he said, "there is only a few years' difference between our ages. I feel older than you; you look younger than I—and you are all in the world I care for or ever have cared for. Last spring—that night ——"

"Hush, Scott," she begged, blushing scarlet.

"I know you remember. That is when I began to love you. You must have known it."

She said nothing; the strain of her resisting arms against his breast had relaxed imperceptibly.

"What can a fellow say?" he went on a little wildly, checked at moments by the dryness of his throat and the rapid heart-beats that almost took his breath away when he looked at her; "I love you so dearly, Kathleen; there's no use in trying to live without loving you, for I couldn't do it! . . . I'm not really young; it makes me furious to think you consider me in that light I'm a man strong enough and old enough to love you—and make you love me! I *will* make you!" His arms tightened She uttered a little cry which was half a sob; his boyish roughness sent a glow rushing through her. She fought against the peril of it, the bewildering happiness that welled up, against her heart that was betraying her senses, against the deep, sweet passion that awoke as his face touched hers.

"Will you love me?" he said fiercely.

"No!"

"Will you?"

"Yes. . . . Let me go!" she gasped.

"Will you love me in the way I mean? Can you?"

"Yes. I do. I—have, long since. . . . Let me go!

"Then—kiss me!"

She looked up at him a moment, slowly put both arms around his neck. "Now," she breathed, "release me."

And at the same instant he saw Geraldine descending the stairs.

Kathleen saw her, too; saw her turn abruptly, remount and disappear. There was a moment's utter silence, then without a word she picked up her lace skirts, ran up the stairway and continued swiftly on to Geraldine's room.

"May I come in?" She spoke and opened the door of the bedroom at the same time, and Geraldine turned on her, exasperated, hands clenched, dark eyes harboring lightning.

"Have I gone quite mad, Kathleen, or have you?" she demanded.

"I think I have," whispered Kathleen, turning white and halting. "Geraldine, you will *have* to listen. Scott has told me that he loves me ——"

"Is this the first time?"

"No. . . . It is the first time I have listened. I can't think clearly; I scarcely know yet what I've said and done. What must you think? . . . But won't you be a little gentle with me—a little forbearing—in memory of what I have been to you—to him—so long?"

"What do you wish me to think?" asked the girl in a hard little voice. "My brother is of age; he will do what he pleases, I suppose. I—I don't know what to think; this has astounded me. I never dreamed such a thing possible ——"

"Nor I—until this spring. I know it is all wrong; this is making me more fearfully unhappy every minute I live. There is nothing but peril in it; the discrepancy in our ages makes it hazardous; his youth, his overwhelming fortune, my position and means—the world will surely, surely misinterpret, misunderstand—I think even you—his sister—may be led to credit what in your own heart you must know to be utterly and cruelly untrue."

"I don't know what to say or think," repeated Geraldine in a dull voice. "I can't realize it; I thought that our affection for you was so—so utterly different."

She stared curiously at Kathleen, trying to reconcile what she had always known of her with what she now had to reckon with—strove to find some alteration in the familiar features, something that she had never before noticed, some new, unsuspected splendor of beauty and charm, some undetected and subtle allure. She saw only a wholesome, young and lovely woman, fresh-skinned, slender, sweet and graceful—the same companion she had always known and, as she remembered, unchanged in any way since the years of childhood when Kathleen was twenty and she and her brother were ten.

"I suppose," she said, "that if Scott is in love with you there is only one thing to do."

"There are several," said Kathleen in a low voice.

"Will you not marry him?"

"I don't know; I think not."

"Are you not in love with him?"

"Does that matter?" asked Kathleen steadily. "Scott's happiness is what is important."

"But his happiness apparently depends on you."

Kathleen flushed and looked at her curiously.

"Dear, if I knew that was so I would give myself to him. Neither you nor he has ever asked anything of me in vain Even if I did not love him as I do—and he needed me, I would give myself to him You and he have been all there was in life for me But I am afraid that I may not always be all that life holds for him. He is young; he has had no chance yet; he has had little experience with women. I think he ought to have his chance"

She might have said the same thing of herself. A bride at her husband's deathbed, widowed before she had ever been a wife, what experience had she? All her life so far had been devoted to the girl who stood there confronting her and to the brother What did she know of men?—of whether she might be capable of loving some man more suitable? She had not given herself the chance. She never would now.

There was no selfishness in Kathleen Severn. But there was much in the Seagrave twins. The very method of their bringing up inculcated it; they had never had any chance to be otherwise. The "cultivation of the individual" had driven it into them, taught them the deification of self, forced them to consider their own importance above anything else in the world

And it was of that importance that Geraldine was now thinking as she sat on the edge of her bed, darkly considering these new problems that chance was laying before her one by one.

If Scott was going to be unhappy without Kathleen it followed, as a matter of course, that he must have Kathleen. The chances Kathleen might take, what she might have to endure of the world's malice and gossip and criticism, never entered Geraldine's mind at all

"If he is in love with you," she repeated, "it settles it, I think. What else is there to do but marry him?"

Kathleen shook her head: "I shall do what is best for him—whatever that may be."

"You won't make him unhappy, I suppose?" inquired Geraldine, astonished.

"Dear, a woman may be truer to the man she loves—and kinder—by refusing him. Is not that what *you* have done—for Duane's sake?"

Geraldine sprang to her feet, face white, lovely mouth distorted with anger.

"I made a god of Duane!" she broke out breathlessly. "Everything that was in me—everything that was decent and unselfish and pure-minded dominated me when I found I loved him. So I would not listen to my own desire for him. I would not let him risk a terrible unhappiness until I could go to him as clean and well and straight and unafraid as he could wish!" She laughed bitterly and laid her hands on her breast. "Look at me, Kathleen! I am quite as decent as this god of mine. Why should I worry over the chances he takes when I have chances enough to take in marrying him? I was stupid to be so conscientious; I behaved like a hysterical schoolgirl or a silly communicant, making him my confessor! A girl is a perfect fool to make a god out of a man. I made one out of Duane, and he acted like one. It nearly ended me, but, after all, he is no worse than I. Whoever it was who said that decency is only depravity afraid is right. I *am* depraved; I *am* afraid. I'm afraid that I cannot control myself, for one thing; and I'm afraid of being unhappy for life if I don't marry Duane. And I'm going to and let him take his chances!"

Kathleen said: "That is selfishness—if you do it."

"Are not men selfish? He will not tell me as much of his life as I have told him of mine. I have told him everything! How do I know what risk I run? Yes—I do know: I take the risk of marrying a man notorious for his facility with women. And he lets me take that risk. Why should I not let him risk something?"

The girl seemed strangely excited: her quick breathing and bright, unsteady eyes betrayed the nervous tension of the last few days. She said feverishly:

"There is a lot of nonsense talked about self-sacrifice and love—about the beauties of abnegation and martyrdom; but Kathleen, if I shall ever need him at all I need him now. I'm afraid to be alone any longer. I'm frightened at the chances against me. Do you know what these days of horror have been to me locked in here—all alone—in the depths of degradation for what—what I did that night!—in distress and shame unutterable?"

"My darling ——"

"Wait! I had more to endure—I had to endure the results of my education in the study of man! I had to realize that I loved one of them who has done enough to annihilate in me anything except love. I had to learn that he couldn't kill that—that I want him in spite of it, that I need him, that my heart is sick with dread; that he can have me when he will—oh, Kathleen—I have learned to care less for him than when I denied him for his own sake—more for him than I did before he held me in his arms! And that is not a high type of love—I know it—but oh, if I could only have his arms around me—if I could rest there for a while—and not feel so frightened, so utterly alone!—I might win out; I might kill what is menacing me, with God's help—and his!"

She lay shivering on Kathleen's breast now, dry-eyed, twisting her ringless fingers in dumb anguish.

"Darling, darling," murmured Kathleen, "you cannot do this thing. You cannot let him assume your burden."

"Why not? What is one's lover for?"

"Not to use; not to hazard; not to be made responsible for a sick mind and a will already demoralized. Is it fair to ask him—to let him begin life with such a burden, such a handicap? Is it not braver, fairer, to fight it out alone, eradicate what threatens you—oh, my own darling!—my little Geraldine!—is it not fairer to the man you love? Is he not worth striving for, suffering for? Have you no courage to endure if he is to be the reward? Is a little selfish weakness, a miserable self-indulgence to stand between you and lifelong happiness?"

Geraldine looked up; her face was very white:

"Have you ever been tempted?"

"Have I not been tonight?"

"I mean by—something ignoble."

"No."

"Do you know how it hurts?"

"To—to deny yourself?"

"Yes. . . . It is so—difficult—it makes me wretchedly weak. . . . I only thought he might help

me. . . . You are right, Kathleen. . . . I must be terribly demoralized to have wished it. I—I will not marry him, now. I don't think I ever will. . . . You are right. I have got to be fair to him, no matter what he has been to me. . . . He has been fearfully unfair. After all, he is only a man. . . . I couldn't really love a god."

XIV

ROSALIE had departed; Grandcourt followed suit—perhaps her!—next day. Sylvia's brother, Stuyvesant, had at last found a sober moment at his disposal and had appeared at Roya-Neh and taken his sister away. Duane started for New York to find out whether his father was worrying over anything, as the tone of his letters indicated.

The day he left Kathleen and Geraldine started on a round of August house-parties ranging from Lenox to Long Island, including tiresome week-ends and duty-visits to some very unpretentious but highly-intellectual relatives of Mrs. Severn. So Scott remained in solitary possession of Roya-Neh with its forests, gardens, pastures, lakes and streams and a staggering pay-roll and all the multiplicity of problems that such responsibility entails. Which pleased him immensely except for the departure of Kathleen.

To play the intellectual country squire had been all he desired on earth except Kathleen. From the beginning White's Selborne had remained his model for all books, Kathleen for all women. He was satisfied with these two components of perfect happiness, and with himself as he was, for the third ingredient in a contented and symmetrical existence.

He had accepted his answer from her with more philosophy than she quite expected or was prepared for, saying that if she made a particular point of it he would go about next winter and give himself a chance to meet as many desirable young girls as she thought best, that it was merely wasting time, but if it made her any happier he'd wait and endeavor to return to their relations of unsentimental comradeship until she was satisfied he knew his mind.

Kathleen was, at first, a little dismayed at his complacency. It was only certainty of himself. At twenty-two there is time for anything and the vista of life ahead is endless. And there was one thing more which Kathleen did not know. Under the covering of this Seagrave complacency and self-centered sufficiency, all alone by itself was developing the sprouting germ of consideration for others.

How it started he himself did not know—nor was he even aware that it had started. But long, solitary rambles and the quiet contemplation of other things besides himself had awakened first curiosity, then a dawning suspicion of the rights of others.

In the silence of the forest it is difficult to preserve complacency; under the stars modesty is born.

It began to occur to him, by degrees, that his own personal importance among his kind *might* be due, in part, to his fortune. And from the invasion of that shocking idea matters progressed rapidly with the last of the Seagraves.

He said uneasily to Duane, once: "Are you going in seriously for painting?"

"I *am* in," observed Duane dryly.

"Professionally?"

"Sure thing."

"What are you after?" persisted Scott. "Fame?"

"Yes; I need it in my business."

"Are you contemplating a velvet coat and bow tie and a bunch of the elect at your heels?—ratty men and pop-eyed young women whose coiffures need weeding?"

"Your Guests are Scarcely Out of Sight Before You Break Into Inhuman Chuckles"

Duane laughed. "Are they any more deadly than our own sort? Why endure either? Because you are developing into a country squire you don't have to marry Maud Muller." And he quoted Bret Harte:

"For there be women fair as she
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

You don't have to wallow in a profession, you know."

"But why the mischief do you want to paint professionally?" inquired Scott with unsatisfied curiosity. "It isn't avarice, is it?"

"I expect to hold out for what my pictures are worth—if that's what you mean by avarice. What I'm trying to do," added Duane, striking his palm with his fist as emphasis, "is not to die the son of a wealthy man. If I can't be anything more I'm not worth a damn. But I'm going to be. I can do it, Scott. I'm lazy; I'm undecided. I've a weak streak. And yet, do you know, with all my blemishes, all my misgivings, all my discouragements, panics, despondent moments, I am, away down inside, serenely and unaccountably certain that I can paint like the devil, and that I am going to do it. That sounds cheeky, doesn't it?"

"It sounds all right to me," said Scott. And he walked away thoughtfully, fists dug deep in his pockets.

And, one still, sunny afternoon, standing alone on the dry granite crags of the Golden Dome, he looked up and saw, a quarter of a million miles above him, the moon's ghost swimming in azure splendor. Then he looked down and saw the map of the earth below him, where his forests spread out like moss, and his lakes mirrored the clouds, and a river belonging to him traced its course across the valley in a single silver thread. And a slight blush stung his face at the thought that, without any merit or endeavor of his own, his money had bought it all: his money, that had always acted as his deputy, fought for him, conquered for him, spoken for him, vouched for him—perhaps pleaded for him! He shivered; and suddenly he realized that this golden voice was, in fact, all there was to him.

What had he to identify him on earth among mankind? Only his money. How did he differ from other men? He had more money. What had he to offer as excuse for living at all? Money. What had he done? Lived on it, by it. Why, then, it was the money that was entitled to distinction, and he figured only as its parasite! Then, he was nothing—even a little less. In the world there was man and there was money. It seemed that he was a little lower in the scale than either: a parasite—scarcely a thing of distinction to offer Kathleen Severn.

Very seriously he looked up at the moon.

It was the day following his somewhat disordered and impassioned declaration. He expected to receive his answer that evening, and he descended the mountain in a curiously uncertain and perplexed state of mind which, at times, bordered on a modesty painfully akin to humbleness.

Meanwhile, Duane was preparing to depart on the morrow. And that evening he, also, was to have his definite answer to the letter which Kathleen had taken to Geraldine Seagrave that morning.

He had written:

Dear, I once told you that my weakness needed the aid of all that is best in you; that yours required the best of courage and devotion that lies in me. It is surely so. Together we conquer the world, which is ourselves.

For the little things that seem to threaten our separation do not really alarm me. Even if I actually committed the inconsequential and casual thing that so

(Continued on Page 58)

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A Tight Situation

THE market gossip of a Chicago newspaper recently contained this item: "A tight situation appears to be developing again in September corn, and shorts covered freely yesterday. There are only about seven hundred thousand bushels in store here unsold, the remainder being owned by strong interests."

The last corn crop, it will be remembered, exceeded two and a half billion bushels. The price of it is shaped from day to day by speculative transactions on the Chicago Board of Trade, and the ultimate base of that trade consists of the insignificant amount of corn that is stored in regular warehouses in Chicago. Whoever can gain and maintain control of that insignificant amount can govern, or, at least, powerfully influence, the price of corn. Somebody, according to the gossip, already had control of all except seven hundred thousand bushels. The "tight situation" means that, in the opinion of the trade, that somebody might get control of the small remainder, which would leave whoever had sold September corn in the painful situation of being cornered.

A speculative system which puts the price of great staples like wheat and corn at the mercy of anybody that can capture, at a given moment, that small fraction of the total supply which happens to be posited in a certain position, is certainly not free from objection.

After the Killing

ONE incident in the life of Saint Catherine is often mentioned. Niccolo Tuldo, a heedless youth of Perugia, visited near-by Siena and spoke ribaldly of its government. He was promptly seized, tried and condemned to death. Catherine comforted his distraction and knelt beside him on the scaffold while the gentle sentence was carried out. Even contemporary Sienese, while approving the execution, admired the beautiful pity of the saint. Possibly they themselves were quite sorry for the poor youth—directly after the funeral.

Five hundred and odd years later (and forty-four years after our Civil War) a statue of Lee, side by side with a statue of Washington, is placed in the National Capitol with practically universal approval. At almost the same hour a Boer general and a British general, who had hostilely confronted each other on the veldt a few years previously, sat not far apart listening to the act creating a South African state in which Boer and Briton will be equal citizens, and even from the opposition came congratulations to the empire upon so humane and harmonious an outcome of the great Boer war.

Why was the blood shed? Well, of course, they felt differently about it before.

Some Historical Comfort

FOR the essential difference between the Republican and Democratic parties you will search platforms in vain. The essential difference heretofore has been that the former has known on which side its bread was buttered. Only six years before it won its memorable Presidential victory by opposing the free coinage of silver a Republican Senate passed a flat free-silver-coinage bill. The party's very first Presidential victory was won upon a platform which denounced the Supreme Court's decision in the Dred Scott case as "dangerous political heresy," "revolutionary in its tendency and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country," and "in violation of the explicit provisions of the Constitution." Its great candidate in that campaign held language concerning the decision which his Democratic opponent felt called upon to rebuke as scandalously derogatory to "that august tribunal," the Supreme Court. Its last platform gravely asserts, "The Republican party will at all times uphold the authority and integrity of the courts."

We refer to these matters simply for encouragement. To form a new national party is exceedingly difficult, as Mr. Hearst can testify. So many men prefer the old, familiar label that it may not be necessary to form one. We bank a good deal upon the ability of the Republican party, as a whole, to discover which side the butter is on.

A Step Beyond Suicide

TO MOST people, we suspect, the subject of race suicide is about half-way between a bore and a joke. Here, however, is a statement by the secretary of the New York Milk Committee which may impart some serious interest to it: "Although we have no accurate figures as to the number of babies born annually in the United States, a conservative estimate would be two and a half millions, of which certainly fifteen per cent, or three hundred and seventy-five thousand, perish during their first year. In 1908, in New York City, 16,230 infants died during the first year." How much better than an increase of ten per cent in the birth rate would be a decrease of fifty per cent in this shocking death rate. Such a decrease, in all likelihood, is not impossible.

Mr. Phillips reproduces a French chart, gruesomely known among child specialists as the Eiffel Tower. This chart shows the death rate among bottle-fed infants. During winter and spring months the line undulates like the profile map of a moderately hilly country, but at July it shoots upward in a vast and almost perpendicular leap. The outline, indeed, at once recalls the towering object from which the chart is named. This enormous excess of midsummer mortality, be it understood, is confined to bottle-fed infants. Among those fed at the breast the mortality in summer increases relatively only a little. As a matter of fact, scientific experience everywhere shows that the bottle as an instrument of destruction is far more potent than the Prohibitionists say.

That Government Bank

THE next big task that Congress undertakes will probably be the Aldrich Currency Bill. The monetary commission, of which the Rhode Island Senator is chairman, has been at work nearly a year and a half. It has examined extensively the systems of banking and currency in all leading commercial nations; knows what experience such nations have had with their monetary apparatus in good times and bad times; should be able to point out, with considerable authority, what experience the United States might reasonably expect to have with this system and that or with this and that detail of systems.

The commission, it is expected, will recommend a thoroughgoing reform of our currency, with a central Governmental bank of issue—somewhat similar to the Imperial Bank of Germany—as a basic feature. This subject is a very important one, as anybody who recalls the scandalous wholesale breakdown of our monetary machine in the fall of 1907, with all the loss and inconvenience attendant thereon, will readily believe. We have long been persuaded that a Government bank was the cornerstone of any really satisfactory and lasting monetary reform in the United States. It remains to be noted, however, that, in the nature of the case, any such plan must involve the vesting of certain individuals with large discretionary powers, and a plan, bearing the magic name of Aldrich, which proposes to vest individuals with large discretionary powers, will probably be handicapped by an unfortunate popular suspicion.

That New Political Alignment

REPUBLICAN Senators with a powerful following have defied the party machine and stood for revision of the tariff in the interest of consumers. The last national Democratic platform says: "We favor an income tax as part of our revenue system and urge the submission of a constitutional amendment" for that purpose. The Republican platform is silent on that subject, yet a Republican administration has actually submitted the amendment. Federal surveillance of corporations was, very recently, a tabooed Democratic doctrine; but a Republican President and Congress have now adopted it in far-reaching form. Many people are rather expecting a new, intelligently-progressive political organization. Will the name of that organization be, perchance, the Republican party?

There is no telling. In 1831, as an apt illustration, young Cyrus McCormick had constructed a practicable reaper and given ocular proof that the machine would cut grain cheaper than it could be done by hand. But in those days farming and pretty much everything else was done by hand. Nobody cared to fly in the face of Nature. For nine long years McCormick argued and demonstrated in vain. Not a single farmer would buy one of the new-fangled machines, although the price was only fifty dollars. At length a flighty farmer did venture; then two, a dozen, a score, a hundred. Having found that they could really cut grain by machine better than by hand, farmers were soon ready to try any other promising-looking machine. The moment McCormick's reaper was accepted all hope of preserving the old hand-labor régime on the farm was doomed. At that moment agricultural Bourbonism had suffered its Waterloo.

That's the way it always works. If you let down the bars to one progressive idea a whole flock of other progressive ideas comes swooping in. The Bourbon mind of Republican affiliations really knows what it is about when it opposes corporation and income tax. Once these ideas are admitted we may, presently, see a Republican party standing for direct election of Senators, genuine tariff revision and all sorts of reforms.

The Cinderella of Athletics

WE HAVE been assured by gentlemen who spoke from experience that to be knocked out in a prize-fight is a really pleasant sensation. Some fighters, it seems, become addicted to it, as Chinamen do to opium, and can't be happy unless they are putting themselves in the way of that blissful swoon. Nor, to persons whose bodies have been properly indurated by training, are those seemingly injurious incidents of a ring contest which precede the joyous dénouement usually of a very painful nature.

An untrained person would certainly suffer great inconvenience if a manual pile-driver suddenly descended upon the pit of his stomach. So would he if ten chunky young men abruptly precipitated themselves upon his prostrate form. From the point of view of physical injury, in short, prize-fighting is about midway between lawn tennis and football. A quintessence of the pain arising from all three diversions would be as nothing compared with the awful agony of getting a cinder in your eye.

The strong disfavor with which a nation notably devoted to athletics regards one of the most ancient and brisk of athletic contests does not arise at all from the conditions of the contest itself. It arises from the character of the persons who engage in it. At whatever risk of courting disability and death we will say bluntly that they are vulgar persons. Some time ago an Eastern gentleman of wealth and the highest social position engaged in a prize-fight, but his motive was generally misunderstood.

He was acting, in fact, upon the self-sacrificing principle that, if enough gentlemen of his own social distinction would take up with prize-fighting, a sport which had enjoyed high consideration in antiquity would be restored to its ancient prestige.

However you may pretend otherwise in the presence of the children, you know, of course, that Jeff and the colored man have posted their forfeits. They will go far away to fight, accompanied by the contempt of the public and special correspondents from all the leading newspapers.

The Young Lady and the Business Man

ALMOST daily some adventurer in the Land of Literature comes back with his head bandaged, his arm in a sling, his clothes in tatters, and gives fresh report of the two dreadful figures—a kind of male and female Gog and Magog—which ravage that unhappy country. The first of these devastating creatures is the Young Lady, fair in outward seeming, but to the high-minded novelist more fell than Ate on a bender. She will not buy high-minded novels; low-minded ones she buys in gross. As the publishers attend to her only, thought stands no more show in fiction than a snowball in the tropics. Her ogreish companion is the Business Man—not a bad fellow in some ways, but peculiarly deadly as a patron of the drama. He it is who buys most of the theater tickets, yet—as theatrical persons aver—he will not go to the theater except to be amused, and his tastes are most remarkable. Nothing but tights and drool amuse him; thought puts him in a rage at once.

This is a sad condition, yet not hopeless. Only the other day we heard a person expressing delight over an excellent novel, and another lamenting that he had wasted an evening at a silly show. The first was a typical Young Lady; the second a typical Business Man. Gog and Magog, in short, may easily be charmed into absolute harmlessness. The way to do it is to give them fine books and plays.

Then they will be so pleasantly absorbed in thinking that thought may eat out of their lunch baskets without their ever lifting a finger.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Braves in Council

LIKE as not, the Lo-the-poor-Indian (squawk) and Oh-why-does-the-white-man-follow-my-track (question mark) brand of stuff our poets and poetesses and other writers of rhymes were so fond of putting out thirty or forty or more years ago, was justified by the facts, so far as poetry—if you can call it that—need be; but at this present moment the poet who desires to rhapsodize concerning the Injun would do well to begin, "Lo, the rich Indian," provided, of course, he wants to preserve the verisimilitudes of the occasion, as the late Ike Hill would say.

Lo has been doing pretty well lately, especially since they began to cut up property for the Five Civilized Tribes, who are the Pittsburghers of Indiandom. They have considerable wads of money in their bon-ton jeans; except in those cases where the pioneers of that new country that is now part of the State of Oklahoma have extracted from them such portions of their increment as could be obtained by the use of chloroform, bunco, gold bricks, faked agreements, crooked contracts, ether, promissory notes and other anæsthesia. There are plenty of other Indians who are doing better than any of their race have done since they roamed the forest with their bows at their backs, and one bunch has more money per capita than any other series of citizens in this or any other country.

Naturally, when a Government has wards it is up to the Government to ward them, and that is what this country does—wards, rewards and wardens them. Congress wards them, the Indian Department wards them, the Indian Rights Association gets up at Lake Mohonk each summer and honks for them, and a large number of amateur warders do plain and fancy warding from time to time. As a class, the Indians are warded from morn until dewy eve. They are tended and conserved. It is the fact that Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt put one over on them by removing the Indian head from the copper cent, but that was an error of the publicity and not of the heart. Nor could the Colonel do much else, for there is a crude and ill-considered law on the statute books that forbids monkeying with the coinage except at stated intervals. Naturally desiring to leave his impress on the coinage of this great country the Colonel found himself restricted by the operations of the law aforesaid to the eagle, the double eagle and the copper cent. Hastily taking off the motto on the eagle and the double eagle, he as hastily put it back on again, and there he was with nothing left but the cent. Thus he had apparently to slam the red man one, and so he did, but it was nothing personal, nothing at all.

Wherefore, with Congress so diligently warding the Indians and with the Government sitting up nights looking out for them, it is well that, from time to time, a Noble Red Man, mayhap diluted, goes to Congress to play a hand at the game himself. We have three at the present time, two Senators and a Representative. Senator Curtis, of Kansas, is a smattering of Kaw, and Senator Owen, of Oklahoma, somewhat Cherokee. Representative Charles D. Carter, of Oklahoma, also is, to get it down to a gnat's heel, seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee and the rest Scotch-Irish.

Now, Senator Curtis is swarthy and black-haired, and Senator Owen is one of the handsomest Indians you ever saw, and has full personal knowledge of the same, but, considered pulchritudinously, Carter is the best looking of the three. He is serving his second term in the House, and is popular, well liked and effective.

Ask the Plumber From Iowa

ONE day, during the Sixtieth Congress—this one is the Sixty-first—some Indian question was up. Indian questions are always up in the House whenever there is a chance to get them up, for there seems to be a million Indian questions for which there are no answers. This particular question was knotty and gnarly and the House was floundering over it. Presently, a clean-cut, square-shouldered, handsome young chap over on the Democratic side got recognition and in a short speech told the House many things about the Indian problem the House, even after years of study, didn't know. He expressed himself tersely and to the point and when he finished a lot of members asked, "Who was that?"

It was Carter, seven-sixteenths Chickasaw and Cherokee, speaking with first-hand knowledge and with honest conviction. He had lived among the Indians all his life, and he knew. They gave him a liberal round of applause and began to look to him for Indian information, wherein they displayed more sense than the House usually has; for, in the unnatural course of events in the House, when Indian information is desired a lawyer from Massachusetts or a plumber from Iowa or some other equally well-posted Indian sharp is relied upon.

He Punched Cows and Busted Broncos

Carter gets his start on his nine-sixteenths Scotch-Irish from Nathan Carter, who was captured when a small boy by the Shawnee Indians at the Wyoming Valley massacre. Nathan Carter was afterward traded to the Cherokees and married a full-blood Cherokee woman. Carter's father, Captain Benjamin Carter, of the Confederate Army, married a one-fourth-blood Chickasaw woman, Serena Guy, sister of Governor Guy, of the Chickasaw Nation. Carter was born in a log cabin at Boggy Depot, an old fort of the Choctaw Nation, and when seven years old moved with his father to Mill Creek, a post-office and stage-stand on the western frontier of the Chickasaw Nation. He went to school for a few months in a log schoolhouse in that vicinity and worked as a cowboy between terms. Later he went to the manual training school at Tishomingo, but missed two terms because they needed him as a cowboy on the ranch

He finished the Tishomingo course in 1887 and cast about for something to do. He was a cowboy, with a reputation as a bronco buster, and he went to work for the Diamond Z outfit. He punched cows and busted broncos and rode the range for more than two years. Now, punching cows and busting broncos is exciting work, and interesting, but not especially remunerative, and it wasn't long before Cowboy Carter decided to get out of it and make some money for himself, if he could. So he threw away his chaps and lariat and went to clerking in a store in Ardmore.

Here he was clerk, bookkeeper, cotton buyer and cotton weigher for a time, also mixing a bit in the Chickasaw politics. They made him auditor of public accounts of the Nation, member of the council and superintendent of schools. President McKinley appointed him mining trustee for the Indian Territory, where he served four years, quitting voluntarily in 1905 to go into the insurance business.

Indian politics is like every other kind of politics and, when they began shaping the Indian Territory and Oklahoma into the present State of Oklahoma, Carter was on the spot. He had his Indian prestige back of him, and was strong with the whites. Thus, when it came time to select representatives for the new state, Carter was nominated and elected to the Sixtieth Congress and sent back to the Sixty-first.

Several cowboys have been sent to Congress, but mostly they have been conversational cowboys, not real ones. Carter was a real one, which is evidenced, in one way at least, by the fact that he doesn't brag of his feats of riding bucking broncos and shooting up towns and other sports, labors and pastimes in which cowboys are supposed to be proficient. He is a modest, unassuming, self-contained, able young fellow, well-informed as to the wants of his people and has already made for himself a considerable place on the Democratic side.

Oklahoma is a new state, and there are people in it who have ardent desires to help her shape her destinies in various official capacities, rough hew them how she will. Indeed, when it comes to that they are prepared to do either rough or fancy hewing on said destinies if they can get the chance. Presently, it will be necessary to nominate candidates for governor. What a race it would be if the Democrats would put up Charley Carter and the Republicans Cash Cade! Then, whichever won, the state would have a governor who would be a governor for fair.

Probably they won't have enough sense.

The Table Truce

THE late Tom Dunn, former sheriff of New York, was at a dinner given in honor of an Irish lord.

Dunn was called on to speak. "Isn't it marvelous," he said, "how times change! Here I am, Tom Dunn, of Ireland, sitting at the same table with one of the great Irish lords, dining and wining with him and talking to him across the board, and it is only a few years ago that I couldn't get near enough to him to shoot him."

Not in Keeping With the Town

OPIE REED was on a street car in Memphis when a fat negro woman, much flustered, climbed on.

She sat down, fanned herself vigorously and, finally, unable to contain herself longer, burst out: "Whad you suppose they did to me right yere on the street?"

"I can't imagine," said Reed politely. "What was it?"

"Two triflin' niggers held me up down yere and took two dollars an' seventy-five cents offen me."

Reed expressed his regrets. Then the negro woman turned to him and said plaintively "That ain't no sort of thing to do in a town like this yere!"

Reed spent two weeks trying to figure out what sort of a town a proceeding like that would be proper in.

The Trouble With Texas

THERE was a bill before the Texas Legislature this year appropriating five thousand dollars for a monument at Gonzales for the heroes of the Texas revolution

When the bill was under discussion Representative Vaughan made the shortest and most effective speech of the session. He said:

"Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the Legislature: A few days ago a man and his little boy came into that gallery up there. 'Papa,' said the little boy, 'who is that old man up there?'

"'That is the chaplain, my son.'

"'Oh, yes; he is the man who prays for the Legislature.'

"'No, my son,' replied the father, 'he is the man who looks over the crowd and prays for the State of Texas.'

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your attention."

The Busy Substitute

DURING the first Thaw trial the regular reporter for one of the German papers was ill and the editor sent over a substitute.

They were examining talesmen, and there was nothing doing. The reporters sat idly, but the German sub wrote rapidly, tearing off sheet after sheet and hurrying his copy-boy away with them.

He wrote a couple of thousand words of the examination of a talesman. Then he turned to one of the reporters near him and asked: "Who iss this man?"

"He's a talesman."

"Talesman? What iss Herr Talesman's initials?"

"I don't know. He's a talesman. Being examined to find out if he is fit to serve as a juror."

"Ach," wept the German, "I thought he vas a vitness."

Not a Rowboat Between Them

FORMER Senator Dubois, of Idaho, who has been in Washington for a time this past session, heard an argument out in Boise City between two Irishmen concerning the advisability of a great navy. It was at the time of the Japanese scare, and the people in the far Western country were all wrought up.

"I'm wid Teddy on this," said one. "We must have a big navy. The bigger the better, says I. No nation can be thruly great widout a navy. No nation ever has."

"Whist!" put in the other Irishman. "No nation has never been great widout a navy? Luk at Ireland an' th' Jews, an' thim widout a rowboat bechune thim!"

A MILLIONAIRE'S MAIL

By Isaac F. Marcosson

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WHEN John Jones, having exhausted every possible meal-ticket source out at Oshkosh, takes his pen in hand and dashes off a few lines to John D. Rockefeller, asking the temporary loan of a thousand dollars, he is only doing what a few hundred of his fellow-patriots do every day. Of course, John Jones apologizes for intruding upon the time of so busy a man and a stranger, and, like all the rest of the professional letter-writing clan, adds that a multi-millionaire, having so much money, would not miss so trifling a sum

There is only one note in the strain of letters to rich men, and that is the banknote. I have read thousands of them, and in every one, often masked in a subtle proposition or hidden away in a message of sympathy or congratulation, is a "touch." Nearly every letter is "special case," and "strictly confidential"; each writer "scorns beggary" and makes it "a business matter, pure and simple." Nothing is too sacred to be used as pretext and the imaginations behind some letters would make their authors noted writers of fiction

One interesting feature of the letters to rich men is this: The writers usually flock to the rich of their own race or religion. Jacob H. Schiff, for example, is the target of appeals from Jews, just as Thomas F. Ryan gets masses of letters from Catholics. The women letter-writers beset Helen Gould and Mrs. Russell Sage; the religious contingent bombards John D. Rockefeller; the art cranks pursue J. P. Morgan, and so on down the gilded list. In the majority of instances the letters either go to the waste-basket or to files marked "Freaks," and are kept as curiosities. The Great Man never sees them.

A Letter-Writer to the Rich

SOME very rich men escape the flood of letter appeals until, by some spectacular circumstance, they are projected into public notice. Then the letter-writers get busy. A recent example of this was when James A. Patten put through his big wheat deal. Up to that time he had been scarcely noticed by the letter-writing brigade. But as soon as his name and picture began to appear on the front pages of the newspapers he was deluged with letters asking financial assistance. A thousand farmers wanted their mortgages lifted. If the letter-writers used half as much labor and ingenuity in getting a job as they employ in framing a clever appeal they would not be idle.

Practically every letter to a rich man contains somewhere the sentence, "You will never miss this from your great wealth." I added up the amount of the requests in the letters to one millionaire, and it reached a total of twenty million dollars, or exactly the half of the man's fortune.

John D. Rockefeller receives more letters asking for money than any other rich person. Every kind of hare-brained proposition, from a transcontinental balloon passenger line to a deep-sea hotel, is put up to him. One letter will be given to show the type of communication which is sent to most rich men. It is from a man who was probably the champion letter-writer to the rich. On some days he wrote to Mr. Rockefeller three times. He wore out several typewriters inditing soulful letters to the rich. He was so clever, so persuasive with his promises to pay, that he lived for a whole year with his family at a hotel in New York without paying a cent of board. He played on a combination business-sympathy key. Here is a sample of his daily letters to Mr. Rockefeller:

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.,
My Dear Sir: Forest Hill, Cleveland, Ohio.

For the sake of those who love me and for the good that I can do; for the sake of my dear wife, the mother of my five little children; for the sake of these same little children and all that their lives mean to themselves, to their mother and to me; for humanity's sake and because it is in your power to be generous and kind, give me your confidence and extend to me this long-sought (temporary) financial coöperation, and not only will I be honest and prompt in all my dealings with you, but I will produce such results as to convince you that you never invested the sum of $5,000,000 temporarily in any more fortunate or more profitable manner than when you placed it at the disposal of the writer.

Accept the more than ample security which has been tendered you, Mr. Rockefeller, and by at once coöperating with me so that I may go on with my work, transform an almost heart-broken man into one of the happiest mortals on the face of God's earth

Don't you think that this "kindly treatment" will call forth a fitting and satisfactory "response" from

Yours faithfully, _____

In a later letter this indefatigable writer explains what he wants the five million dollars for. He declares that he has a "perfectly clean, dignified, high-toned and meritorious business enterprise," and that he stands ready to guarantee seven per cent on the investment. Continuing, he says:

Why, Mr. Rockefeller, when we consider that to secure this desired loan of $5,000,000, and to guarantee that the interest (7 per cent a year) will be paid thereon promptly in semi-annual installments of 3½ per cent each, it is in my power to place in your hands in its entirety one of the greatest gold-mining properties on this continent, a property whose auriferous gravel and quartz deposits (covering 3100 to 3200 acres) are estimated as having a value of anywhere from $60,000,000 to $100,000,000; and when we consider that I have placed myself on record as willing to solemnly pledge myself to set aside and to use each year (after I have fully discharged my pecuniary obligation to you) at least a full half of my annual income for the remainder of my life, with a view to aiding, encouraging and helping as many of my fellows as it may be in my power to influence and reach; when we consider these things—remembering, also, that I never drink, never gamble and never speculate, that I am a married man and the father of five beautiful, bright and interesting children, and that (before God) I desire nothing that is not fair, honest, just and right, and that (with God's guidance and help) I will return nothing else and nothing less—does it not appear to you that it might be not only a safe but also a wise investment to let me have the temporary use of $5,000,000?

And does it not suggest itself to you that it might prove, after all, one of the best, the greatest and the wisest acts of your whole life, producing results whose permanent and salutary influence should live long after you and I shall have "passed on" to render up our account to our Maker?

And finally, in appreciation and in recognition of your friendly kindness in thus aiding and encouraging me I pledge myself to make use of at least half of my income for the balance of my life after I have paid you every dollar legally due you on account of this transaction, in helping others of my fellows; and the carrying out of this pledge to you, should my life be spared for another twenty-five years to come, might mean that it would be possible for me to disburse $250,000,000 or $300,000,000, every dollar of which would be wrested from the bowels of the earth.

The Mauretania Will Soon be on the Scrap Heap

Applying the Investment Rule

MR. ROCKEFELLER has received as high as a thousand begging letters a day. Many of these are simply addressed "John D. Rockefeller, United States." The postal authorities have instructions to forward all such mail to 26 Broadway, New York, which is the Standard Oil building. This is the center of the Rockefeller almsgiving. Mr. Rockefeller has a secretary of philanthropy, Mr. F T. Gates, who is in charge of all correspondence. The average begging letter is not answered (to answer all would require a small army of stenographers), but those asking for a personal interview are sometimes answered with a line of refusal. Every letter is saved and every word that is sent in answer is preserved in duplicate. There can be no "come-backs." The same businesslike method that helped to make Mr. Rockefeller the richest man in the world is to be noted in all his correspondence

Some rich men who hear of a dire case of need send or give help on the impulse of the moment. Not so with Mr. Rockefeller. He never helps save where he has made the most elaborate investigation. Thus he is simply following out his old investment rule.

The one kind of appeal that always draws at least an answer from his agents is from religious or educational institutions. Nearly every institution of this kind in the United States has asked aid in some way or at some time of Mr. Rockefeller. These letters are not only answered but in the case of educational institutions the appeal is often referred to the General Education Board, which Mr Rockefeller endowed with millions of dollars. This board has many facilities for investigation. Other institutions in the United States are investigated by personal representatives of Mr. Rockefeller. The University of Chicago is the only institution which receives Mr. Rockefeller's gifts direct from him and which escapes the ordeal of his organized investigation.

If the rich man happens to have a name that is at all common he is sure to be beset with correspondents claiming relationship. One particularly well-known

multi-millionaire whose name is short gets these letters by the barrel. Here is a sample from a small Pennsylvania town:

Dear Friend.

Having been attracted to you by the many newspaper articles about you, and since my own name is the same as yours, I feel that probably we are relatives and that you might want to hear from me. I am in sore need of a friend. I keep a boarding-house, but this town is so small and so few new men come to it that business is very bad. Besides, I have lately got opposition from a hotel. If I could refurnish my house and put in gas and a bathroom I think I could make some money. You have so much that you would not miss a thousand dollars. I could best explain matters to you personally, and I would like to come to New York if you will send me the money.

Still another to the same man from a small Montana town reads:

Since I am a namesake of yours I write you these few lines. I am a dentist and have practised here for years. The climate does not agree with me and my doctor has advised me to go to California. Since you are so very rich I thought perhaps you would lend me the money to make the change especially since my name is the same as yours. Now I do not want to be classed as a beggar or an impostor. All I want is $500 which I promise to pay back with interest at 10 per cent. This is a business matter between gentlemen. I have a good deal of pride (it goes with our name), and I would not have anybody in the world know that I have written to you, especially my wife.

My case is a special one, and if you will be kind enough to send me the money I will say nothing about it.

The following, from a man in Chicago, puts the matter in a new way:

Sir:—I read an article about you the other day in which you are quoted as saying that this is an age of equal opportunity. I presume that by this you meant an equal share of the country's resources, and the principal of these is money. I am something of a student of economic matters, and I should like to make this suggestion: In the last Statistical Abstract of the United States I find that the estimated wealth of the country is about $107,000,000,000. This would make a per capita of about $1300. In other words, every citizen of this great democracy should have at least $1300. How many have it? Not many, including myself. Now, I know of no grander way for you to perpetuate your great name (which is also my own) than to make a per capita distribution of your vast wealth among those who bear it. I will be glad to furnish you with a list. In that way we would work together and accomplish a great result.

The man to whom these letters were sent is one of the richest and most powerful of Wall Street financiers. He makes it a point never to answer a begging letter. He keeps them on file, however. He bestows his charities, and they are numerous, quietly and among people whom he knows. Like many other rich men, he has a list of pensioners who live on his bounty. But he exacts silence and secrecy. His wife is very charitably inclined and she has bestowed millions upon religious and charitable institutions. She, too, receives hundreds of begging letters, and when these touch her—especially she orders an investigation.

The following to Paul Morton is typical of another kind of namesake letter. It came from a small Virginia town:

Dear and honored Sir:

I am a little girl 8 years old and I have a little brother 4 years old. His name is Paul Morton. He is named for you and I had him named because I saw your picture in the paper when you were Secretary of the Navy. I liked your face and the name of Paul, so I got mamma to name him for you. Now, I will tell you what I want. My brother Paul Morton wants a rubber-tired bicycle and I want a signet bracelet. I have only five dollars in bank and mamma is going to draw it out and buy me a bracelet and my brother Paul Morton a bicycle. Of course, I want a five-dollar bracelet, and I want a six-dollar rubber-tired bicycle for my brother Paul Morton. If mamma has to buy both presents out of my five dollars I will only get a 2½-dollar bracelet and my brother Paul Morton will only get a iron-tired bicycle. Now, dear Mr. Morton, won't you please send my brother a rubber-tired bicycle to cost six dollars so I can have a five-dollar bracelet? If papa were working I would not ask you. I am named for my grandmother and she always gives me a present at Christmas. Because brother Paul Morton is named for you I hope you will send him the present. My father told me you would not send it, but I bet him that you would. My brother Paul Morton is only 4 years old, but please send him a 7-year-old size so he can use it for a long time.

Your little friends.

A favorite occasion of attack for letter-writers to the rich is offered by the loss of some one of the capitalist's family. Then the sympathetic correspondence breaks loose. Here is one to a great financial captain who had just been bereaved:

My Dear Good Friend:

It is with the sincerest regret I have learned of the death of your son, and I beg leave to extend to you and your stricken family my very heartfelt sympathy. In such troubled hours as these the heart grows tender and for this reason I now appeal to you for a little temporary aid. Surely in this time of dire personal grief you cannot refuse me. I have been ill, and my doctor tells me I must have a trip abroad. Of course, I cannot afford to do this; but since you have so much money, and since you have lately had such a terrible lesson in the uncertainty of human life, I ask if you will be good enough to lend me $5000. Regard it as an investment in character. With this I could easily go around the world, a privilege I have long desired, and on my return I could start to work with energy. Regard this as a business matter. Again assuring you of my deep sympathy, I am

Please Take $100 Which I Have Saved This Last School Year

Here is one to Paul Morton in a somewhat different key:

My Dear Sir

I took the liberty to write to you some three or four months ago, asking you for a little financial aid, at the same time offering congratulations on your escape from death in an automobile accident that befell you at that time. To which you replied, thanking me for my sympathy and stating that so many demands were made on your purse that you could not help me. I have taken the liberty to address you again, hoping and praying that you can make a contribution of $200 to me, which would be the greatest act of kindness you ever did. I will keep this strictly confidential. I see by the newspaper that you are going to the City of Mexico. My family will offer up daily and nightly prayers for your safe journey there and back and that you will have a good time. No doubt you receive many appeals for aid, but when this beautiful world looks drear it is time to turn to one's friends. Pardon the liberty that a perfect stranger takes. Make an exception with me.

Still another type of the "timely letter" is the following to Theodore P. Shonts, dated Milwaukee:

My Dear Mr. Shonts:

My attention has often been called to articles in the newspapers concerning your two beautiful daughters, also your wife and yourself; how they have been to Europe and Paris. And now one of the lovely daughters is engaged to a foreign Duke. I am sure that you ought to be proud of your family, and they must be a great joy and comfort to you. I hope you will pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, but I am a girl of 19, alone in the world. I have been working for a woman for about six months, traveling from place to place, taking orders for corsets. My friend was taken sick and is in a hospital here, and I am left alone and without work or money. I have an aunt living in Milwaukee, and if I could get enough money to go to her I would be all right.

The landlady here says she will hold my clothes because I owe her $7 board. It is cold and I need the clothes. How nice it must be for your daughters not to have to worry about clothes and have plenty of money! Won't you please send me a little money and help me out of my trouble? I shall never forget it.

Mr. Shonts was literally "touched" by this appeal, for he sent the girl ten dollars. Six months later he received another letter from her, written from the Cook County Jail, Chicago. In this letter she said:

Dear Friend:

This will probably be a surprise for you, as it is a long time since you heard from me. I was very glad to get the $10 from you; so glad, in fact, that I forgot to thank you. I can't thank you enough, for it helped me a great deal. Not long ago I came to Chicago to work. The woman I roomed with missed some jewelry after I left, and had me arrested for stealing it. Now I am bound over to the grand jury and am in the Cook County Jail, waiting my trial, which may not be for months. You were so kind to me before, won't you please help me out again? This jail is an awful place for a nice girl to be in. You are rich and have lots of money, and you won't feel any trifle that you send me. You would feel awful if one of your lovely daughters was in a place like this. If I ever get out of this jail I will never leave home. Please send me some money by return mail and don't disappoint me. I am here under a different name. I am innocent.

When you examine Andrew Carnegie's mail you find that apparently the whole country approves of his determination to die poor and desires to aid him to that worthy end. His mail has averaged five hundred begging letters a day. Lately there has been an increase in the line of general requests, notably for pipe-organs, which grew out of the steelmaster's love of organ music. This love has produced some marvelous requests. Here is a sample:

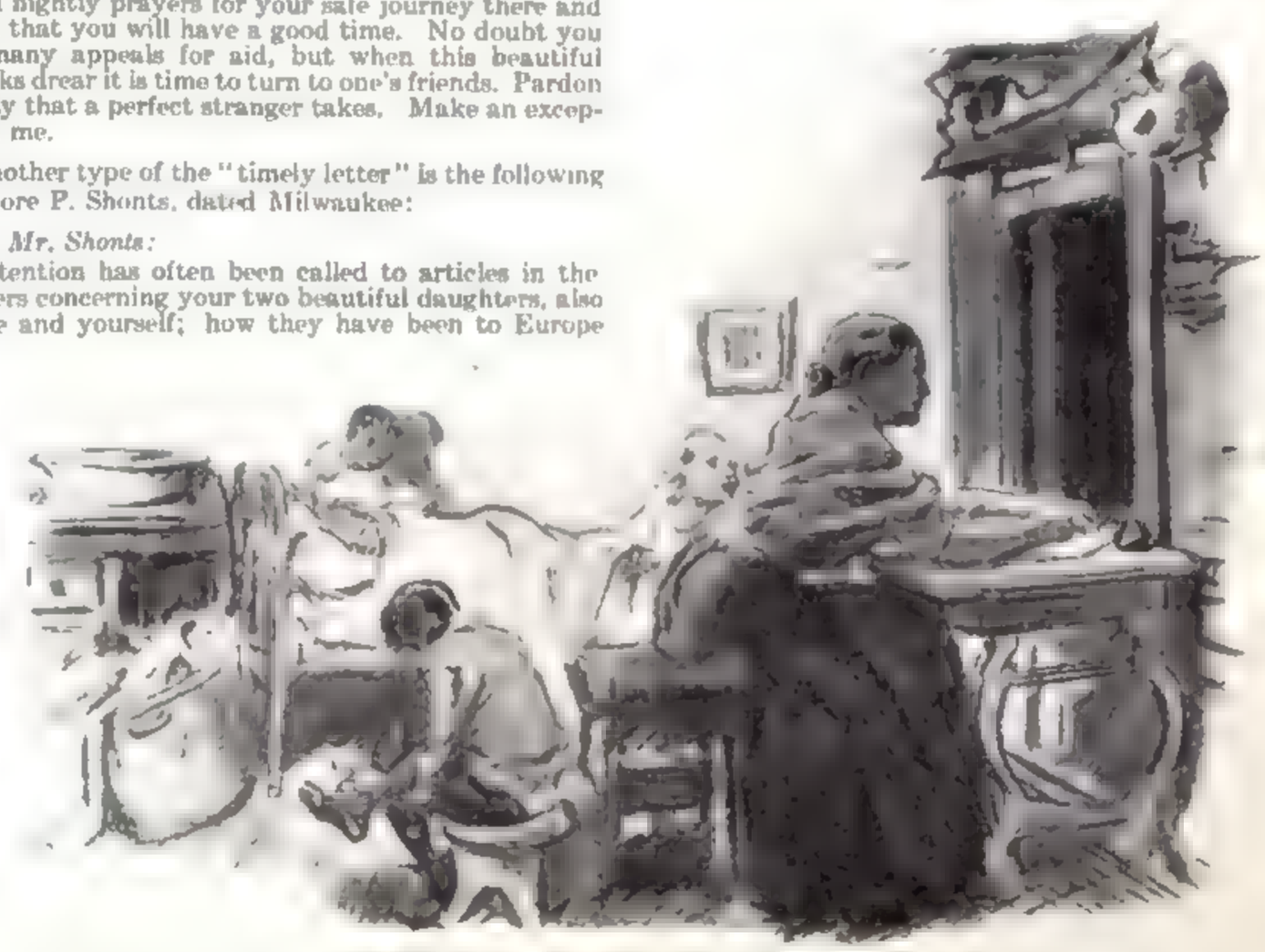
Dear Mr. Carnegie:

I hear that you are providing all needy churches with pipe-organs. Since you are rich, why not begin to introduce them into worthy homes? A love of music is a great civilizing influence, and I firmly believe that by the general adoption of organs in this way crime would be lessened. It has long been one of the dreams of my life to have an organ in my home. My children would so enjoy it. Will you please send me the money or order the organ sent to us direct? I have no preference as to make.

Out of the thousands of Carnegie letters the following may be taken as a type:

Dear Friend.

I notice that you are quoted in the papers as saying that it is a disgrace for a man to die rich. If you shrink from



I Beg You, Kind Gentleman, to Send Me a Matress and a Pillar

IT is an interesting fact that people who are compelled to give up the use of ordinary coffee can drink

Barrington Hall

The Baker-ized Steel-Cut Coffee without ill effects

East Boston, Mass

Dear Sirs:—I am very fond of coffee, but never have been able to drink it for any length of time as it disagreed with me. Since I began using your Barrington Hall Coffee I have been drinking it every morning without any ill effects. I noticed the absence of whatever caused the ill feeling in the first cup I drank. I find the flavor far superior to any that I ever used.

MRS. M. A. F.

Just how Barrington Hall differs from other coffee is fully explained in our booklet sent free on request. We cannot explain all about our process in an advertisement.

Our own particular methods are used in selecting the raw coffee, in cleaning, blending and roasting it, in steel-cutting it and in taking out the bitter skin that detracts so much from the flavor and healthfulness of coffee.

Other manufacturers have never thought such care in preparation necessary. Our coffee is in a class by itself, therefore, and best distinguished from others as "Baker-ized Coffee."

The Coffee without a regret

IN addition to Barrington Hall, which is of medium strength, we now offer a stronger coffee (Valoro Baker-ized) and a milder (Siesta Baker-ized). Both of the same high quality and prepared in the same way as Barrington Hall, but of distinctly different flavor.

For sale in all cities and most towns. Price, any flavor, 35c to 40c per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

Special Trial Offer

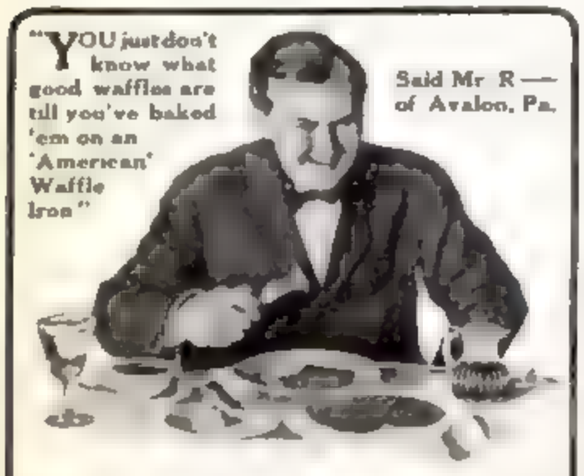
If your grocer cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you free, enough Barrington Hall to make eight cups of delicious coffee. Or if you wish to test all three flavors and find out what flavor of coffee suits you best, send for a Find-Out Package containing over one-quarter pound each of Barrington Hall, of Valoro, and of Siesta in separate cans. The price of this trial order, 30c delivered at your door. Address nearest office

BAKER IMPORTING CO.

New York, N. Y. 116 Hudson Street — Minneapolis, Minn. 246 N. 2nd Street

"YOU just don't know what good waffles are till you've baked 'em on an 'American' Waffle Iron"

Said Mr R—— of Avalon, Pa.



Griswold "American" Waffle Iron

Never fails. Bakes crisp, tasty waffles of a light, delicate texture which melt in your mouth. Just take one of [illegible] Read—

[illegible] the pans without lifting. Bake [illegible] spoil or scatter. Will [illegible] Mrs. [illegible] Read the Recipe Book and Manual [illegible] the Table. [illegible] Free.

The Griswold Mfg. Company, 1959 W. Twelfth St., Erie, Pa.

that responsibility I should be very glad to assume it for you. I have been poor all my life, and a change would be very welcome. At any rate, I am willing to take the chances. Will you be good enough to indicate some time within the next week when I may have the pleasure of talking this over with you?

There are many freaks in the Carnegie mail. Some correspondents are so regular that the secretaries come to look for their contributions. An old soldier, for example, who lived in Akron, Ohio, wrote a postal card every day for several years, asking Mr. Carnegie to buy him a wooden leg. A woman in Boston who wanted a canary bird wrote reams of letters of plaintive request.

With the exception of John D. Rockefeller, Mr. Carnegie has the best and most systematic organization for the handling of his mail. In his mansion in New York is a complete business establishment. If you saw it detached you would size it up as the counting-room of a big corporation. You hear the click of many typewriters, the walls are lined with cabinets and letter-files, and the air hums with activity. Yet it is within the walls of one of the most palatial homes in the United States. There is a working model of this office at his castle at Skibo, Scotland.

Scan the cabinets which line the walls and you see at once the business system which rules the Carnegie correspondence. Here you will find the label, "Carnegie Institution"; next to it are the files marked "Hero Fund"; near by, "Organ Gifts." Also, there are dozens and dozens of sections labeled "Libraries." Every letter received at the Carnegie house is filed. Out of five hundred Mr. Carnegie probably sees about ten. No attention is paid to the general begging appeal. It goes no farther than his secretaries. Mr. Carnegie's philanthropy is highly commercialized, for he seldom gives unless the recipient can give a similar sum. "Equal sympathy for all, special favors for none," is his motto.

The Hoboken Gold Mine

Although the Carnegie library business is not a charity, some idea of the conduct of it will give a hint of the way the steel-master conducts his philanthropy, and of his correspondence. There is no sentiment about it; it is a business proposition pure and simple. Almost any community can get a library if it fulfills the business conditions imposed by Mr. Carnegie. The moment the letter comes in it becomes part of a system. Printed forms are sent to be filled in with definite facts about the city or village. Mr. Carnegie judges the amount of the gift for the library by the population. He gives two dollars for every inhabitant. Thus a town of ten thousand would get a twenty-thousand-dollar library.

Mr. Carnegie is, perhaps, the only rich man who practically runs a trust company for the benefit of his philanthropic distributions. This is the Home Trust Company of New Jersey. When a community or an institution has met all his requirements it is informed that this company will honor all of its drafts up to the amount of the gift. The many millions that he has given away (forty million dollars have been bestowed on libraries alone) have all streamed through this obscure Hoboken channel.

Almsgiving and charity in the ordinary sense have no place in the Carnegie organization. The Laird either gives in the large sums with which his name is identified or he does not give at all. There is no better illustration of this than the experience that befell one of his old-time Pittsburgh friends who had prospered in a mild way and who was building a hospital. He called on Mr. Carnegie in New York and asked for a contribution.

"How much do you want?" asked the steel man.

With much hesitancy his old friend replied:

"We would like to have five thousand dollars."

"That's too little for me to fool with," replied Mr. Carnegie impatiently, and strode away.

The method employed by the late Henry H. Rogers was quite the reverse of the Carnegie plan. Where Mr. Carnegie dispenses his gifts with some publicity the oil magnate gave his quietly. He had the usual big begging mail, and in many cases the appeals that sounded genuine

Next Time You Buy A Mop Ask for and get an ULTIMOP

THE MOP OF YESTERDAY — THE MOP OF TODAY

(FENTON'S FERRULE MOP)

[illegible] with a bunch of yarn [illegible] several inches [illegible] the stick below the yarn—[illegible] Ultimop" with all the yarn available for use—with no stick to mar highly polished [illegible] at the yarn.

[illegible] Ultimop" will outwear three or four mops of yesterday without costing any more than one of them. The "Ultimop" wrings clean and dry, leaving no breeding place for germs. Ask your grocer or hardware dealer for the "Ultimop."

For Housewives

We make a special Ladies' Size [illegible] in the home. These have [illegible] every [illegible] stick to scratch [illegible] Ultimops." Separate [illegible] and use the other for cleaning purposes.

In Office Buildings

Our slasher "Ultimop" is designed especially for janitors' use. [illegible] very fine and wears like iron. [illegible] no protruding stick to cut the yarn, leaving lint on the floor. The "Ultimop" wrings perfectly [illegible] ing the stick [illegible] twice or more. Write for testimonials from janitors who have adopted the "Ultimop" and use no other.

Stores of All Kinds

[illegible] is to be done the [illegible] be used [illegible] Size and Shape [illegible] The stick [illegible] protruding stick in the "Ultimop" to catch in floor cracks.

Grocers and Hardware Dealers

The "Ultimop" enables you to offer your trade better mops than you ever [illegible] Ultimop is the [illegible] The Ultimop is the [illegible] to wear out. We are [illegible] to you, did not [illegible] ers the best, order a supply of "Ultimops" from your jobber.

This is the Fenton Ferrule

It makes possible the Ultimop. The [illegible] through the [illegible] of heavy galvanized steel wire and then securely drawn up into the ferrule by powerful machinery. The [illegible] then turned over [illegible] The Fenton Ferrule does away with the [illegible] protruding below the [illegible]

Send for descriptive booklet

BURDETT MANUFACTURING CO.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

EVERY new model of the Remington Typewriter since the creation of the industry has represented a fundamental advance in typewriter quality and typewriter service.

The New

Remington

Models 10 and 11

do this and more—for they represent the greatest single advance which has ever been made in the development of the writing machine.

Some of the New Features:

Column Selector	Built-in Tabulator
Back Spacer	Single Dog Escapement
Two Color Dial	Variable Line Space Lock
New Carriage	New Paper Feed

Remington Typewriter Company

INCORPORATED

New York and Everywhere

Back Up Your Demand for More Money

You cannot expect more unless you are worth more. You cannot demand more money unless you have something tangible to offer. You must actually be worth more in experience—more in selling ability—more in service to the house so that "they" can see returns on the money they invest in you. Getting a raise is a business proposition. Go about it in a business-like way—investigate the possibilities of

THE SHELDON COURSE

More than 40,000 salesmen, office workers, managers, proprietors and professional men have learned how to become better business men—how to earn more by studying during their spare time the Sheldon Course in Scientific Salesmanship. It will help you to overcome your weaker points and develop your personality and points—principles and

The Sheldon School 1748 Republic Bldg. Chicago

WHEN YOU WERE ENGAGED
THE YOUNG LADY
RECEIVED ALMOST DAILY A BOX OF

Huylers

HOW OFTEN NOW DOES YOUR WIFE RECEIVE A BOX OF THE PUREST AND BEST CANDIES IN THE WORLD?

TRY A BOX OF
"MY FAVORITES"
NUTTED CHOCOLATES ONLY.
SOLD AT OUR RETAIL STORES
AND BY SALES AGENTS
EVERYWHERE

were investigated by an agent and relief given when it was deserved. All of Mr. Rogers' mail was opened and handled by Miss K. I. Harrison, who is one of the most remarkable of private secretaries. She received a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, and Mr. Rogers always said she was worth it. Her employer often depended on her judgment in charity appeals. And he always insisted upon secrecy. This applied to institution and individual alike. In order to leave no loophole for publicity he maintained a bank account in Miss Harrison's name, and all charity checks were signed by her. In many instances the people who received them did not even know that they came from Mr. Rogers.

Here is a little story that shows how he dispensed charity, and it is typical of the method of other rich men of today: One day, several years ago, the head of a leading New York charitable institution in need of funds called on Mr. Rogers. The visitor heard Miss Harrison tell Mr. Rogers that he was due at a board meeting in fifteen minutes. Twelve minutes passed, and with each minute the hopes of the caller fell. Then Mr. Rogers came out."

"I came to solicit a donation from you, Mr. Rogers," said the man, "but since you seem so busy I'll wait and call another time."

"I am always busy," replied Mr. Rogers. "I have two minutes. How much do you need?"

"We are trying to raise five thousand dollars."

"My secretary will send you her personal check for this today," answered the financier, as he accompanied his visitor to the door. It was his way of doing things.

Mr. Rogers supported many old residents of Fairhaven, Massachusetts, his native town. One of these, an army veteran, used to send him a letter every month addressed to "God and Henry H. Rogers, 26 Broadway, New York."

Mr. Rogers had a rule about appeals for aid which is in effect in many offices of very rich men. It was this: "Do not come to see me, but state your case in a letter." Some rich men follow this rule because they are more susceptible to a personal appeal than to a written one.

Miss Helen Gould is deluged with letters. Instead of having a social secretary she has a sort of secretary of charity, who, in many cases, is a veritable Sister of Charity. Miss Gould pays more attention to appeals for aid than do most of her rich friends. Certain appeals, as, for example, from the Y. M. C. A. and from soldiers' and sailors' havens, are almost certain to secure aid. Miss Gould always has a rigid investigation made before she gives a dollar. Her investigators are all women. Mrs. Russell Sage, who has a big mail, employs the same method.

The Penalty of Politeness

In fact, wherever you go among very rich men and women you find that they are seldom imposed on, for the simple reason that they investigate first. The average man usually gives first and investigates afterward.

James A. Stillman, who was regarded as the coldest man in Wall Street, had a big begging mail when he was president of the National City Bank. Although he paid little or no attention to the indiscriminate appeal, he quietly gave away a great deal of money. It was given with the iron-clad understanding that it was to be a secret. It annoyed him to be thanked. Once he did a good turn for a young man who was employed in one of the great corporations which he controlled. Later the young man met him and tried to thank him. The next week the clerk was discharged.

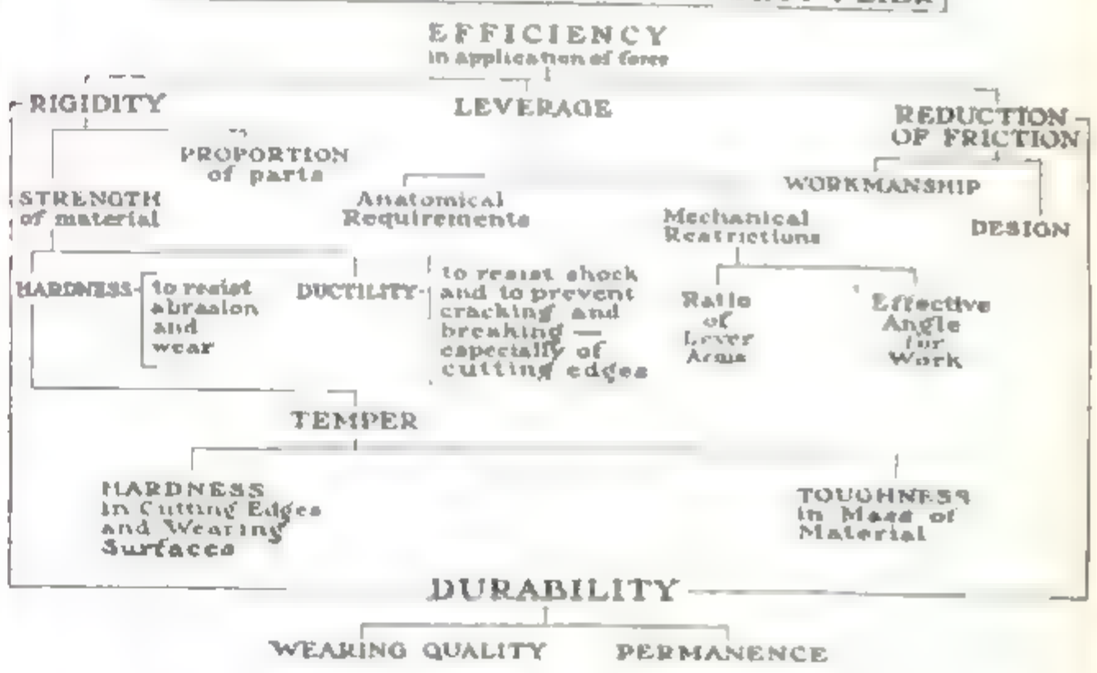
J. P. Morgan has the same aversion to being thanked for gifts of money. More than one beneficiary has lost a generous patron either by being too profuse with thanks or by divulging the source of his aid. Like Mr. Rogers, Mr. Morgan acts swiftly, sometimes so swiftly that he takes away the breath of the receiver. A noted Indian photographer had reached the end of his financial rope and sought out Mr. Morgan. He finally got an interview and showed his pictures, but the great financier curtly said that he had so many appeals he could do nothing. The photographer went away dejected. Two days later he was summoned to Mr. Morgan. When he got

UTICA
TRADE MARK

Utica Plier Facts

We make pliers and nippers. They are our specialty. Our tools are distinctive. Perfect in every particular. We use only high-grade steel. Every tool drop forged. Cast steel will not stand the strain. Tempered by a process to an extreme degree of hardness in cutting edges and wearing surfaces. Mass of tool tempered for toughness and rigidity. Will snip with ease a 20-penny steel wire nail. Will cut cleanly a sheet of paper. This means perfect alignment of jaws, sharpness and keenness of cutting edges. UTICA pliers wear three to four times as long as any other make. They will not bend or break. Hardened surfaces will not bend or squeeze out of shape. Our pliers and nippers are made to fit the hand. Designed to exert the greatest force with minimum effort. Will not cramp or bruise the muscles. We studied the anatomy of the hand. We made our patterns and designs to meet its needs. You can apply greater force with perfect comfort with UTICA pliers than you can with any other makes.

MECHANICAL NECESSITIES OF A PERFECT PLIER



We know what is needed in a perfect plier. UTICA pliers meet all requirements. We have records of pliers in use for over seven years that are in good working condition to-day. Every tool passes the inspection of practical, intelligent workmen before leaving the factory. These men have instructions to break every tool they can in making the test. Every household needs a good pair of pliers.

You need not be a mechanic to appreciate the difference between UTICA pliers and ordinary makes. Just examine them yourself. Pliers for

Householders	**Electricians**	**Blacksmiths**
Shoemakers	**Autoists**	**Farmers**
Jewelers	**Linemen**	**Mechanics**
Milliners	**Wire Workers**	**Plumbers**

UTICA pliers and nippers are manufactured by

Utica Drop Forge & Tool Co., Utica, N. Y.

and are for sale at hardware and electrical supply stores. If your dealer does not keep them, let us know, and we will see that you are supplied.

If you are interested, we will be glad to send, absolutely free, our handsomely illustrated booklet "Plier Palmistry"—which covers the entire subject of the plier and its uses. Send your name and address.

UTICA
TRADE MARK

Wonder-Wear
INTER-KNIT
Underwear
FOR MEN

Wears twice as long

Made of first selection of finest Egyptian and American cotton. Flawlessly knit smooth, warm, elastic, snug-fitting and comfortable

Wonder Wear" drawers have a patent inter knit reinforcement which goes all around the garment, and which doubles the strength of seat and crotch, and where the trousers pockets rub. No thick, clumsy patch. No added thickness or weight. A suit of *"Wonder-Wear"*—shirt and drawers—is a money saver for every man.

"Wonder-Wear" shirts and drawers are made in all sizes to fit all men, and in light, medium and heavy weights.

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, PER GARMENT
Heavy weight, silk finish, $1
Medium weight, superior finish, 75c
Light weight, 50c

If your dealer doesn't sell *"Wonder-Wear,"* let us know, and we'll tell you where you can buy it. Or send us dealer's name, and the size of undershirt and drawers you wear, and we'll send direct by express.

Augusta Knitting Co.
Utica, N. Y.
Robuchon & Peckham Co.
349 Broadway, New York
Selling Agents

Try it for Ten Days at Our Expense
Then You'll Realize the
"U. S." AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER
Is the *Only* Practical Pointer Ever Produced

Our Offer: Send us $3.50—we'll ship a complete U. S. Automatic Pencil Sharpener with extra knife to prepaid. Use it for 10 days. If at any time within that time you are not entirely satisfied, if you're not convinced it will prove all we claim, ship it back collect and get your $3.50 back. Proves our confidence!

OUR CLAIMS: Costs only 1c a day. Saves 10c a day. Cuts enough and No More. Automatic. Saves time and money. Sharpens all necessary. No parts to break. Does not grind. Without dust. Proof against how to stop it. Saving, Practical Indispensable in every office. Get one on trial today. Now

AUTOMATIC PENCIL SHARPENER CO., Inc.
Dept. D, Spring and Crosby Sts., New York City

Write a postal now for book of styles and prices, or see them at your dealers.

STRONG CHILDREN
—bright eyes—rosy cheeks—rugged, healthy bodies—all can be had if you get your child an **IRISH MAIL**

Get the Genuine Name on seat

Hill Standard Mfg. Co., 549 Iron Mtn. Ave., Anderson, Ind.

of "Hoosier Express" and "Silent Partner" Boys' Wagons.

to the financial throne-room Mr. Morgan snapped:

"Will seventy-five thousand dollars do you any good?"

The photographer nearly dropped dead.

The frankness of some letters to rich men is amazing. Here is one sent to one of the biggest of Wall-Street leaders:

Dear Sir.

I won't take up your time with a lot of preliminaries, but will come straight to the point. I want you to give me anywhere from $25,000 to $50,000 -naturally, the latter preferred Just give it to me; that is all Please, please, please! I am a girl of eighteen so of course, could write pages about myself without any trouble, but will spare you that If you care to know anything about me just let me know. Oh if you only knew what that money would mean to me (and you would never miss it!! But then, I will let you imagine that. Naturally, I would want no condition attached. I will pray that you will do this and will watch each mail eagerly for a reply.

The rich Jewish bankers of New York are deluged with appeals for aid, mostly from their coreligionists. They dispense charity with a generous hand that really knows no creed. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff receives more letters than do any of his wealthy colleagues. He supports hundreds of families, especially down on the congested East Side. But he never gives until he knows that the case, as investigated by his agents, is a worthy one.

Some of the letters received by the rich Jewish bankers from the East Side are curious in construction and appeal. Here is one that shows the general type:

Dear Sir:

My three children have Bronkeddis and I need six quarts of milk a day, and the Dr. from the Board of Health says they must not sleep crushed, and he says if one is sick all are sick. I have one pillar for four children, so I beg you, kind gentleman, to send me a matrass and a pillar. And the rent is here, too.

More than one-third of the letters to rich men contain some sort of business proposition. Here is one of that sort:

Dear Sir:

I have a great idea for a business that will make millions for both of us. Build an airship park down at Coney Island and then construct big, transatlantic, commercial airships. You can charge admissions to the factory and to the trial flights and thus take in enough to keep the establishment going. Build a combination balloon and aëroplane that will haul freight and passengers, and the Mauretania will soon be on the scrap heap. I have plans and specifications all ready. Send me the transportation to New York and I will talk it over with you.

In contrast with all this strain of money-seeking is the following letter, which looked lonely amid its grafting fellows:

Dear Sir:

I venture to ask you, trusting that you will excuse the intrusion, if you will please take $100 which I have saved this last school year, the first money that I have ever been permitted to save out of my earnings for seventeen years, and place it somewhere as only a great man like yourself knows how, so that it will increase manyfold. I feel that after all these years of service to a dear, devoted mother, whom I have supported and for whom I have bought a little home on the building-and-loan-association plan, and to a brother whom I have educated, that this little saving of mine is something wonderful and *must* grow larger. In your own youth (and I have read the story of your life) you took upon yourself burdens for others, and you will understand what this little hoard means to me. With all the great financial power that you have, surely you can find some honest way to greatly increase my savings. I know this is an unpardonable intrusion, for I have read that you work night and day. Now, won't you take my $100 and invest it for me and also let me send you what I can save from my next year's salary, too?

In summing up the letters to rich men you find that the men who give the most say the least about it. Instead of an indiscriminate handing around of wealth, aid is never given save after a rigid investigation. The man who seeks easy money must look elsewhere.

Ralston

WEEKLY CATALOGUE

Any Ralston Dealer will point out the features of superiority in Ralstons over all other shoes. Made over "foot-moulded" lasts, they fit from the first and **need no "breaking in."** Genuine oak tanned soles—all other materials of equally high quality. Peculiar construction of sole—including layers of cork, rubber felt and best leathers—comfort. **Style** that cannot be duplicated except by the better class of high priced custom makers. You can choose no more graceful or becoming model than the Ralston shown here.

$4.

Stock No. 145
Gun Metal Blucher
"Senate" Last

Ralston Health Shoemakers,
985 Main Street,
Campello
(Brockton), Mass.

Send for Ralston Book
Authority Styles
Fall and Winter, FREE

Where we have no agent, we supply direct and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Only 25c. extra for delivery. Agents in over 3000 towns.

UNION MADE

ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK

Who's Your Tailor?

Our Fall and Winter Fashions and Woolens contain the most authoritative creations of the world's recognized designers. You should have us tailor your selection expressly for you, as you want it and when you want it. No one else can do it better.

Price Building *Chicago*

Our Fall Style Book and name of our local representative sent to any man interested in securing nobby clothes at a reasonable price

$25.00 to $40.00

Largest makers in the world of GOOD tailored-to-order clothes

Hawes, von Gal HATS

YOUR preference this Fall may be either for a soft hat or a derby. Many men think the soft hat indispensable for the early weeks of the season. Whatever your choice, no mistake can be made if you buy a **Hawes, von Gal Hat.** These hats are recognized as the style leaders both in the soft and stiff hat styles. Ask your dealer about the guaranteed **Hawes, von Gal Hat.** $3, $4 and $5.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3.00 Hat

If not at your local dealer's, write for our new Fall Style Book "E." We will fill your order direct from the factory if you will indicate style wanted and give your hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25 cents to cover cost of expressage.

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED
1178 Broadway, New York

Factories:
DANBURY, Connecticut

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"NATIONAL" Tailored Suits

Made-to-Measure New York Styles $10 to $40 Express Charges Prepaid

Fall Style Book and Samples FREE

"NATIONAL" Suits are made to the measure of our customers, all of whom send us their orders by mail. We have been making these perfect-fitting suits in this way for Twenty-One Years. And all of this Twenty-One Years of experience and knowledge and skill can go into the making of Your Suit this Fall.

You only need to write us today for your FREE copy of the "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book and Samples pictured below.

You select your material from the samples we send you. You select your suit from the Style Book. We do all the rest and we take all the risk

The "NATIONAL" Policy

Every "NATIONAL" Garment has the "NATIONAL" Guarantee Tag our signed Guarantee attached. This tag says that you may return any "NATIONAL" garment not satisfactory to you and we will refund your money and pay express charges both ways

The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world

"NATIONAL" Ready-Made Garments

Waists	Furs	Hosiery
Skirts	Dresses	Underwear
Cloth Coats	Sweaters	Misses' Suits and Coats
Fur Coats	Hats	Girls' Suits and Coats
Rain-Coats	Petticoats	Boys' Clothing

Why not learn all the desirable new fashions from Your Copy of the "NATIONAL" Style Book? Why not see the New Dresses and Coats now? Hats, the New Dresses, which return in a season to the pretty styles of the Twelfth Century, the New Long Coat Sweaters, the new Petticoat something you have never seen before and all the new ideas in Misses and Girls' Suits, Dresses and Coats? It gives you so many new style hints, suggests so much to you and gives such complete information about what is going to be worn that it is the one indispensable fashion guide of the season.

This "NATIONAL" Style Book Belongs to You—You Only Need Write for It

The "NATIONAL" Fall Style Book pictured below is your property. Will you write for it? In writing for this Style Book be sure to state whether you wish samples for a Tailored Suit and state the colors you prefer. Samples are sent gladly, but only when asked for.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

Largest Ladies' Outfitting Establishment in the World

214 West 24th St., New York City

Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branch Stores

Strange Fortunes of Precious Stones—By George F. Kunz

THERE is a well-known Persian story of a pearl diver whose grandson, on his first dive, brought up a great basketful of pearl shells. However, he was so mangled by a shark in holding on to this basket that he died of his wounds. The shells were opened and one was found to contain the finest pearl that had been discovered in many years. This pearl the old diver still treasures, calling it "The life of my boy." It is not for sale at any price.

Queen Isabella was not alone in having placed gems in cakes and then having these cut open at great functions. This was often done in former times. In cases where the entertainers were poor, the lucky prize winner might receive a brass ring, a silver ring, or one of plain gold; but at functions given by the wealthy, especially one whereat a great queen presided, actual gems of large value, pearls and diamonds worth many thousands of dollars, were inserted. These were not thrust, uncovered, into the raw material before it was baked, but were first placed in tiny boxes, and, a hole having been made in the cake, these boxes were inserted therein, the surface of the cake first being turned over and then replaced, so that a bit of it covered up the hole. No one could suspect where the gem was; only when the cake was cut and the pieces examined was it discovered. Frequently the knife cut across the box; in this case the jewel fell to the owner of the piece of cake containing the largest part of the box.

It is remarkable how frequently gems are lost, and then found where least expected. A lady called upon a Parisian jeweler many years ago, asking various questions on the subject of jewels, and occasionally referring to a great stock book which the jeweler placed at her disposal to verify weights and prices. He showed her many fine gems, among others a ruby of several carats' weight and of exceptional beauty. As she was about to leave the shop it was discovered that the stone was missing. The jeweler knew the lady and she knew him, but still she hesitated to leave until the jewel was found. However, as all efforts to find it proved unavailing, she finally departed. More than a month later the same lady visited this dealer again and asked him some question which necessitated recourse to the same source of information that had been used on her former visit. It was a ponderous volume, and as the man opened it at a page that had been consulted on the previous visit, there lay the missing ruby on the page before him. He had placed it on the volume and had closed this when the lady asked him some other question, and had then put it away without once recalling that the jewel had been in his hand while the book was open; and there it had lain hidden all that time.

Diamonds That Lose Themselves

Another case in point was that of a diamond weighing fully a carat, which had accidentally sprung from a pair of tweezers that had been used to pick it up. A most careful search failed to reveal its whereabouts until a month later, when the matter happened to be discussed, and a workman, who heard the discussion, inquired whether any one had looked for the diamond on the ledge of the window? Several smiled dubiously. However, the workman was so earnest that a ladder was obtained, and some ten feet from the ground, on the ledge of the window, lay the missing diamond. Something similar had happened to the workman on another occasion, and this suggested to him the idea of looking on the window ledge for the stone, since he realized that, when a thing is dropped or sprung, it is apt to shoot off in a different direction from that one might reasonably suppose it would take.

A lady was dressing, and had removed her diamond earrings. Her maid was the only other person in the room. She stepped from the room for a moment and when she returned the earrings were missing. No one had been in the house excepting the maid. A detective was summoned. When he arrived the maid was crying and protesting her innocence. A lower window sash was up at the time; but as the weather was chilly the detective shut it down. There, upon the upper part of the framework of the sash, lay the missing earrings. They had been placed there by the lady herself, who had later opened the window.

Professor Charles Upham Shepard was one of the pioneers of American mineralogy. He visited Europe many times. On one of the trips undertaken to bring together the treasures which now form the collection at Amherst College he bought a beautiful crystal of blue topaz. Although it measured three by two and one-half inches, it was only half a crystal, albeit so magnificent that it was considered a treasure of peculiar rarity. Some years later Professor Shepard was offered another fragmentary crystal, smaller than the first, from another city. When he arrived at Amherst College he placed the fragments side by side and found, to his amazement, that they fitted to each other perfectly. They were parts of a complete crystal that had been stolen from the imperial Russian collection, and had been broken, the better to conceal its identity and to facilitate its sale.

A Manufactured Freak of Nature

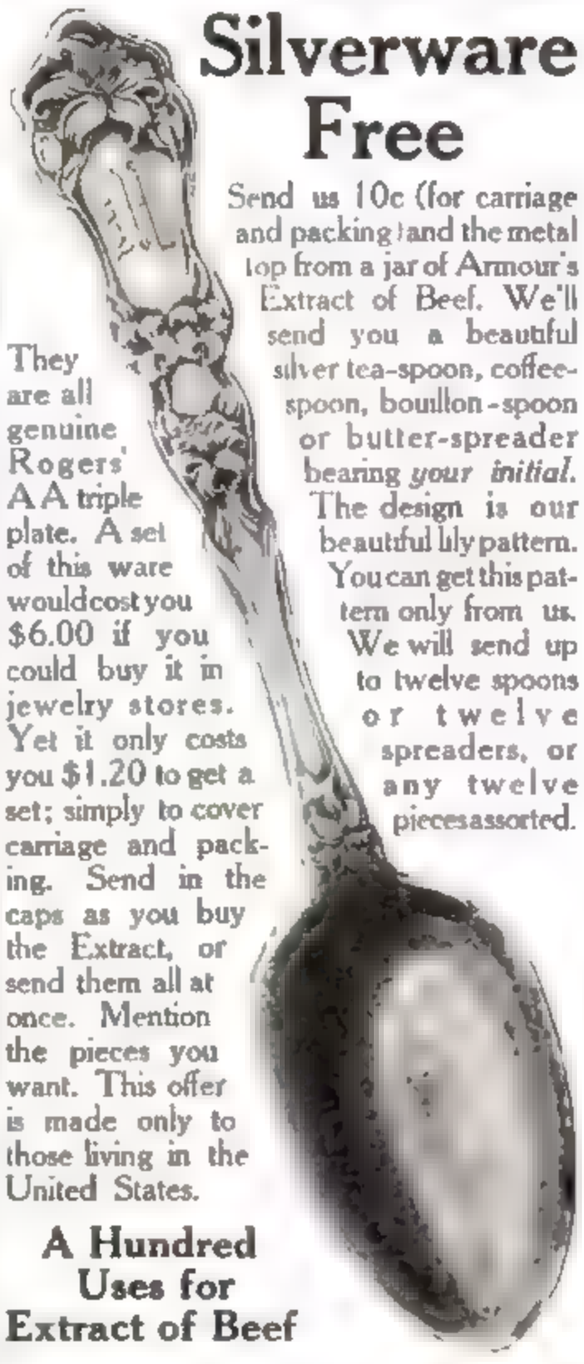
An amusing anecdote, often related by Professor Shepard, has to do with a dealer who tried to sell him a faultless white gem, known as phenacite, a mineral slightly allied to the beryl or aquamarine family. Professor Shepard glanced at the gem and saw that it was not a phenacite but a topaz, whereupon he remarked to the dealer: "This is a topaz. You are the phenacite!" Phenacite is a Greek word meaning "deceiver," and this name was bestowed upon the stone because, when first observed, it was supposed to be topaz, and was called by that name; later it was named phenacite, on the discovery that it was not a topaz as had been at first supposed.

Endless are the tricks resorted to by those who wish to deceive the mineral collector and the tourist. Very few diamonds in the original matrix are permitted to leave Kimberley. Occasionally a small bit of rock does leave the mines, but about nine-tenths of the specimens of diamonds in the matrix which are seen in the great museums consist of rock from one mine and diamond from another, cleverly cemented together. The most ingenious and barefaced of these deceptions was employed by one of these falsifiers, who took a diamond crystal and stuck it in a specimen of native copper that projected from a beautiful piece of white quartz. The copper was gilded to resemble gold, and the entire creation proclaimed as a diamond that had been found in a piece of native gold, which had, in turn, been found embedded in a quartz rock; an occurrence as ingenious in invention as it was impossible in nature.

An interesting story is told of an eighteenth-century collector who owned a remarkable intaglio. He showed this to another collector while they were examining the great collection, of which the former was the owner. As the visiting collector was about to depart his host rang a bell and a servant appeared with some kind of drink which puzzled the visitor. "What is this?" he asked, when invited to drink it by his host. "It's an emetic," answered the latter serenely. "You swallowed my antique a short time ago." The guest was inclined to deny the impeachment, but the host insisted, and the emetic was taken by the guest, and the gem duly recovered. Thereupon the visitor inquired anxiously: "How did you know that I had swallowed the gem?" The collector who owned the antique calmly replied, "Because that was the way I obtained it myself."

Another interesting tale of the same century refers to the old fallacy that rock crystal was simply congealed water—that is to say, ice. As rock crystal always feels colder than most other objects, including glass, this collector conceived that it would be an excellent idea to have a large piece of smooth crystal cut so that

Get this Initialed Silverware Free



Send us 10c (for carriage and packing) and the metal top from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. We'll send you a beautiful silver tea-spoon, coffee-spoon, bouillon-spoon or butter-spreader bearing *your initial*. The design is our beautiful lily pattern. You can get this pattern only from us. We will send up to twelve spoons or twelve spreaders, or any twelve pieces assorted.

They are all genuine Rogers' AA triple plate. A set of this ware would cost you $6.00 if you could buy it in jewelry stores. Yet it only costs you $1.20 to get a set; simply to cover carriage and packing. Send in the caps as you buy the Extract, or send them all at once. Mention the pieces you want. This offer is made only to those living in the United States.

A Hundred Uses for Extract of Beef

We want you to know the hundred uses for a good extract of beef—not in the sick room, but *in the kitchen*.

Armour's Extract of Beef

We are willing to give you the silver free simply to get you to use a few jars. For you'll never be without extract of beef once you know what it means.

All the delicious flavors which the expert chef imparts to his meat-dishes can be attained by you through the use of this savory household help. Add it to soups and to gravies. Note what your people say when they taste them.

Impart it to "left-overs"—see how it freshens them. Make stews from the parts of meat that you now throw away. This extract gives to the meat the flavor that it lacks. You can utilize twice as much of the meat that you buy, if you'll use Armour's Extract of Beef. It saves twice its own cost in this saving of meat alone.

Armour's has four times the strength of ordinary extracts of beef. Armour's is concentrated. The directions are always

"Use One Fourth as Much"

Extracts costing a trifle less go but one-fourth as far. Just try one jar of Armour's. Learn at least some of its hundred uses.

Decide if you'll ever again go without it.

Get one of these beautiful initialed silver pieces. See if you want a full set.

When sending the caps for the silverware, address Armour & Co., Chicago, Dept. B U.

Always send 10c with each cap.

ARMOUR & COMPANY

Save the library slips in Extract of Beef jars. They get you magazines free.

Rich Not Gaudy Office Equipment

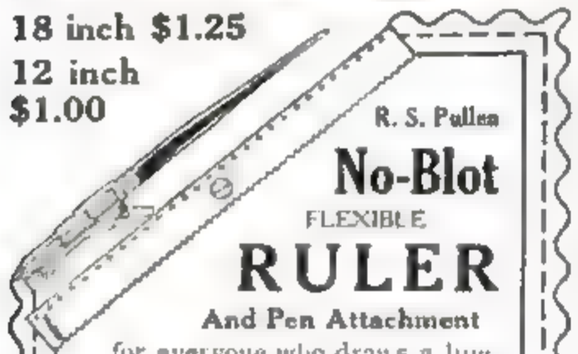
will add dignity and character to your office. These qualities will influence business by giving confidence to your customers and will inspire the best efforts of yourself and office force. Captains of Industry use

Derby Office Furniture

because it suggests stability and responsibility. We unconditionally guarantee our goods not to shrink, warp, crack or split [illegible] Catalog 203 and name of nearest dealer on request.

DERBY DESK COMPANY BOSTON, MASS

18 inch $1.25
12 inch
$1.00



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FLEXIBLE
RULER
And Pen Attachment

for everyone who draws a line

The Pen cannot touch the ruler—result, NO BLOT

Included in outfit is the famous "ONE DIP" pen, but any pen may be used.

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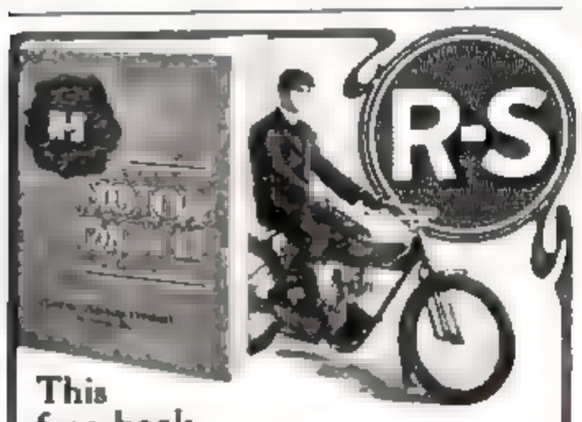

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We invite your thoughtful consideration to our Certificates of Deposit before investing your surplus funds. Write for our booklet "S"—"6% on Your Money," which explains how this Bank affords satisfactory rates of interest with safety.

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it could be held in the mouth or the hand to cool the one or the other. It happened however, that at the first trial one of the collector's friends very nearly swallowed the crystal, after which unlucky test it was relegated to the collection as an ornament.

Things are not always what they seem, and sometimes they seem to be what they are not. For instance, in the Science and Art Museum of Dublin there were two beautiful specimens, apparently octahedral in form, although the faces had been polished. These specimens resembled ruby spinels and they had been labeled and exposed as such for many years. Nevertheless, it required but a glance to detect the crystalline striations in the stones, which proved them to be true rubies and not spinels, and, although not transparent, they were rubies of good color, weighing about one ounce each.

In the National Museum of the Grand Duchy of Baden, which contains at least half the loot obtained by Prince Eugene of Savoy when he annihilated the Turks in 1698, there was among the many treasures there a pump-head or pump-snout resembling an animal's head, labeled, "Pump-head of glass, from the Castle at Restadt." In reality, however, this object was made of rock crystal, at the order of some former owner, who was a person of magnificent ideas and who liked his water to flow through the purest of rock crystal.

In one of the great imperial collections of the Austrian Empire there was a case of magnificent antique objects in glass that had been discovered in some Roman ruins, and had been catalogued and labeled as glass; but one of these objects was of a slightly different quality and luster from the others. It was coated more or less with the substance in which it had been embedded for some eighteen or nineteen centuries. A cursory examination sufficed to show that this was not glass, but a rock crystal coupe, measuring some eight inches across and forming one of the finest objects of Roman antiquity.

An Expensive Tooth Powder

Again, in one of the museums in London there appeared two lip or ear ornaments labeled "rock crystal." These were three inches in height and nearly an inch in diameter, but they were not of rock crystal, but of the most beautiful pale blue beryl the writer had ever seen.

As we have seen, a stone of superior quality may sometimes be mistaken for one of inferior quality, but the reverse is the almost invariable rule. The most optimistic little speculator the writer ever knew was a young girl who bought up all the one-cent rings in a certain country grocery store in the hope that possibly, through an accident, a genuine ruby, sapphire or emerald might have been mixed in with the imitation stones she was buying.

It has long been the custom to dry the ink from letters and documents with blotting-paper. Before the introduction of blotting-paper, however, sand was used, and in some parts of Germany, France and Russia there are iron sands, which, when employed for this purpose, impart a black luster to the writing. In some regions where garnet sand is found, or where garnet is ground, the powder is used for drying the ink on documents, and the writing so blotted has the appearance of having been traced in blood.

Every one, probably, has seen druggists balance the weight of a bottle by adding small weights to the pan on the opposite side of the scales, or by adding tiny shot; but small garnets, slightly flawed, are so plentiful in Bohemia that in some places in Germany, Austria and Russia druggists use these in place of lead shot to balance the opposite pan.

Paris, the home of the artist stone worker, frequently furnishes many surprises. Among other things seen in visiting one of the great emporiums for rough material were some tons of crystals of quartz in a great heap. This quartz had been found in Madagascar and had been bought for the purpose of cutting into rock crystal lenses for eyeglasses and spectacles. The writer was informed that, some dozen years ago an American dentist had bought twenty tons of this material, transparent and fine enough for spectacles at a market value of some four hundred dollars per ton, and took it to America to grind into a tooth powder that would be

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WHEN King C. Gillette invented the razor that bears his name, men everywhere thought it a wonderfully clever device. They did not realize at first that it was one of the world's great inventions—yet few articles of personal use have meant greater saving in time and money or brought more comfort to mankind.

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The oftener you shave the more you need Williams' Shaving Stick. You will find the reason in the lather.

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Ask your druggist for Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap.

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[illegible] thousands of [illegible] to work for [illegible] Write immediately to [illegible] for free [illegible] Schedule showing [illegible] Questions.

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"You Can't Afford to Heat All Out Doors"

Yet that's what you seem to be trying to do when your boiler sends most of the heat up the chimney.

In early boiler construction for Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam this was one of the chief troubles. More of the heat escaped out doors than was kept in the house. Some boilers that yet show crude, old time ideas have this fault.

That's why we say to you, investigate the heat question *before* you buy! If your boiler doesn't *save* the heat, you lose more than the comfort of a properly heated home. You lose fuel—tons of it—at a frightful expense.

We want you to investigate thoroughly Capitol Boilers for Hot Water and Low Pressure Steam. When you see the illustrations of the inside and outside of a Capitol Boiler (or better still the boiler itself) you will get rid of the idea that Hot Water or Steam Heating is something that only an expert can understand. The Capitol is so simple that you see the principles and the big improvements over other boilers at once.

CAPITOL BOILERS AND RADIATORS

(For Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam)

You will see in the Capitol Section illustrated above that all the part of the boiler presented to the heat inside is *water area*. Others have cast iron plates *between* water areas. These plates form no part of the heating surface. They are a dead loss so far as heating your house is concerned. When you heat simply from plates you don't get the heat upstairs. When you heat water areas—as in the Capitol—*you do*.

Capitol Boilers are doubly tested during and after the process of making them in our big factory at Detroit. Not a boiler goes out with the slightest defect. That is why we can cover every boiler with the strongest guaranty ever given. Capitol Boilers are not so low priced as some, and not the highest priced. In the Capitol you get proven value for every dollar you put into it. Send for our free book—"Heating the Right Way." Address Department 1 K and the book will come by return mail.

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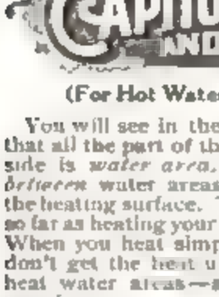

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Imitating the Worm

THE finest kind of artificial silk is more lustrous and more beautiful than the product of the silkworm. But it is less strong and less elastic; and, consequently, fabrics made wholly of it do not wear well. For which reason it is customary to mix natural silk or some other kind of fiber with it—the added material being sometimes used for the warp, while the artificial silk serves for the weft.

The silkworm, in the caterpillar stage of its being, contains, in large vessels occupying almost the whole of its body, a glutinous fluid, colorless, yellow or orange-red, which might be called silk in solution. The vessels in question are connected with a spinner on the insect's tail, which has a number of small apertures. Through these apertures the fluid passes, and, immediately on coming into contact with the air, it hardens into threads, which are raw silk.

Although the composition of raw silk is perfectly well known and quite simple, chemists have tried in vain to reproduce it in the laboratory. If this could be accomplished, the discovery, of course, would be of enormous value, driving the silkworm out of business. As it is, nothing better than clever counterfeits can be made, the best of several being spun from a fluid preparation of collodion. This fluid, held in a tank, is forced by air-pressure through glass tubes drawn so fine that the aperture of each is only one eight-hundredth of a millimeter. That all the apertures shall be of the same diameter is assured by examination with the microscope.

Such a silk-making machine is, in effect, patterned after the silkworm, the place of the insect's spinner being taken by the glass tubes above described. As the fluid is forced out through the tubes it hardens on exposure to the air, forming threads which are caught and reeled by contrivances closely resembling the reels on which natural silk is wound from the cocoons.

hard enough to remove the enamel in half a dozen cleanings. It was to be sold as a crystal tooth powder. The same material, quartz—of inferior quality—ground into an impalpable powder, could be bought in the United States at from four dollars to six dollars per ton.

The writer was surprised to note in another place a heap of broken columns of porphyry piled together. These proved to be porphyry columns from Egyptian and Roman temples, which were to be cut up into modern French porphyry vases and cases. One immense porphyry mortar used in ancient Rome was an ideal shape for a large porphyry vase. It was to be magnificently carved, thus making a secondary use of the materials possible.

The most amusing secondary use to which ancient material was ever put must certainly be laid to the credit of a coin dealer whom the writer visited in London. He was hammering down the cover of a large packing-case, and in his anxiety not to have the lid come off he had punctured a number of antique Roman bronze coins, about eighteen or nineteen hundred years old, and much eroded. As they possessed scarcely any pecuniary value, the coin dealer used them as nuts, with nails for screws. He had a great basketful of them and had been using them for this purpose for some time. This is one illustration of the fact that, because a thing is antique, it is not necessarily valuable. An antique object must be in a good state of preservation and of a certain rarity to be worth anything; its age is only a minor qualification. A silver doubloon of the eighteenth century has sold for over six thousand dollars, whereas this box of antique coins was only worth its weight in copper. Then again, coins themselves may be raised in value by an advance in the market value of the metal of which they are composed. This was peculiarly exemplified during the years from 1891-1900, when the price of platinum advanced so rapidly that the three, six and twelve rouble Russian platinum coins rose in value until they were worth three times their face value.

When a great advance in the price of copper occurred in the United States, in the period from 1903 to 1907, it was found that Chinese cash were worth nearly twice their coin value. Many millions of coins, some of them hundreds of years old, were bought by the ton and turned into new copper at the advanced price.

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"WEARS LIKE IRON"

"Big Improvements made in a little way"

"Mamma, Show ME How"

HOW MANY THINGS

in your house which could and ought to be refinished with a beautiful glossy surface that "wears like iron,"—if you only knew how. It's easy to know how.

JAP-A-LAC requires neither work nor technical knowledge. A child can apply it, although maturer judgment and good taste in the selection of colors is needed to insure harmony of tones.

JAP-A-LAC is the hardest, most durable, most lustrous colored varnish made. Applied according to directions it "sets" hard as an agate with a mirror gloss and "Wears Like Iron."

JAP-A-LAC is made in six transparent colors for refinishing every kind of Woodwork, Floors, Chandeliers, Doors, Furniture and every painted or varnished surface from cellar to garret.

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If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC send us his name with 10c to cover cost of packing and we will send a free sample, quarter pint can of any color (except gold which is 25c) to any point in the United States.

Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

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Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

JAP-A-LAC Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of **"What shall I do with my old carpeted Floor to make it sanitary and refined?** Your **Painter** can do it at a little expense or you can do it yourself. Insist on **Jap-A-Lac.**

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The Standard of Pencildom. Known, sold and used throughout the world. Same Price, Quality and Uniformity everywhere. An exactly-right pencil for every purpose and paper—17 degrees of hardness and softness 5H to 9H) and 2 copying degrees. Each degree always the same. 10c. ea., $1 a doz. The genuine always stamped "KOH-I-NOOR." Any stationer can supply you. If yours will not, write us

L. & C. Hardtmuth, Est. 1790, 34 E. 23d St., N. Y.

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Of All Druggists, 25 cents

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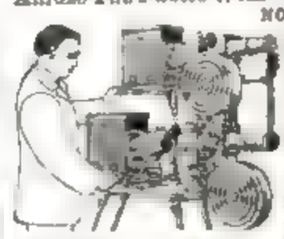

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Write today for **Free Booklet** which gives directions for self measurement and tells how Varicose Veins can be relieved.

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Every Boy Girl, Grown Up [illegible] Have not got [illegible] on simple [illegible] trations and descriptions of Voltamp Electrical products. Wireless Instruments, Motors, Dynamos, Magnetos, Toys, Telegraph Instruments, Meters, Coils, Switches, Resistance Tests, Lamps, Flash Lights, Telephones, Bells, Sleigh Bells, Push Buttons, [illegible] shall be refunded with first order of 50c. or over. **Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Jasper Bldg., Baltimore, Md.**

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It is to the commercial world what the Associated Press is to newspaperdom.

No matter where the debt was contracted or the debtor located the S. & A. service reaches both points.

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Our commission comes *out of the collected proceeds.*

We solicit your collections on a *wholly contingent basis:*

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The average on your year's business is nearer the 1% than the 10% mark.

Our $10,000 Bond with The Fidelity and Casualty Co., of New York is your guaranteed protection.

Our whole plan, book of S. & A. Triple Demand 1% Drafts and copy of our $10,000.00 Bond free on request.

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who collect only for manufacturers, wholesalers and jobbers.

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NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY BOND

Bought one of our Coupon Bonds a few months ago. Shortly after he found himself needing that money badly and he asked for it. He got it—by return mail. He naturally thinks well of our Company, as this letter shows.

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Dear Sir ... upon on short notice.

Yours very truly, E. C. INGRAM

It's worth while to invest in Bonds available for cash at practically any time before maturity, secured by the assets of a Company such as ours, composed wholly of Real Estate adjacent to and within the limits of New York City. Write for information regarding our two forms.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits ... We want agents in every community. Write for particulars.

A Pipeful of Pleasure

is yours if you smoke Spilman, the tobacco "without a bite or a regret." Its absolute purity and delicious aroma have made friends by the thousands.

Spilman Mixture

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Special Offer: If your dealer will not supply you send his name and 75c for a 1/4 lb. can of Spilman Mixture and ... Money Back if not satisfied.

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Sense and Nonsense

A Unique Lobster

A FUSSY citizen went into a hotel in Detroit and ordered half a cold boiled lobster.

When the lobster was served he declared it was bad, very bad, spoiled, in fact, and unfit for consumption. He made such a row that, finally, the manager of the hotel came around to see what was up.

"This lobster is bad," stormed the guest.

"I am sorry," replied the manager; "let us give you another portion."

They took the offending lobster away and brought in another half, which the guest ate with much satisfaction, explaining, elaborately, to all within hearing that he knew lobsters and they couldn't pass any bad ones off on him.

"How is that half?" asked the manager.

"Fine," the guest replied. "One of the best I ever ate and deliciously fresh."

"I am glad to hear that," said the manager; "that half you just ate was the other half of the lobster you said was spoiled."

A Lament of Avoirdupois

I've been rubbed, I've been scrubbed, I've been tubbed,
I've been steamed in a vaporous bath,
I've been rolled, I've been kneaded and drubbed,
I've trodden the anchorite's path;
I've labored and panted and toiled,
I've sizzled and parboiled and sweat,
I've been fricasseed, roasted and boiled,
But I weigh my two-hundred-odd yet.

I have rowed, I have jumped, I have run,
I have taxed my resources and wits,
I have tanned in the blistering sun,
I've had shower baths, vapor and sitz;
I have drunk all the waters I know,
From all of the springs I could get,
I've tried forty diets or so,
But I weigh my two-hundred-odd yet.

I never touch pudding or roast,
Potatoes or sweetmeats or such;
I've lived on thin soup and dry toast
Until I'm quite crusty to touch;
I've walked when I wanted to ride,
I've golfed till I've been dripping wet,
But I can't reach my shoe that's untied,
And I weigh my two-hundred-odd yet.

I have slaved, I have starved and denied
Myself what I wanted to eat;
I have listened and heard—I have tried
Exercise in the cold and the heat;
I've been bunkoed and blustered and bled,
I have run out of "dope" into debt,
I have pondered and studied and read,
But I weigh my two-hundred-odd yet.

I've been measured and sounded and weighed,
Until I've lost temper and hope;
I've been massaged and shampooed and sprayed,
I've learned to hop, skip and jump rope;
I have hoed in the field and split rails,
My years merely bring vain regret,
For I stepped off just now from the scales
And I weigh my two-hundred-odd yet!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Snakes and Eatin' Snakes

A BIG negro came up to a manager well known in showdom in New York and Coney Island, and said: "Boss, has you got any show places for a artist?"

"Maybe; who are you?"

"Boss, I'se the best Bosco in the business. I'se got every other eat-'em-alive snake artist out on a limb. If you kin find a place for a tent I kin put up a show that will kill all these other Boscoes what's eatin' snakes alive. We kin make a hundred a week outen it."

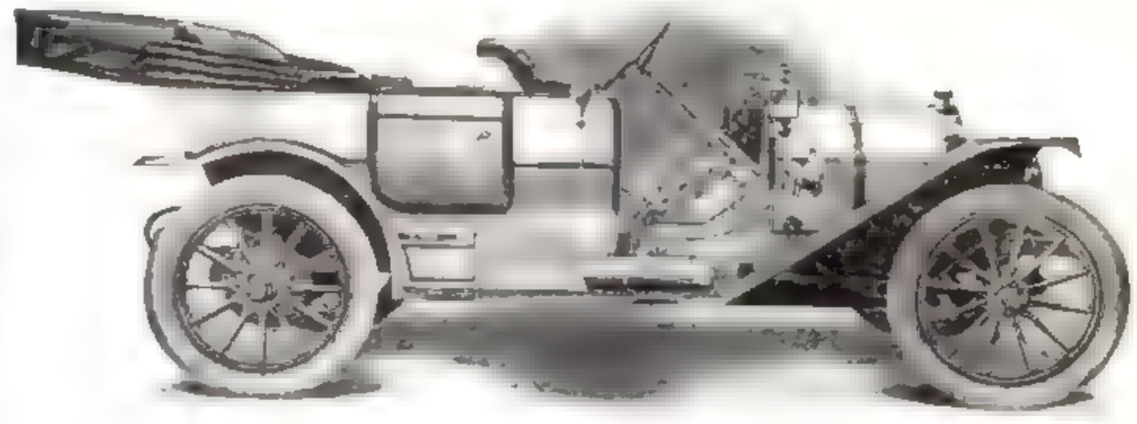
"What have you got?"

"Everything but the tent, Boss. I'se got a fine banner showin' me in my act, three rattlesnakes, four copper'eads an' a hull box of eatin' snakes."

Pretty Close to It

A youthful M. D. of St. Ives,
Who is pleased when a patient survives,
Once was called in to see
A man stung by a bee,
And prescribed a skin ointment for hives.

—*Sam S. Stinson*



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FOR the *first time* the automobile market offers you a car of *established reputation* at a price so near the price of cheap, untried cars, that you cannot *afford* to "economize"—you cannot afford to buy a car you will want to trade off in another year for a more satisfactory car.

Real economy—and perfect automobile satisfaction, for either the man who has never had a car or the man who has had many—is found in this big 1910 sensation—the new Haynes Model 19 for $2,000. No other automobile with reputation and character approaching this new Haynes Model has ever been sold at under $3,000.

It is the first time the manufacturer of an *acknowledged standard* automobile has ever offered the public a thoroughly high-class car *at anywhere near* the price asked for cars that are more or less of an experiment and that are *made to sell in big quantities.*

This new Haynes is for the man who is through experimenting (or who wants to avoid it) and who is ready to pay a moderate price for a car of *proven* quality.

It is built for the hundreds of conservative, long-headed buyers who want a car that they *know* will give perfect satisfaction—that will be an economical car to run—a simple car to handle—a car built to stand up under the usage that breaks down the *cheap* car—and a car that can be used *with pride* in the company of the *highest priced* automobiles.

HAYNES

Whether you buy this car or not, you owe to yourself to *investigate* it.

A Haynes at $2,000 is certainly too good a proposition to ignore if you are on the market for *any kind* of a car.

Mail coupon below and we will send booklet giving full details of this superb car, and will advise you where you can secure a demonstration.

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106 Main Street, Kokomo, Ind.

Please forward literature concerning your Model 19 and advise where I can have a demonstration should I desire it.

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Haynes Automobile Co.

106 Main Street — Kokomo, Indiana

Are you a boy with so good an eye and such steady nerve that you can hit the bullseye 95 times out of a hundred shots?

It takes ... to ... that ... and when you've ... you've earned ... and ... Any ... belongs ... Any ... boy should be ...

KING AIR RIFLES are ... to give this training—made for target practice—not to kill things with. They shoot BB shot with compressed air. None of the danger and ... of powder rifles but all of the other qualities that delight the true gun-lover. Shoot straight and carry ...

The KING 1000 SHOT ... is the ... of air guns. It's a ... repeater with lever action ... 1000 shots to be fired by automatic ... one at a time. Price $2.00. The KING ... for the smaller boys, 50c. The KING POP GUN, for the little fellows, 25c. Other KING models, 75c to $1.75.

The Markham Air Rifle Co.
The Original and Largest Air Gun Factory
Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.

KING AIR RIFLES

King 1000 Shot $2.00

King 500 Shot $1.75

Send today for the KING CATALOG, illustrating KINGS for all boys from four to sixteen—and for the grown-ups, too.

KING AIR RIFLES are sold by leading sporting goods, hardware and toy dealers. If you can't find them in your town send the money direct to us and we'll ship the KING, express prepaid.

Are you looking for a chance to go into business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. **Write today for particulars and booklet.**

EDWARD B. MOON, 8 West Randolph St., Chicago

REMINGTON, $18.75

One rebuilt machine only to new localities to secure desirable agent. Special agents' prices supplied on all makes of typewriters.

Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, New York

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of 6 cts. stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C., Estab. 1869

Royal Tailoring means custom-made clothes at "ready-made" prices

Wherever Big Men G find Tailor Dressed

You don't need to pay a millionaire's price to have your clothes made to your order, by the best custom-tailors in New York or Chicago, as *his* are made.

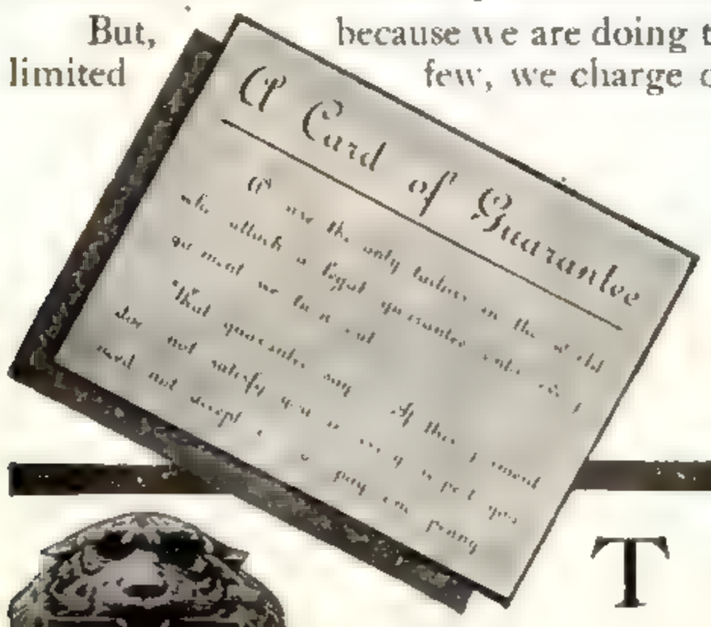
Style no longer costs a Fifth Avenue Tailor's Bill.

It is the business of The Royal Tailors and their army of dealers to bring to good dressers everywhere—just that kind of metropolitan tailoring—to build clothes to order for you,

Broadway Tailoring Within The Reach Of All

In New York and Chicago we operate the two largest and best organized tailoring establishments in America. These establishments are putting into the clothes of thousands of young men the same metropolitan style, the same flawless fit and *refinement* that the exclusive New York tailor puts into the clothes of his millionaire customers.

But, because we are doing this for thousands where the local tailor does it for a limited few, we charge often barely *one-third* the local tailor's prices!



The Only Really G

A Royal *built-to-your-order* suit or overco every body requirement. At our local dealer your own style. And that dealer gives the F your body—eighteen of your body measureme

When your suit comes, there is a guaran suit does not satisfy *you in every respect*, you nee

A Wealth of Patterns

You pick your cloth for your Royal suit or overcoat from the greatest assortment of woolens to be seen in America. For the current season alone we display in every dealer's store 500 innovations in exclusive weaves and colorings—the cream of the season's cloth successes—ready for you.

All Pure Wool

We place in every dealer's store the equipment for a wool test that no other tailor has ever cared even to *suggest*. That test will show instantly the percentage of deception or cotton in a fabric.

We do that eagerly, because Royal tailoring is confined exclusively to *wool*.

The Royal G

No man need gambl purchases when there is his town. Note the m guarantee covers. It wa to keep its Style and Fi Worn Out. No other tai ment like that.

OVER 5000 ROYAL DEALERS

T h e R o y a

Chicago

Joseph
P

ather There you will d Men Exclusively

ho matter where you are—and do it at a price perhaps *even lower* than your *present* clothes outlay.

Your own dealer takes your measures—and by a system so ingenious that it gives us a virtual *blue-print* of your body.

And here, in our great Chicago or New York tailoring studios, we build the clothes, seam for seam, line for line and stitch for stitch, to fit those measures!

There's a Royal Dealer in your own town—waiting to take your measures

uaranteed Clothes

at is *guaranteed* to fit your every idea, your 's store you pick your own fabric, you pick Royal cutter every important specification of nts over which to drape your suit.

tee attached to it, that says plainly: "If this d not accept it or pay one penny."

uarantee

with his clothes Royal dealer in ny features our rants the garment Until Completely r makes an agree-

Let Us Tailor Your Fall Suit Or Overcoat

In more than 5,000 local stores Royal Tailoring for Fall is now on display. There are over 500 beautiful Fall and Winter patterns and an expert measure taker in every store awaiting a call from you. Please let *your* local Royal dealer show you these samples and explain the superlative features of this national tailoring service.

We Forfeit $1 a Day

There are no aggravating delays when you place an order for a Royal Tailor suit.

We tailor every Royal garment on an absolute six-day schedule—as dependable as the running time of the Twentieth Century Limited—and we pay a dollar a day for every day's delay over that schedule.

This Sumptuous Book—Free

For those who want to know more about Royal tailoring—and the local dealer who sells it—we have published a remarkable clothes booklet. It costs about 15 cents to mail this book; but you can have a copy of it *free*—by asking for it on the *coupon*. The coupon must be sent to get the book *free*.

This Big Book of Beautiful Cloth Samples—Free
The Royal Tailors,
449-425 Fifth Ave., Chicago.
Please send, postpaid, your book of Cloth Samples and Styles—and the name of the nearest Royal Dealer.
Name
Address

l Tailors

resident

New York

148 BRANCH ROYAL STORES

Pack with Keepdry

Insure your shipments against rain, snow, fog —against rust or warp or mildew

Any freight house is likely to be over-crowded any day, and open platforms and wharves piled high with freight. Your goods are not favored—they are just as likely to be left outside as any.

Angier's Keepdry

Water-proof Wrapping and Case-lining

is made of just three things: Heavy, tough paper, perfect water-proofing and reinforcing cloth which gives extra toughness and strength.

It is so tough that no matter how awkward or irregular the shape of your product, sharp corners or projections will not poke through. **Keepdry** is the safest wrapping for your goods—and when they arrive at their destination you may be sure they are in the same condition as when they left your shipping room.

It is impossible to list all the uses to which **Keepdry** may be put—no one knows them, they are so many—not half of them have even been tested.

One user says:

"**Keepdry** successfully takes the place of oil cloth for wrapping dynamos and motors."

Another says:

"We use **Keepdry** as a substitute for zinc linings for export cases."

Another says:

"For shipments of our Fancy Dress Goods and Silks, **Keepdry** is very satisfactory—and saves claims for damages."

Those three instances suggest the field of use for **Keepdry**.

Wherever oilcloth, tarpaulins or enamel-cloth are used for wrapping and shipping, KEEPDRY answers every purpose, at a fraction of the cost. Wherever "just wrapping paper" is used, KEEPDRY, at a comparatively slight additional cost, will make certain the arrival of your shipments in good condition—and build good will and business and dollars for you. It takes the place of zinc-linings for export cases.

Samples of **Keepdry**, booklet and prices will be sent you if you'll ask for them. Write today.

Where extreme toughness is not essential use Angier's "Inner-Coat."

ANGIER MILLS

Makers of Water-proof Wrappings and Case-linings

140 Angier Road, Quincy, Mass.

Oddities and Novelties

Buying Coal by the Heat Unit

SOME manufacturers and other concerns that use large quantities of coal are buying it on a new plan nowadays. They purchase it on the basis of its heating value—that is to say, on the number of thermal units it contains. Thus they get what they pay for, and pay only for what they get—specifications accompanying each order.

The Federal Government, which buys ten million dollars' worth of coal every year, makes all its contracts on this basis. There is a premium for what is over the mark and a penalty for anything under it. What it purchases, then, is not so many tons of fuel, but a certain number of heat units. The unit employed is the amount of heat that will raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit.

Manufacturers are following the lead of the Government in this matter, and find that the plan described saves them a good deal of money. Hitherto, in common with ordinary consumers, they have bought their coal on the reputation of the dealer—the inevitable consequence being that often they paid for a great many heat units which, so to speak, were never delivered. Three million tons of coal were bought in Chicago on the new plan last year.

Many private laboratories are now making heating-value tests of coals for manufacturing concerns. The Government does this sort of work on an extensive scale, not merely for its own fuel contracts, but incidentally to the business in which it is engaged, making analyses of coals from all important sources in the United States. The work in question (conducted by the Technologic Branch of the Geological Survey) involves, however, not only a determination of heat units, but also the figuring out of the amount of ash and the percentage of moisture in coals.

The Government contracts demand that the coal it buys shall not contain more than a certain percentage of ash—that is to say, of non-combustible material. On this item of ash-content alone Uncle Sam reckons that he saved two hundred thousand dollars last year. The matter of moisture is also of importance, as coals vary very much in that respect, some of them running up as high as fifteen per cent.

Manufacturers find that they get a much better quality of fuel when they buy it on this basis. So, likewise, does the Government. Indeed, it is claimed that one reason why the digging of the Panama Canal is going forward so rapidly and smoothly is that the coal used to drive the machinery is of a very superior quality, all of it being purchased on specifications the basis of which is the heat unit

Traps for Moths

SOMEWHAT has recently been said in the public prints about a newly-invented apparatus for the capture of night-flying moths—the contrivance consisting of a revolving drum moved by clockwork and illuminated from within by a lamp. Moths, attracted by the light, rest upon the drum, and are brushed off into a receptacle provided for the purpose.

It would be very desirable if such traps could be used, especially in orchards, for capturing injurious moths whose offspring in the caterpillar stage are destroyers. They have been tried for catching gipsy moths, brown-tail moths, and other species, with various kinds of lights, and such baits as honey and molasses. But they have proved to be of no practical value, mainly for the reason that nearly all the moths they capture are males or else females that have already laid their eggs. What is the use of trapping a female moth after she has provided for her posterity?

Collectors often employ traps of the kind effectively enough for the capture of specimens. But any electric light will serve the purpose, attracting (as anybody will have noticed) great numbers of night-flying species. Only last summer Dr. L. O Howard, the Government's Entomologist-in-Chief, was engaged in this sort of pursuit in a Mexican town, and had occasion to climb up to the second story of a bank building, in an effort to catch a very attractive insect. By the help of the bars protecting the windows he had just reached the desired altitude on the wall (which was brightly illuminated by an arc-light) when a policeman came along and arrested him.

"*Animalitos!*" said the doctor, in an explanatory way, calling attention to the moths flying about in great numbers.

The policeman shook his head. Not remembering the word for moths, the prisoner spoke in Spanish of "butterflies," exhibiting the bottle provided for the captured insects. But it was all of no use, and not until after Doctor Howard had suffered incarceration overnight in the lockup was he able to procure his release by appeal to the authorities.

Of course, the latter were extremely apologetic. Their distress at what had occurred was extreme. On no account should there be further interference with the distinguished American's entomological researches. To which end he was provided with a special permit, giving him the right to hunt and capture all the insects he wanted, within the town limits, from that time forth.

Trouble With Prairie Ants

PRAIRIE ants are making themselves a nuisance in Kansas. They are otherwise known as mound-builders, because of their habit of erecting large hills, sometimes as much as two feet high. When, as often happens, these hills occupy public streets, sidewalks, much-used paths and dooryards, they are decidedly in the way.

Furthermore, the insects bite ferociously. Mowing and other farming operations are obstructed by the mounds. But if any attempt is made to interfere with the latter, the ants rush forth in angry swarms to repel the invader. Every one that succeeds in getting on man or beast will seize clothing, hair or skin with its jaws and thereupon inflict a sting quite as painful as that of a hornet. Children who happen to walk over or play about the mounds are attacked.

Such ant mounds are found throughout western Kansas and the neighboring States. It is the custom of the insects to clear a circular space around each hill, removing all the vegetation from it for a distance of five or ten feet. Each mound has from one to three funnel-shaped openings which are closed at sunset (or during the day at the approach of a storm) and opened early in the morning.

The outside of each mound is covered with gravel or cinders, beneath which is a rainproof roof made of particles of soil cemented together. Not only the mound itself, but the ground beneath it to a great depth is honeycombed with circular chambers, the largest of which are three inches in diameter and one inch in height. Some of these chambers are storage-rooms filled with seeds of different kinds others are occupied by the young in various stages of growth, and still others are tenanted by the adult ants. They are connected by an elaborate system of galleries.

The ants in question are old settlers in that region. They have always been there, so far as anybody knows. But, now that the country has become thickly settled and they are brought into close contact with man, they have become a source of annoyance. It is found that the best way to get rid of them is to suffocate them with carbon bisulphide, a couple of ounces of which may be placed under an iron tub or other such receptacle inverted over the mound. The vapor from the chemical, being heavier than air, sinks downward into the lowest parts of the nest, destroying all of its occupants.

10,000 Men

Our present Sales Organization consists of more than 15,000 active, aggressive, capable men.

This organization, great as it is, cannot cope with the vast expansion of our business and the ever increasing demand for Olivers. We want 10,000 more men—***everywhere***—as Local Agents for the Oliver Typewriter.

The innumerable requests for interviews and demonstrations from the smaller towns prove that no village or hamlet is too small to afford a splendid field for the work of an Oliver Agent.

Wherever you are, you can become a Local Agent for the Oliver Typewriter regardless of other employment. And just as soon as your sales justify, you can enter the ranks as a regular representative. No business worth having can be started with so small an initial investment. None offers a wider field for profitable endeavor than this which is calling you now.

A Liberal Education in Salesmanship Absolutely Free of Cost

The Oliver Sales Organization is made up of exceptional, highly trained men. We pick out men who have the material for the making of capable salesmen. After their appointment as Local Agents, we train these men, at our own expense, in ***The Oliver School of Practical Salesmanship.***

This school has become famous for the men who have graduated to greatness in Salesmanship. There is not, in all the world, its counterpart. It gives first-hand, man-to-man instruction, direct from past masters in Salesmanship.

We demand of each of our men the very best that is in him. This means, to us, more than mere ***business-getting.*** It means the development of well-rounded ***character,*** which makes him a man among men. For our salesmen are our ambassadors, bearing the Oliver banner to the very ends of the earth.

Men who can measure up to this opportunity are assured of permanent employment. No limits are set to their earnings. Advancement in the service is the reward of proven ability.

Let this be a challenge to the young man who asks "opportunity." This is not a "snap." It means a real rough-and-tumble with ***hard work.*** It requires ***courage, ambition, enthusiasm, loyalty.*** But it will give you a firm foot-hold on the ladder of Salesmanship, up which you may climb to the top.

The Oliver Typewriter Co. (1)

43 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

FRANKLIN 1910 AUTOMOBILES

Franklin automobiles are built in three chassis sizes, four and six cylinder, with sixteen different body styles embracing touring, runabout, surrey and close-coupled bodies, limousines, landaulets, town cars and taxicabs.

The easy movement of full-elliptic springs as used on a Franklin automobile is not tiresome because vibrations are not transmitted to your nerve system, and there is no jolting and jarring. Vibrations from road shocks are completely taken up by the springs and our laminated-wood chassis frame.

Even if you use shock absorbers on a steel-frame semi-elliptic-spring automobile and tie it down to keep it from bouncing you do not eliminate vibration. The force of every road shock must go somewhere and when not taken up by the springs and chassis frame the passengers feel the effect. It is the vibrations transmitted to the nerve system that produce fatigue or dull headache and in some instances physical disablement.

Full-elliptic springs have double the elasticity and shock-absorbing ability of semi-elliptic springs. The steel frame also transmits vibrations whereas the Franklin frame absorbs them.

The easy riding and flexibility of the Franklin explains why it makes the best touring time and does it with such comfort and pleasure. In the Franklin you always drive smoothly and consistently. You are not hindered by hills and rough roads.

Very likely you think your automobile rides as easily as can be expected, but when you ride in a Franklin you learn the difference.

And an easy riding automobile means long life to the vehicle and power plant. There is no racking and straining.

Franklin 1910 automobiles will average 2500 miles without tire puncture. The tires are extra large for the service required so that punctures, ruptures and other troubles are not likely to occur. It is not necessary to carry extra tires. Heavy water-cooled automobiles carry from 30 to 50 per cent. more weight on tires the size of ours.

Large tires on a light-weight automobile are a reasonable, sensible proposition. They are durable, economical and efficient. It is the practical solution of tire trouble. The fact that they give so much better service proves their economy.

Franklin air-cooling has always been successful, but the improvements for 1910 are so pronounced and make the cooling so simple and positive that its perfect success is evident to all who investigate it.

The main difference over our former cooling method is the employment of air jackets and vertical cylinder flanges to direct the air currents and the elimination of the front fan and all moving parts not absolutely necessary to a gas engine.

It is necessary of course to have a fly-wheel upon any engine. After four years experimenting we have perfected a fly-wheel which has incorporated in it a pure tangential fan of new type —the most efficient air moving device known.

The air jackets direct the air, moved by the fly-wheel, downward over the valves and the tops of the cylinders and then down around the cylinders. Each cylinder gets its own cool air and is also insulated from absorbing the heat radiated from any other cylinder. Thus all the cylinders are cooled equally and perfectly and the hottest and most important part of each cylinder, the top, is cooled the most.

No means have ever been discovered for cooling an engine without using air. The water-cooled engine is cooled by air but in an indirect and complicated manner. Instead of taking up the heat from the cylinders directly by air, water is passed around the cylinders to take up the heat and then the water is sent through a radiator and heat from the water is taken up by the air. In other words water cools the engine and air cools the water.

Franklin air-cooling not only gets rid of complication and freezing and leaking troubles, but it allows the whole automobile to be lighter, more efficient and easier and cheaper to maintain.

The Franklin control is also the limit of simplicity. Ignition is by our Bosch magneto high tension system, which does not require the spark advance lever, batteries or any of the extra complications of the "double" system. To fully realize the advantage of the Franklin control you need to use it.

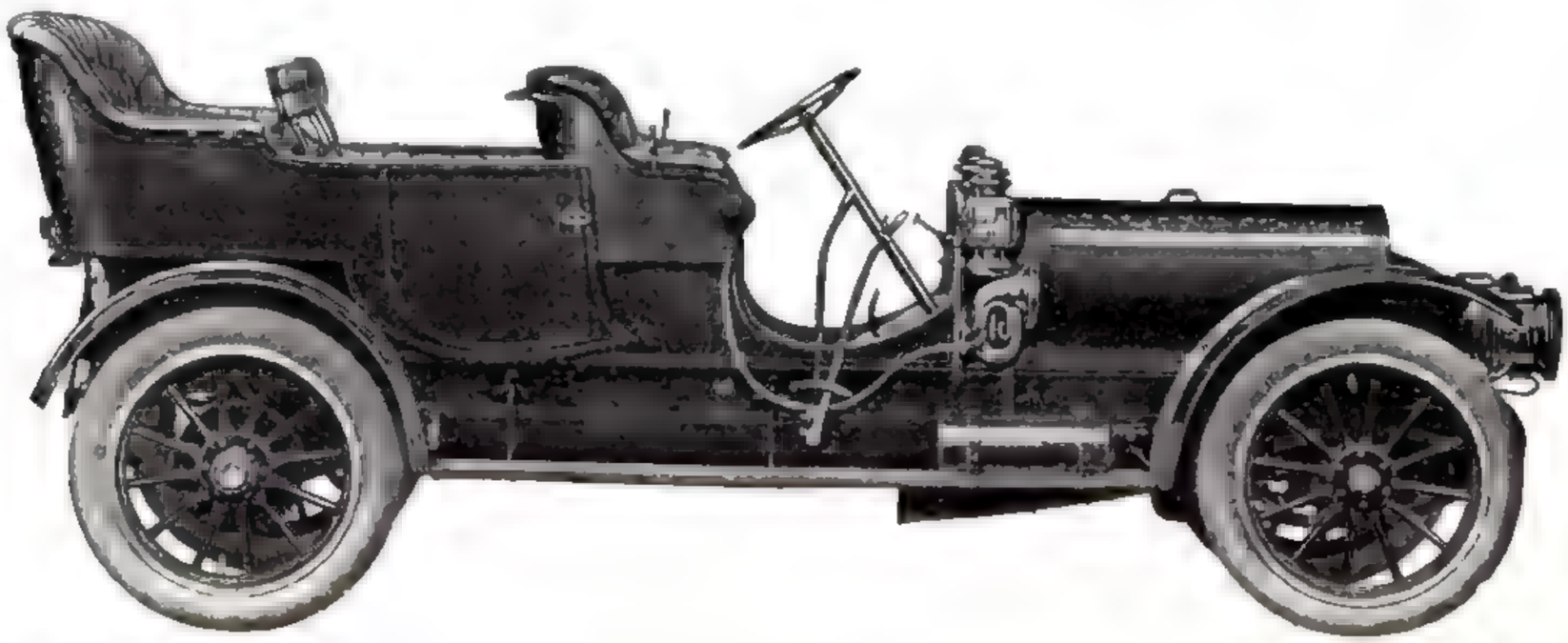
This is our second season with the magneto single ignition system. Coils and batteries seem old-fashioned to Franklin owners.

All Franklins are powerful, comfortable and quiet. They are not bulky nor heavy—they are just the right size for their passenger capacity. Strength is obtained by proper materials and proper design, not by mere bulk and weight.

The best way to understand our claims for easy riding, comfort and silence is to have a ride in other automobiles over ordinary roads, then go in a Franklin over the same roads.

Delivery of 1910 Franklins, which began in June, is made on a fixed schedule of delivery dates. This enables the purchaser to arrange with the dealer for delivery at a definite time. But as each dealer has only a limited number of deliveries each month, and as our output is already allotted, you can readily see that delivery arrangements must be made in advance.

Write for our 1910 catalogue.



H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

CROSSETT

IF you have worn Crossett Shoes, they have told you their own story. We have nothing to add except that our new Fall styles are in the hands of our dealers throughout the country.

We have always sold Crossetts on their merits, and always shall.

We don't want a man to buy his second pair of Crossetts because of anything we say. The case rests entirely on his experience with the first pair.

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

THE STAR OF EMPIRE

Continued from Page 9

luckless Jersey neck. Hiram deftly snared her hindfeet and she was down, stretched out, held by bracing horses standing at attention. Mr. John Doe unbuckled a bridle rein to tie her: Mr. Yoast, with unhesitating directness, broke sockets from the courthouse fence for the bra.. 'ng-fire.

A prominent citizen came puffing down the walk to stentorian expostulation at such wanton outrage. Agnes Pauline, freed from the choking neck-rope, bawled vehemently. Mr. John Doe, irreproachably clad, sat cross-legged and imperturbable in the street, whittling splinters for kindling. Hiram turned to the indignant citizen with an engaging smile. "Do you want I should bite my initials in your neck?" he inquired suavely.

The eminent citizen fell back aghast. Mr. Yoast, his aforetime respected associate in staid and conservative enterprise, had fallen suddenly quite mad! He fled to telephone the sheriff. Simultaneously from the courthouse came an apoplectic constable, to make swift arrest with injurious verbal flourishes

Before the terrors of the law thus represented the offenders submitted meekly after a momentary flicker of eyelashes. Releasing their hapless victim they delivered up their guns. On the corner the citizenry gathered in tittering groups.

"Will you give bail or go to jail?" demanded the constable, thunderously effective

"No bail. Jail," said Hiram. "Good old jail!"

They preceded him humbly, a pitiable spectacle -two frail and repentant old gentlemen. When the cell was opened, however, they exhibited certain symptoms of lingering waywardness, unexpectedly kicking their captor into the cell, resuming their guns and eliciting the keys from the jailer. Mr. John Doe turned the lock and absently jingled the keys in his pocket, heedless of the garrulous constable. Hiram took out a pencil and wrote largely on the outer door:

DUNDEE, NEW MEXICO,
Sept. 3, 1908.

First National Bank of Dundee:

Pay to Francisco Bojarquez, retaining this check as voucher, money to pay for what I break.

Not negotiable. HIRAM YOAST.

He turned affably to the jailer. "Just give that to the sheriff and tell him Hy Yoast said, *Adios, compadre!* And for him to settle any claims. For one thing, there's three horses and some plunder we required from a painter-man. Tell him we're much obliged, will you?"

Curious citizens were coming up the walk. Hiram thoughtfully tossed his pencil in the air, pulled his gun and fired. The pencil vanished; the yeomanry dispersed

Toe in stirrup, Hiram paused, bright-eyed.

"Where do we make camp? Mescal? The 7 T X?"

"No, no!" said Mr. John Doe thickly. "Not that way. Beyond the fences. To the Free Range!"

"The Moongate, then? All right. 'Yo! — ee—yo-o! E-e-e yo-o-o-o! My little doughgies! Winter is coming, you're far from your home!' Come along, Guy!"

Suddenly John Doe and Rebel darted after a supposititious recalcitrant steer, headed him, swift-wheeling, and brought him back in freakish triumph.

The sun was down. Peace brooded over the earth, save as acrimonious constabular comment floated brokenly from the jail. A spell of wizardry fell upon that cool and quiet street. Slowly, unhurriedly, they rode, deviously urging the drags of a phantasmal herd, with tolerant rope-snappings for laggards. From the upper balcony of an olive-green villa leaned a roguish young lady, laughing, rose in hand. "Oh, were you cowboys?" she demanded.

They bared their gray heads. "Madam!" said Hiram Yoast, rising in his stirrups, "we are cowboys now!"

She leaned far over. "You dear old things!" she cooed, and tossed the rose.

To right, to left, the dear old things swooped down to sudden, alarming eclipse, leaving visible but a hand at the saddle-horn and a toe at the cantle. The young lady screamed faintly. From the "pick-up" Hiram reappeared triumphant, thrust the rose in his buttonhole with an air, and waved gallant farewell to the representative of the lawless sex.

Mr. John Doe, without looking back, opened his palm. On it lay a few crumpled petals. He watched them till the soft breeze scattered them idly; then rode on, still looking at the empty, passive palm.

* * *

Francisco Bojarquez the sheriff rode by the depot just before the six-twenty-eight train drew in, paused for brief hearing of excited reports and trotted easily after the marauders Grizzled but hawkfaced and lean and brown, the sheriff; still with the poised alertness of that Bojarquez who had been best roper, boldest rider, of the old days,

He hailed the peacebreakers just beyond the olive-green villa. The lady of the rose watched, wide-eyed. The unabashed culprits turned to him gladly. "Why, hel-lo, Frank! We're carryin' the herd to Moongate in the cool," explained Mr. John Doe. "Can't you side us? We're short-handed. Some of the boys is . . . gone."

The sheriff's eyes rose suddenly to the distant hills. "Sure thing!" he said, and cheerfully fell in beside them. Watching Dundee shuddered to its being's core. Equably, the sheriff flicked his quirt at a dilatory bovine wraith. This accomplished, he lifted his brows at Mr. John Doe.

"Been away, Foamy? Representin' the Bar Cross?" he inquired lightly.

Representing? A dull wave of color swept to Mr. John Doe's face. Things forgotten, the pettiness, the shifty diplomacies, the compromise, the indirection of the twenty years he had been "away" flashed up to shame him. *Representing? Ah, no!* A Bar Cross man rode straight on what unyielding way he chose, be that way good or evil "I've had . . . a lay-off," said Mr. John Doe. And this time his humility was sincere and unassumed.

* * *

The Honorable Robert Martin, tall, portly and severe, alighted from the six-twenty-eight to a Dundee of unwonted commotion. Two men violently insane! Sunstroke! There goes the sheriff after them! Desperate characters! Bank robbers! Escaped convicts!

The Honorable Robert pushed through the crowd to the accustomed stand of the "Scenic Stage Route," where a 50 H. P. touring-car stood waiting to convey to Elephant Butte Dam the United States mail, the resident engineer in charge, the Honorable Robert and any less-distinguished passengers. The Honorable Robert was just in time to witness the romance of the rose and the subsequent defection of the sheriff.

Near by, a skull-capped youth peered through a spyglass. This the Honorable Robert silently commandeered by right of eminent domain. When he restored it to the indignant owner the Honorable Robert's face was thoughtful. Three Bar Cross boys! Forgetful of years and wealth and dignities the fourth Bar Cross boy sought how he, too, might obtain the freedom of the city.

By the freight depot stood a goat-man's supply wagon, ready loaded for a start betimes in the morning. Thither the auto-stage glided with the Honorable Robert in the chauffeur's seat. Negligently he threw out the mail sacks and began tumbling a various assortment of portable property into the tonneau to the amazed resident engineer. A keg of water, a sack of corn, a saddle, a roll of bedding. "Stow 'em any old way," said the Honorable Robert, calmly, to the resident engineer. "Not a minute to spare." Flour, salt, coffee, bacon, a small chuck-box rattling with tin dishes, a Dutch oven, a coffee-pot. "I guess that'll be all—ah-h!" With a beatified countenance he tossed in a bundle of cheap tobacco and cigarette-papers. Politely but unmistakably he ejected the resident engineer. The action excited comment. Men started to run that way. The car circled northward, gathering speed for a running start, turned back, squawking jubilantly. "Honk! Honk!" It rolled resistless through a line of shocked but impotent populace.

"'Come, open the Westport,'" caroled this blithesome legislator, "'and let me go

SHOE

IF you haven't worn Crossett Shoes, we urge you to try your first pair this Fall. The better you serve your feet, the better they'll serve you.

Crossett Shoes are always comfortable, even to the tenderest feet. In style, they are beyond criticism; in durability, they are examples of true economy.

$4 to $6 at the best stores.

LEWIS A. CROSSETT, Inc.
Makers
NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"
TRADE MARK

$19.50
On Approval
Freight Paid

Bishop Grand Rapids Quality and Style

We sell this [illegible] $40.00 Genuine all brass Bed, Colonial Style. Direct to you for $19.50.

We ship On Approval and Prepay Freight to all points east of Mississippi [illegible] $29.60 [illegible]

If you don't find this Bed superior to beds sold elsewhere at double our prices send it back at our expense and we will refund your money [illegible] to test for 10 years. With

Bishop's Book of Correct Styles

[illegible] I wish your home throughout at once or gradually [illegible] me to time, being sure of getting [illegible] benefit [illegible] Portfolio of 186 pages [illegible]

We will send this elaborate book, postage [illegible] k a correct Guide [illegible] and we will refund your [illegible] postage you paid in sending.

Write for the book now and get the benefit of high quality at these [illegible]

References: Any Grand Rapids Bank

BISHOP FURNITURE COMPANY
13-29 Ionia Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

TALKING PARROT $5

During September we will sell you a $10 parrot for $5. I guarantee it to talk inside of 90 days. If it [illegible] return [illegible] we will return money—you [illegible]

All these parrots are perfectly tame.

Written guarantee with [illegible] Hot Springs, [illegible] where in the United States, Canada, or Mexico on receipt of [illegible] $5 [illegible] case and food for [illegible]

No more $10 Parrots for $5 after September 30th. Better order at once.

(Special [illegible] $2.50 Steel Parrot Cage [illegible] $1.50, when ordered with Parrot.)

Cugley & Mullen, 1229 Market St., Phila.
(The largest pet shop in the world.)

9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours—yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

—How to manage a business
—How to sell goods
How to get money by mail
How to buy at rock bottom
—How to collect money
—How to stop cost leaks
How to train and handle men
How to get and hold a position
How to advertise a business
—How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing. It involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a brighter career. Surely you will not deny us the privilege, when it involves only the cost of a postal, a penny! Simply say Send on your 9,059-word Booklet. Send to

SYSTEM, Dept. 26-94, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

THE BRONCHO FELT HAT—The kind our Texas cowboys wear; fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band, very picturesque; a regular five dollar hat *made and sold by us exclusively*, direct to the consumer. Special price **$3.00**, express prepaid. Order today. State size. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

$3
EXPRESS PREPAID

Address,
Houston Hat Co., Houston, Texas

free. Make room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

At the corner he slowed down and trundled placidly up the bewitched street, behind the truant adventurers; guiding the car with one hand and with the other cracking an astral whip at the leaders of a phantom team, with florid vocal encouragement.

Such a disconcerting and spectacular climax, this distinguished lawgiver thus stricken and wild, was too much for overwrought nerves. Staid and orderly Dundee ran around in circles, uttering strange cries. Had the odor left by the departing car been that of sulphur rather than wonted gasoline it could hardly have left more consternation in its wake. Was there to be a reign of terror, a universal brain-storm?

But a few hardy spirits, including the mayor, the resident engineer and the curious artist (who, alone of them all, held the clew) procured another car and started in pursuit. On the outskirts of the town they came in sight of the fugitives, halted where once the Moongate Road bore quartering across the plain, straight to the Pass. Here now lay the Winthrop addition, fenced to protect the young trees along the graded but yet unopened streets.

Hiram and Mr. John Doe relieved Guy of his burden and threw it in the car; the Honorable Robert Martin handed something from the car to the sheriff, who rode forward, dismounted and cut the fence. Turning by the gap, Bojarquez saw the pursuing notables and waved his hand to the Honorable Robert. "Sister Anne, Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" he shrilled, and went his untroubled way, evidently confident that Sister Anne was equal to the emergency.

Sister Anne turned his head as the mayor's car took the brakes and ground to a stand. The mayor looked at Sister Anne. Sister Anne looked at the mayor. Sister Anne raised an open hand to bar further intrusion. "Go back!" he said dispassionately. His machine passed the gap and chugged stolidly through the violated lots behind the slow horsemen. They did not look back. To the arrested pursuit drifted a mellow refrain of mingled voices.

"Yo-o! Ee-yo-o-o! Go 'long, my little doughgies!"

In the deep Pass the hoyden moon sprang radiant. Perhaps it was but her sorcery or was that indeed the tossing of white horns, the wavy crowding of a spectral herd, gay, ghostly riders on lead and point and swing? Was that the creaking of harness, complaining of axles, borne down the wind where a dim-outlined wagon toiled behind? Slowly they crawled up the low slope, paused on the crest and were gone.

The resident engineer drew a long breath. "Mere midsummer madness," he muttered uneasily.

"Plain drunk!" said the mayor bitterly. "Drunk as boiled owls. Shall we go on?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said the artist. "He said for us to go back."

On the morrow the sheriff and the Honorable Robert Martin sat in the lobby of the Armendaris with such serene and untroubled dignity that none ventured to question them. The incident was closed. As for the others, Dundee knew them no more.

The deserted car, woefully smirched and soiled, was found by Lone Cedar in Moongate Pass. Oven and coffee-pot sat by the dead fire; the beds were rolled and tied. In the tall grama a fresh, well-beaten path, littered with cigarette-stubs, made such a broad circle as, in old times, was left where a herd had bedded down; where, two by two, the men of the Bar Cross had stood their last guard.

Best Fourth Ever

"YES," said a well-known Tennessee man, "I reckon that when it comes to good, talented, handy performers with the truth we have a few down our way who are entitled to medals.

"Now, there was an old chap I knew who lived in Mount Pleasant. They were going to have a Fourth of July celebration.

"'I reckon, Jim,' said a neighbor to him, 'that we'll have a fine celebration.'

"'Yep.'

"'Better'n the one we had last year, do you reckon?'

"'Wal, I reckon. It'll be the best Fourth of July celebration there ever was, and I reckon I've seen a thousand.'"

ELECTRIC LIGHT IS NOW CHEAPER

The new G.E. Tungsten lamp gives nearly three times the light given by ordinary incandescent lamps.

Electric light is now available for many people who never before thought they could afford to use it.

General Electric
Tungsten Lamps

G. E. TUNGSTEN Lamps will give you more and better light for your money than you ever received before.

They are an improvement over the Standard *G. E. Edison* lamp you know so well.

The light giving filament is made of the rare metal *tungsten* instead of *carbon*. Tungsten becomes much brighter than carbon when heated by the electric current.

The *G. E. TUNGSTEN* Lamp uses only about one-third the current required by carbon filament lamps of the same candlepower.

The light of this lamp closely resembles daylight in its soft white brilliancy.

Thus *G. E. TUNGSTEN* Lamps give the *highest quality of light* at a *much lower cost*.

G. E. TUNGSTEN Lamps have already been placed in many large stores, office and public buildings where quality and economy are both essential.

For the *home* or the *small business place* they offer the same advantages that have induced larger users to install them.

Any progressive electric light company will be glad to tell you all about this new incandescent lamp—or, write to us for our G. E. Tungsten Book No. 33 which tells more about the wonderful metal, Tungsten, and explains how the best results can be secured from G. E. TUNGSTEN Lamps in home, office, factory or store.

REMEMBER—every day you are without G. E. TUNGSTEN Lamps *an inferior light is costing you more than it should.*

In 1880 the General Electric Company (then the Edison Electric Light Co.) made and marketed the first Edison carbon incandescent lamp ever manufactured for commercial purposes. Since that date this company has manufactured and sold 270,000,000 Edison carbon incandescent lamps. Every notable advance in electric lighting in the last thirty years has been made by the General Electric Company.

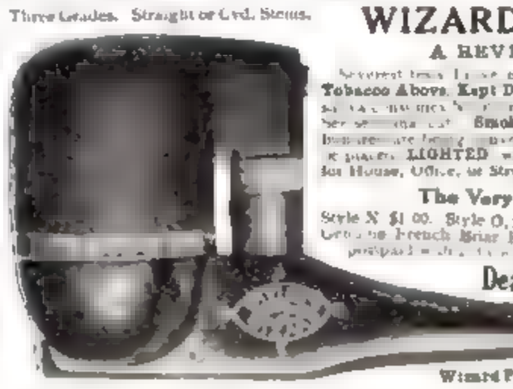
The genuine G E. TUNGSTEN Lamps are always packed in individual boxes bearing the famous G. E. monogram. Look for it.

General Electric Company, Dept. 33, Schenectady, N.Y.

Three Grades. Straight or Curved Stems.

WIZARD INVERTED PIPE
A REVELATION TO SMOKERS

Best Pipe on Earth: For BEPOE's Best People on Earth

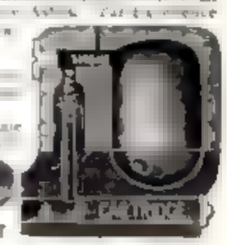


Several [illegible] new Principles are [illegible] Draft and Fire Below Tobacco Above. Kept Dry and Sweet by the rising heat. Every [illegible] absolutely by [illegible] Smoke Clean and Sweet enough to Inhale. CIGARETTE SMOKERS [illegible] LIGHTED with a [illegible] Sun House, Office, or Street, [illegible]

The Very Best That Money Will Buy

Style N $1.00. Style O, $1.50. Style XX, Sterling Silver mounted, $3. [illegible] French Briar Bowls. Best [illegible] postpaid [illegible]

Dealers: This pipe is having a phenomenal sale everywhere. Write for terms and book.



Wizard Pat. Developing Co. Inc., 127 W. 31st St., N. Y.

HOW YOU CAN EARN $300 OR MORE A MONTH

One box ball alley costing $160 took in $513 the first fifty-one days at Sullivan, Indiana. Two other alleys costing $366 took in $1,475.05 [illegible] Four large alleys costing $840 took in $1,845.40 in [illegible] one days, more than $300 [illegible] Why not start in this business in your own town? Both men and women go wild with enthusiasm; bring their friends, form clubs and play for hours. Players set pins with every ball [illegible] Alleys can be set up or taken down quickly. Write for illustrated booklet explaining EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Send for it today.

AMERICAN BOX BALL CO., 1310 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

The Florsheim SHOE

The Cortland

Cheral Patent Lace
Flat Custom Last

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE is good. Extra fine leather, skilled labor, and advanced ideas make it so.

Most Styles $5 and $6
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

This wagon has enough power to do thorough cleaning. Costs $2500.00—and is worth it

Aero Wagon Averages $110 a Week from Start

"My Aero Wagon has been working steadily ever since I got it, except for two or three days in the start off," writes one Michigan Operator. "I have averaged over $110 worth of work a week ever since I got it and have enough work ahead to keep me busy for many weeks more."

We will be glad to show you this letter and many like it. Think of $110 a week on an investment of $2500! What other business would give you such returns? Not one failure with an Aero cleaning outfit has been reported to us

Vacuum Cleaning

We build a variety of types and sizes of these powerful cleaning wagons at different prices

Write for our booklet, "The Money You Can Make With an Aero Wagon"

We also build engines for installation of stationary plants. If interested in securing a permanent plant in your residence, office building, school, etc., write us, stating character, size of building and power available.

American Air Cleaning Company
665 Enterprise Building **Milwaukee, Wis.**

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Prickly Heat, Chafing and Sunburn and all afflictions of the skin. *"A little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original) *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

THE SPREAD EAGLE

(Concluded from Page 20)

turned into an angel, and I was never anything but a spread eagle."

"Do you know," she said, "I can't help feeling a little sorry for poor mamma."

"Then," said he, "put your left hand behind your back." She felt him slide a heavy ring upon her engagement finger. "Show her that, and tell her that it isn't glass."

Eve couldn't keep from just one covert glance at her ring. The sight of it almost took her breath away.

Dinner was announced

"I am frightened," she said; "have I given myself to a djinn?"

"My Eve doesn't know whom she's given herself to," he whispered.

"I don't believe I do," she said.

"You don't," said he.

An immense pride in his father's wealth and his own suddenly surged in Fitz. He could give her all those things that she had renounced for his sake, and more, too. But he did not tell her at that time.

The great ruby on the slim hand flashed its message about the festive board. Some of the best-bred ladies in the land threatened to become pop-eyed from looking at it.

Mrs. Blackwell, mother of the twins, whispered to Montgomery Stairs:

"That Holden boy seems to have more to him than I had fancied."

But young Tombs whispered to Dolly Blackwell, to whom he had just become engaged for the third (and last) time in five years: "She isn't thinking about the ring. . . . Look at her. . . . She's listening to music."

. . . . . .

Montgomery Stairs (who is not altogether reliable) claims to have seen Mrs. Burton within five minutes of her learning who her son-in-law-to-be really was. For, of course, this came out presently and made a profound sensation. He claims to have seen—from a convenient eyrie—Mrs. Burton rush out into the little garden behind her cottage; he claims that all of a sudden she leaped into the air and turned a double somersault, and that immediately after she ran up and down the paths on her hands; that then she stood upon her head for nearly five minutes; and that finally she flung herself down and rolled over and over in a bed of heliotrope.

But then as is well known, Montgomery Stairs, in the good American phrase, was one of those who "also ran."

Darius O'Connell sent a cable to Eve from Paris (from Maxine's, I am afraid, late at night). He said: "Heartiest congratulations and best wishes. You can fool some of the best people some of the time, but, thank God, you can't fool all of the best people all of the time." Eve and Fitz never knew just what he meant.

They spent part of their honeymoon in Cleveland, and every afternoon Eve sat between Fitz and his father, leaning forward, her elbows on her knees, and was taught painstakingly, as the crowning gift of those two simple hearts, to play the game.

There must be one word more. There are people to this day who say that Eve knew from the beginning who "James Holden" was, and that she played her cards accordingly. In view of this I fling all caution to the wind, and in spite of the cold fear that is upon me of being sued for libel, I tell these ladies—*people*, I mean—that they lie in their teeth.

(THE END)

Misunderstood

TWO Irishmen met a short time after the Messina earthquake. "'Tis terrible, that news from Italy," said one.

"Indeed an' so it is. 'Twas a terrible earthquake."

"So it was, so it was. But, thank Hiven, no such thing c'n happen t' Ireland."

"Be aisy now. An' why couldn't an earthquake happen t' Ireland?"

"'Tis this way. The Irish is a prayin' race. We believe in prayer."

"But so is the Eyetalians a prayin' race."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so; but who c'n understand thim?"

This is "The Quay"—one of the many styles to be had of the Imperial agent in your town.

If you cannot buy the "Imperial" in your city—you can order from our illustrated style book sent Free on request.

IMPERIAL NEW YORK

By their confidence in this label, over half a million critical men buy their hats.

The label is in every hat.

IMPERIAL GUARANTEE.

By their confidence in this guarantee, over 900 merchants are agents for Imperial $3 Hats.

The guarantee is in every hat.

Samuel Mundheim Co., 18 Astor Place, New York

Imperial $3 Hats

Madam! There Are Many Reasons Why You Should Know

Dayton Moneyweight Scales

Make it a point to inquire of your grocer and butcher whether he uses Moneyweight Scales. If he does not use them, he should, since they work for his interest as well as for yours. There are many reasons why you should be interested in Moneyweight Scales, and each one is something that has a tendency to make your shopping easier and more pleasant.

Because it will show the exact weight where you can see it plainly. You can see for yourself just how much you are getting—you can see that you are getting full weight, not a single ounce less than you want, with Moneyweight short weights are an impossibility

Because it shows you the exact cost of your bill. No careless or hurried clerk can make a mistake in figuring the amount of your purchase for Moneyweight Scales compute automatically the exact amount and show it on the chart, so there's no chance for an overcharge

Because it saves you time. Your dealer can get the accurate weight at once, and is not obliged to delay you while trying to figure the cost. With common scales he has to compute each item, may make a mistake, and occupies himself two or three minutes longer with each customer than is necessary if he uses Moneyweight Scales. If there are several ahead of you, that delays you, doesn't it?

Because it is an evidence of integrity, for in having one on his counter your dealer shows that he is trying his level best to be square. He knows that with the old kind of scales he could make mistakes in his own favor, but with Moneyweight Scales on his counter he cannot—so if he has them, it's an evidence of a desire to be square

Because a child can shop with perfect confidence, for—and we say it again—no mistakes are possible with Moneyweight Scales. You can send your child to the grocer who has them on his counter with perfect confidence that he will get just exactly what you pay for.

Because no other scale is unaffected by the temperature. One of the delicate problems in scale making has been to produce a scale that varying temperature would not affect. Moneyweight Scales are equipped with a patent device that neutralizes the effect of either extreme heat or cold and so makes the scales as dependable in extreme heat or cold as in moderate temperature.

Free to housekeepers. Send us one or more names of dealers who don't use Dayton Moneyweight Computing Scales and we will send you our pamphlet, "Accurate Weights and Measures for Cooking" and a beautiful hemstitched handkerchief **Free**

Moneyweight Scale Co., Dept. 4 Masonic Temple, **Chicago**

Fun for the Children, Mother and Dad

We are going to make a lot of children happy. We are going to help them, too. Read this advertisement carefully if you want to share in the fun.

$500 in Cash Prizes

to the School Children *of* America

EDUCATOR Week begins Labor Day. This cash prize offer is part of our EDUCATOR Week campaign. We want every child in America up to 14 years of age to write a composition on

"Why I Like to Wear EDUCATOR Shoes"

In order to enter this contest all that is necessary is to have the child get a copy of "The Prize Offer." Ask your Shoe dealer for a copy of this. If he cannot supply you write to us and we will send a copy at once. **Parents** will all enter into the spirit of this contest because it means no end of fun for your children. It means a chance for a prize and, therefore, a chance to start a bank account. Also, it means that your children will have stamped on their minds the value of wearing sensible shoes all their lives. If you have had foot trouble you will appreciate what this means. Think what it will mean to your boy or girl to figure out in his or her own mind the reasons why they like to wear these sensible shoes

You Owe It to Your Child to arouse his interest in this contest and to encourage him to try for these prizes. Wouldn't you have liked this chance when you were a child? What fun they will have just writing the composition! How full of joy they will be if they succeed in wining a prize!

EDUCATOR Week Prize Offer. Total, $500.00

$50.00 in gold	for first prize	$10.00 in gold	for 5th prize
25.00 " "	" 2nd "	5.00 " "	" 6th to 10th prizes
20.00 " "	" 3rd "	2.50 " cash	" 11th to 30th "
15.00 " "	" 4th "	1.00 " "	" 31st to 335th "

All compositions must be in our hands on or before October 15th.
Prizes will be awarded December 1st, '09

GET THE PRIZE OFFER TODAY!

RICE & HUTCHINS

10-12 HIGH STREET BOSTON, MASS.

What Educator Week Is

EDUCATOR WEEK—Sept. 6th to Sept. 11th. This week is selected because schools begin the fall term about this time. School children everywhere must then have a pair of new shoes.

Retailers selling the Educator Shoe will make a special display of the Educator for children during Educator Week. Watch the windows in your town then and you will know at once who sells Educators.

The Educator Shoe

EDUCATOR SHOES are made for every member of the family—infants to parents. Prices according to size. They are made—

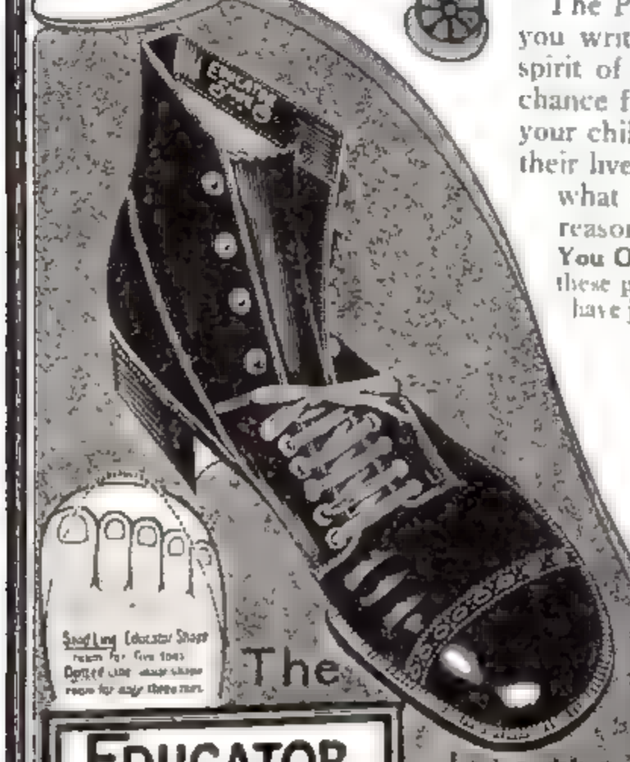
For the LITTLE FEET whose feet will grow [illegible]

For the MISSES and YOUTH whose feet are growing [illegible]

For MEN and WOMEN who seek restful foot comfort

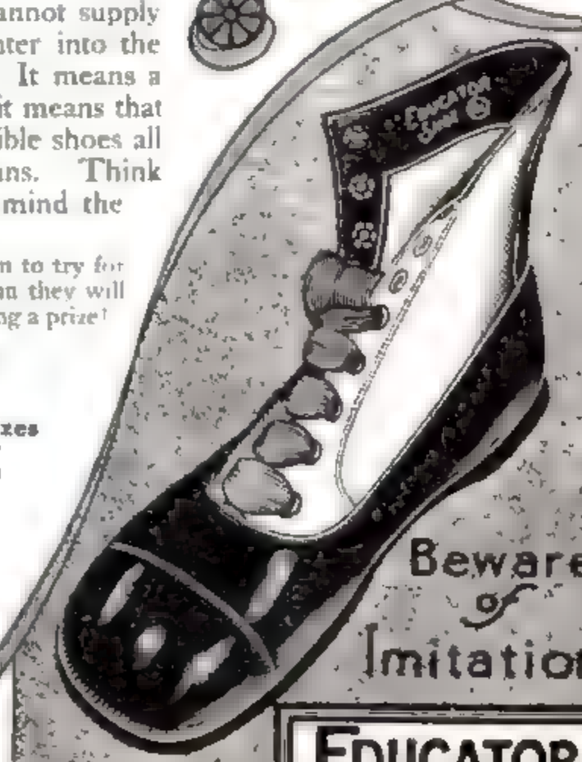
SIZES:

First Steps 2 to 6 $1 25 and $1 38
Infants 5 to 8, $1 50 and $1 75
Children 8½ to 11 $1 75 and $2 00
Misses 11 to 2, $2 25
Girls 2½ to 6 $2 50 and $2 75
Women's 2½ to 7 $4 00 Oxfords $3 50
Boys' 1 to 5½ $2 50 and $2 75
Men's 6 to 11 $3 $4 and $5



The EDUCATOR SHOE lets the foot grow as it should.

Look for the brand exactly as shown here.
Take no substitutes

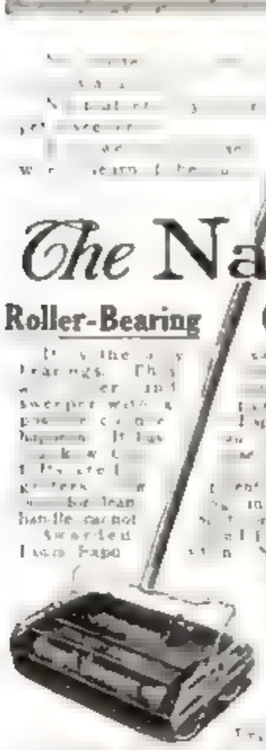


Beware of Imitations

Look for the Brand on the sole or lining
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT IT

RICE & HUTCHINS
WORLD SHOEMAKERS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

Madam - Learn of This Different-Better Carpet Sweeper



The National Roller-Bearing Carpet Sweeper

NATIONAL SWEEPER CO. Newark N. J., Chicago Ill

The Reason Why the KREMENTZ Rolled Plate Collar Buttons Outwear all Others

This Diagram Illustrates Quantity of Gold in Imitation Buttons

This Illustrates Quantity of Gold in the Krementz Button

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

SAFE INVESTMENTS

Municipal and School of the Middle West BONDS

4½ to 5% and better

SPITZER & COMPANY
1 Spitzer Bldg Toledo, Ohio
1 HanoverBank Bldg New York City

SPITZER & CO. Bonds

A NEW DELIGHT

French's Mixture

Sold Direct From Factory to Smoker

Send 10c in Silver or Stamps for large Sample Pouch and Booklet

French Tobacco Co. Department G, Statesville, N. C.

WROUGHT IRON FENCE

Artistic, everlasting Estimates made on application. Catalogue free. The Ward Fence Co., Box 694, Decatur, Ind.

25% to 75% Saved on Any Make of Typewriter

Factory Rebuilt, Unexcelled in Construction, Finish and Durability. Particulars on request.

American Writing Machine Company
345 Broadway, New York
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES

SELLING WITHOUT SAMPLES

(Concluded from Page 11)

commercial-paper men. The latter offer to take over all his borrowing detail and worries. Instead of going to half a dozen separate banks for a loan of one hundred thousand dollars, bringing on half a dozen separate inquiries into his credit, and, perhaps, setting afloat harmful rumors, he can draw up an issue of twenty simple promissory notes for five thousand dollars each, bearing his name alone—"single-name paper," as it is called. Before the brokerage house accepts these notes, of course, it will make careful inquiries into his credit and standing. But there will be only a single inquiry, and before it is over the brokerage house's credit man, who is commonly a master of accounting, may have shown ways in which the borrower's business methods can be improved or his profits directly increased. A manufacturer might borrow money on notes at three or four per cent and use it to discount his bills for materials, making twelve per cent a year on the loan. The commercial-paper brokers' service is not costly—the commission is about one-fourth of one per cent, or only two hundred and fifty dollars on an issue of one hundred thousand dollars.

Therefore, the salesman who visits merchants and manufacturers with the object of making them clients has numerous interesting arguments to set before them. After the recent panic came cheap money in Wall Street—money was idle, just as men were in the industrial centers. Commercial-paper salesmen visited merchants and manufacturers who had always obtained sufficient money at their own banks at five per cent, and showed that it was possible to borrow in Wall Street on notes at three and four, until money rose again.

"But if I go to Wall Street for this cheap money my own banker will refuse to lend when I come home again," objected the business man.

Salesmen met this distrust by showing that, on the contrary, a local bank is always impressed when one of its borrowing customers can go to another city for a loan. Borrowers who saw the point got cheap money for a considerable period. When Wall Street rates rose again, making it economical to come back home for funds at five per cent, lo! there was the local banker waiting respectfully on his front steps, ready to kill the fatted calf.

The salesmen who dispose of this paper to banks are scattered over the whole country. A prime point in the service is that a merchant's twenty notes can be placed quietly with twenty widely-separated bankers, giving the least publicity. That is the salesman's work, largely; he knows what bankers buy commercial paper, and whether a given bank prefers the notes of a given trade, as cotton manufacturers or wholesale drygoods merchants. The standing of the brokerage house is also an important element in sales, for the bank takes the risk that the notes will be paid on maturity, and trusts to the brokerage house's credit investigation of the borrower. How small is this risk with a responsible brokerage concern is shown in the fact that during the past ten years a leading commercial-paper house has handled issues aggregating seventy-five million dollars, with losses of only sixty-five thousand dollars, distributed among the hundreds of banks that bought them—less than one-tenth of one per cent.

A Ferocious Catch

JUDGE PRYOR, of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, after living a long life of legal activity, determined to go fishing. He took his negro boy, Jim, with him to show him how.

They went out in a boat, and the Judge angled patiently. Presently he caught a snapping turtle. The Judge pulled the turtle in and landed him in the boat. Then he gazed at the catch with much interest.

"Jim," he said, after a long period of contemplation, "that, I take it, is an amphibious animal."

"Yassir," replied Jim. "Oh, yassir. He'd bite you in a minute."

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Protection, with Safety from Accident

Few people would sleep in a house or apartment with unlocked doors or windows.

Yet a burglar's "jimmy" easily opens all locks. And there are plenty of other ways of breaking in.

Scarcely a newspaper issue but which carries an account of a burglary, or some harrowing of that nature.

And the intruder so often finds the occupants of the house entirely at his mercy.

So many people ignore the need for self-protection.

Largely because, in many homes, the women are more afraid of a revolver, than of a possible burglar.

But once she realizes that an Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver is absolutely proof against accidental discharge, the most timid and nervous woman will abandon her prejudice.

Note this: To-day there are over 2,000,000 Iver Johnson Revolvers in use. Yet not a single accidental discharge has been reported. Because:

There is only one way to fire an Iver Johnson—that is by pulling the trigger all the way back. Which can't happen by accident.

This revolver is proof against carelessness.

It might catch in the pocket, fall to the floor—or you can throw it, kick it, or hammer the hammer—any test you make will prove the absolute safety of this revolver.

And, there is no "lock," no "lever," no device of any kind for you to "work"—the safety feature of the Iver Johnson is entirely automatic—a part of the firing mechanism. And very simple.

So this revolver is always ready for instant firing when need arises—simply pull the trigger all the way back, and it fires fast, shoots straight, and hits hard.

This safety feature is patented and exclusive. You can know the genuine by the owl's head on the grip and the Iver Johnson name on the barrel.

Learn all about the positive protection you get in an Iver Johnson—self protection in emergency, protection against accident or carelessness,—Send for our free book, "Shots." It explains, in a simple way, just how this revolver is made safe.

Hammer the Hammer

See these revolvers at your dealer's. Have him make the safety tests. You will find them at hardware and sporting goods stores. Or, if your dealer will not supply, we will send one prepaid on receipt of price.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
Richly nickeled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center fire, 3-in. bbl., or 38 cal. center-fire, 3½ in. bbl. $6
Extra length barrel or barrel

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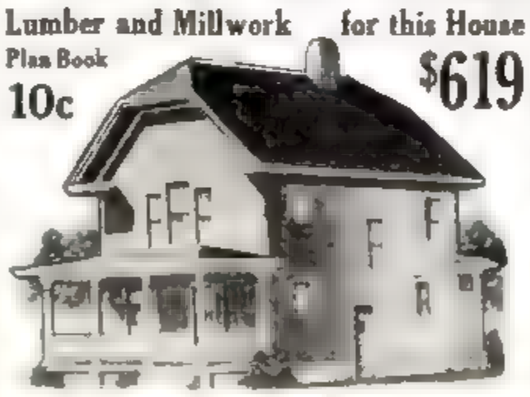

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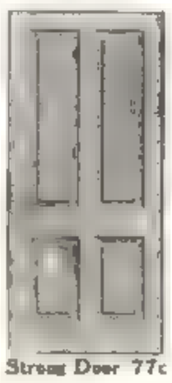

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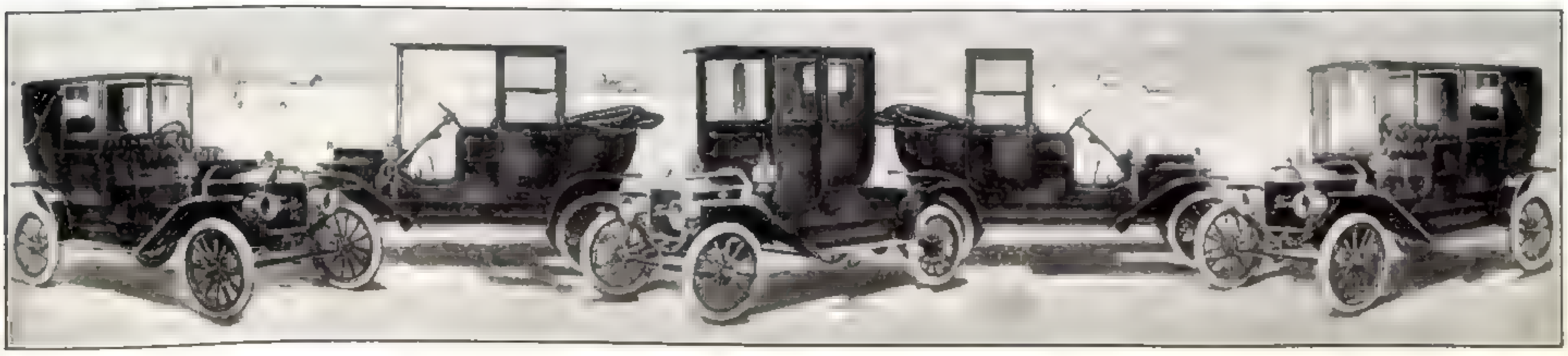

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THE COMEDY OF A PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from Page 15)

might have been an interesting scene. It was so horribly easily done. Youth has such disillusionments!

At the end of the performance Torresdale put the ladies in their carriage and bade them good-night, explaining that he would be obliged to work until all hours to remedy the damage the management had done to his play. Then he turned away toward the stage entrance.

Just inside of the door he found the whole company except the star still in their costumes, with make-up on their faces, looking at the call-board.

"Harry," he said, brushing past to the stage manager, "is the Governor here?"

"The Governor's gone home."

"Well, post a notice for rehearsal tomorrow at ten-thirty. We've got a lot to do, but we'll make a killing with this play yet."

The players turned and looked at him blankly. One of the women tittered.

"Come here a minute, Torry," said the stage manager, wanting to break it to him gently; but he hadn't a chance.

"There seems to be a notice there already," remarked the woman who tittered. She pointed ironically at the board

The author of their misfortune turned and looked at it. Some of the players watched his face with cold, jeering eyes. Others averted their gaze considerately. "Sorry, old man," said the stage manager in a low voice; "the piece is to be taken off. The Governor posted the 'two weeks' notice before the curtain went down on the last act." He laughed uncomfortably.

To the young playwright it came like a bolt from the blue. "Ah, yes," he said slowly, "I see." He gazed at the notice, worded with businesslike brevity. It seemed to be true. The play was a failure. In the morning the town would be talking about it, his enemies would be laughing at him. He might make excuses and blame the management for it, but the play bore his name, and so would the failure. He gathered himself together. He would not, at any rate, blame it upon the players. It was a more serious matter for some of them than for himself.

He turned and faced the company. Some of them were sulking like schoolboys expecting to be chided, others looked defiant. "Well, girls and boys, we are all in the same boat," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "I built the boat. You rowed hard. But we are swamped. It is not your fault, that's certain. Good-night. Better luck next time." He turned away abruptly.

"Well, he's a good loser, at any rate," said "the heavy" to the others. "Now, I remember once when I was playing with Booth ——"

"But what I want to know is how much I can get for this costume," interrupted another. . . .

Torresdale had started in the direction of the stage merely to get out of sight of the company. He hesitated now, not knowing where to turn. The "gripe" were busy and oblivious, striking the last set. None of them even glanced at him. "Stand aside, please," shouted one of them. He was in their way. An odd sense of loneliness oppressed him, the feeling of a boy on his first day at school. He craved companionship and sympathy. With a sudden impulse he made straight for the dressing-room marked with a painted star. He knocked softly. "Dearie," he called in the vernacular, "are you 'decent'?" meaning, "may I come in?"

There was no answer. He knocked again.

Lucille's maid came to the door and opened it a few inches. "Miss Lawless hasn't changed yet. She says please not to wait," the maid announced coldly. "She's feeling pretty bad," she added in a whisper.

"I'll wait," said Torresdale.

Presently he tried again.

"Come in," said the beautiful voice listlessly. As he entered the maid was buttoning her dress in the back, and she did not turn to greet him. She did not want to see him. It was rather different from his reception on the first night of his other play. On her dressing-table stood a photograph he had given her of his portrait, the one with his chin resting on his

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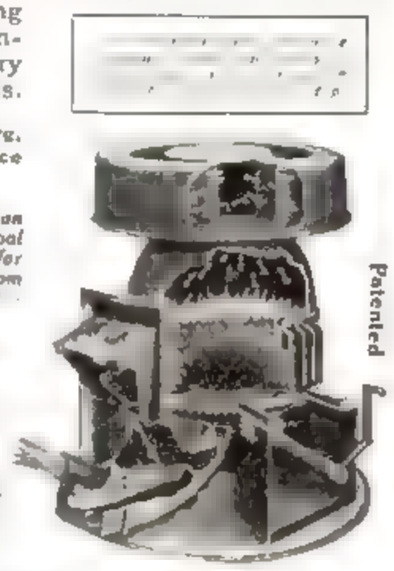

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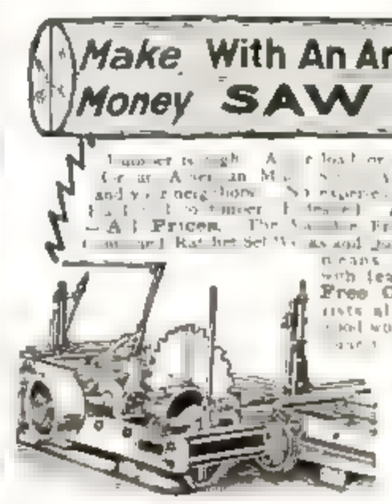

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fist. The "successful young dramatist" expression mocked him, but he was pleased to see it there with his inscription and autograph.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked dully. "I suppose you have heard."

He saw that she had been weeping. "You poor child!" he cried with sudden melting tenderness. "Oh, I'm so sorry, putting *you* in this hole!"

Unconsciously, he clenched his fists. In the glass before her she saw this and his look of genuine sympathy. It touched and surprised her. He seemed more sorry for her than for himself; and so he was, for the moment.

It was too much for her overwrought nerves. She broke down again, sobbing like a little girl.

That affected him as the sight of a beautiful woman weeping always affects a man—until he sees it too often. He sprang forward and put his arms about her. "You poor little thing!" he said tenderly. "There! there! Don't take it so hard. It's all part of the game." He patted her girlish shoulder. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you that new play I'm writing for Templeton. She doesn't look the part, anyway. Oh, we'll make a successful star of you yet, you bet," and he went on trying to divert and comfort her.

"Come, forget it; hurry on your wraps," he said finally. "You are going out to supper with me."

She shook her head wearily. "I'm going to bed," she answered, putting on her hat. "We rehearsed all last night, you know. I'm all in."

"Oh, you can go to bed any old day," he answered gayly. "But it isn't often that we have a failure to celebrate together."

She was heartened and pleased at his gameness. She turned and looked at him kindly. She had often laughed at him behind his back, but she considered him a nice boy beneath his affectations; was genuinely sorry for him—the whole-souled understanding of a comrade in battle.

"Come," he demanded eagerly; "my car's waiting outside." He held up her evening wrap.

"I'll come," she said.

As he put Lucille into the car, "Wide open, Charlie!" he shouted to the chauffeur, and he jumped in beside the actress. "We'll take a chance of being arrested." With her safely within reach a mood of wild recklessness possessed him. It was partly due to the reaction from his unexpected blow. Sudden disaster, as sudden victory, is often stimulating to resilient natures. The play was a failure, he was disgraced (so he thought), and the girl from home had joined the ranks of those that hated him. What of it? These worries were things of the past. He did not care now. All the world could go hang tonight.

"It strikes me," Lucille said with a chiding smile after they had taken their places at the table, "that you're ordering a mighty expensive supper for a man with a failure on his hands."

He smiled indulgently. He liked her pretty remonstrance, and went on ordering more lavishly. It may be a vulgar trait, but the modern Broadway spender cannot perform deeds of prowess in the tourney before his lady-love, so what else is there to do? "Yes," he said, shrugging his shoulders as the deferential waiter departed, "I've had a failure this evening—two failures, in fact; but I haven't failed in everything." He smiled into her eyes. "What do I care so long as I have you!"

"I'm sorry," she said, misunderstanding him, "but I'm afraid I can't wait till you finish your new piece." She did not like to tell him that she did not believe in it. "I've got a husband to support. Soon as the notice was posted I telegraphed out to Chicago—the engagement I was telling you about."

"So you're going to leave me, are you?" He looked at her a moment in silence.

"You know, my dear," he said, "I've never had a good chance to tell you before how much I love you." He dropped his eyes. "There were reasons." He raised them again. "But now—well look out for me!" and he laughed, outwardly jocular, inwardly rather excited.

She was tired and rather bored; but, like her obliging sex, she tried to adapt herself to his jocularity. "How exciting!" She emptied her glass, laughed and looked about the room to see who were at the other tables.

He laughed heartily and added: "Well, is there any reason why I shouldn't make

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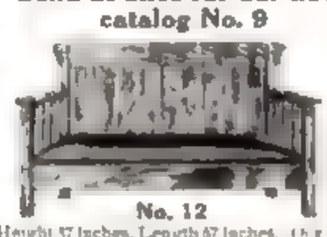

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Height 37 inches, Length 67 inches. Our Price K. D., with Cushions covered with Chase Leather **$11.15**

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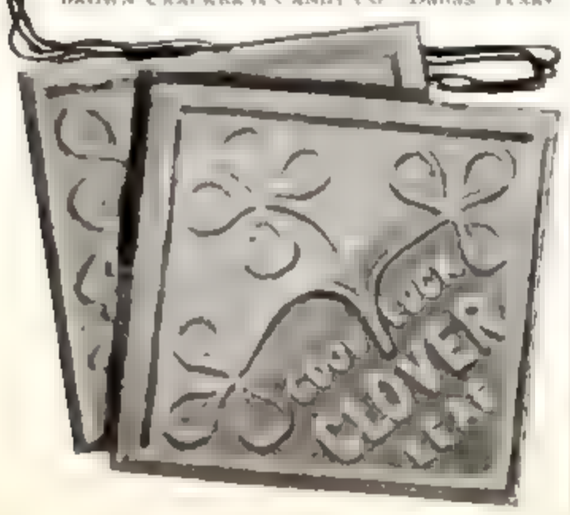

love to you in earnest now? So long as you were in my company—well, I don't approve of such goings-on, you know. Bad policy. We've often said so. But now—you're not in my company. See?"

Again she laughed it off and changed the subject.

He came back to it. "I suppose you know I'm crazy about you," he said, looking into her eyes.

"I suppose you know I'm married," she answered promptly, looking back into his.

"I've heard you had a husband. I've seldom seen him," he returned, smiling.

"You soon will," she said without smiling, "if you keep on talking like this."

"Dear me!" he exclaimed and laughed.

She scrutinized him a moment. "See here, little boy," she said quietly, "I don't know whether you are fooling or not, but you mustn't talk this way to me. It's not nice."

He leaned forward. "See here, my girl, I've made a star of you—what do I get out of it?"

She, too, leaned forward, no longer listless. "It looks as if you were going to get a valuable experience," she said in a manner he had never seen before. "If I weren't so tired," she went on with spirit, "and you weren't so young I might give you an illusion of being indignant, beginning 'How dare you!' and working up to a climax of 'Now go!' as you have it in that silly second act of yours. But I've been rehearsing that sort of thing until I'm sick of it. Besides, you're hardly important enough to take so seriously. You're nothing but a child. I hate cruelty to children." She yawned and looked across the room as if that ended it.

No reproof could have been more effective, and none could have been more resented. "A child, am I?" he returned, blazing with the unforgivable accusation. "Well, you didn't seem to think so when I was writing parts for you! You didn't talk this way while I was on the top of the wave. Bah! You're all alike, you women." He lighted a cigarette grandly.

"Another original line," she remarked, calmly continuing her supper.

"Then you've just been working me for what you could get out of me—is that it?"

She nodded. "I've just been working you for what I could get out of you. It pays to stand in with the author. I sized you up for a coming man. 'Here's where I become a star,' I said to myself. Well, I did, you notice."

He writhed. She watched him and laughed at him. "Why, everybody's been working you, from the dead beats in the company who have been living on you and calling you a 'good thing' up to the Governor, who flattered you into getting your play away from Kahn. He never intended letting you put it on yourself. He admitted that when I told him you didn't know enough. 'Well, let him think so for one week,' he said to me and winked—like that." She took a sip of champagne. "Everybody on Broadway knows the story by this time—everybody but you."

"So that's it, eh?" he replied with burning sarcasm. "I make a star of you, and you make a fool of me!"

"You're too modest; you've done both yourself," she said. Then she went on, no longer tired: "You're a nice boy, Torry; only, you are doing your best to get over it. I still think you're a nice boy inside, or I wouldn't waste my time talking to you. You simply have as pretty a case of swelled head as anybody on Broadway—not even barring actors. I suppose I'm foolish to tell you a little of the truth. I might want another part some day, and this kills me with you, of course. But I owe you something, and I'm going to pay you in something you won't take—advice. I'm older than you and have seen more. You've simply made the mistake so many people in your world make about the women in my world. You think that because some actresses aren't straight none of them are. Oh, I don't blame *you*; you were carefully *taught* to think so. Well, some of your teachers ought to know! You probably won't believe me, but the average actress you take out to supper isn't half so crazy about men as the average society woman you take out to dinner. Charming men is their chief occupation; acting is ours. We're pretty busy and ambitious and have a lot of other things to think about. We'd rather please a manager than a man. We'd rather get a 'mash note' from a matinee girl than from her papa. Papa only pays for her seat; she says where it will be. Because a lot of fool women in high life, who have nothing else to do, who are dependent all their lives upon the bounty of some man living or dead or divorced, because a lot of wives who think themselves more respectable than women who earn their own livings, have been telling you how irresistible you are, you thought all you'd have to say was 'Come' and I'd be delighted. Well, you're wrong."

He made no answer, only smoked and looked at the tablecloth.

She went on: "I not only support my husband, but I like him. He's down on his luck just now and gets drunk sometimes. But if I threw him over he'd get drunk all the time. He needs me, and I love him. Now, don't try this on any more actresses till you know a little more about them." She paused and smiled at him with perfect good-nature. "I must go home. I'm tired."

"Wait!" He looked at her an instant and then away again. The blow to his self-love was forgotten in his admiration for the frank, honest human being before him. He saw now what an utter idiot he had been, how far he had dropped from the traditions of birth, breeding and even ordinary decency. "Lucille," he said with a different voice and manner now, "you are about the best friend I've got and I've insulted you!"

She had arisen. "Oh, don't get emotional," she returned, surprised and a little sorry. "I'm used to being insulted. I've been insulted all my life, politely or otherwise. Why, my dear, if I weren't insulted now and then I would think I was losing my charm!"

As they started home in silence, "It isn't often that people say anything when they talk, is it?" she mused. "But I got started, so I told you what I really thought.

"The trouble with you," she went on quietly, "has been that you haven't learned a thing for nearly a year. You were so full of yourself that there wasn't room for anything else. For the first few months"—she paused a moment—"why, I never saw any one catch on to things quicker. You were learning things every minute. Then you stopped listening and began talking. You stopped watching and began posing. Then I saw your finish. That was the whole trouble with your play. That is the whole trouble with yourself."

"You are right," he said at last; "it is all true, every word." Then, after a reflective pause, boyishly: "My, what a rotten play! I don't see why they ever put it on."

They turned the corner, approaching her apartment.

"Oh, well, plenty of rotten plays succeed. It's hard luck for me that this one has failed, but it will be the best thing that ever happened to you—if you'll let it be. Every man who is any good has to make a fool of himself *some* time. You made a sudden success, then a fool of yourself just as suddenly. There's nothing slow about you, Torry. You got drunk by success, now don't get soured by failure. Just get sober."

The car stopped and they went up the elevator to her door. She took out her keys and turned to bid him good-night, wondering subconsciously whether her husband was home—the old dread of what might be behind that door. "I don't want to butt in," she said with a return of the respectful tone of the early days of their acquaintance when she looked up to him as a superior person. "If I were you ——" She dropped her eyes and stopped.

"Go on," he said. "Say it."

"If I were you I would go home and tell that nice girl you were patronizing in the box that you are sorry. Oh, I caught on!" she said with a conscious laugh. "Then come back and be a grown-up man and write a play about something you *feel!*" She unlocked the door and held out her hand.

He gripped it. "Lucille," he said, looking with boyish earnestness into her kind, tired eyes, "I *am* going to write another play! It's going to be a corker, if I can only do it! It's going to be about a beautiful, generous woman who is straight, and a miserable, conceited idiot who didn't appreciate her! If you do me the honor to consider it I'll go tomorrow and see if good old Kahn will take me back."

She put her hand on his shoulder. "You nice boy," she said, and quietly closed the door.

After his first play Howard Alfred Torresdale woke up to find himself famous. After his second play a better thing happened—he woke up to find himself.

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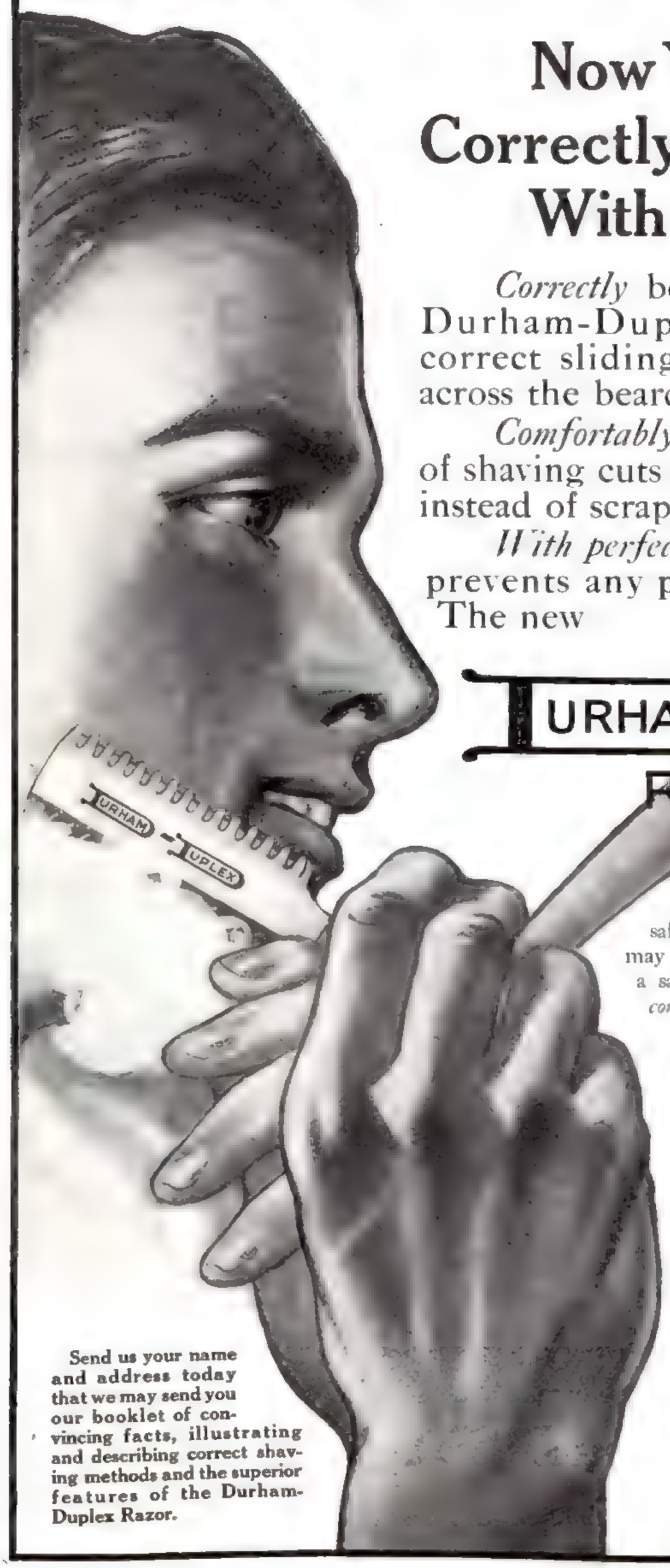

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OUR DEBT TO THE ANIMALS

(Continued from Page 17)

the meningococcus, and instead of dying with the disease they promptly recovered. After this procedure had been repeated a sufficient number of times to feel sure of the result and to be confident that it was safe to administer the serum to human beings, it was tried in the first cases that could be secured. The disease is not a very common one, so that progress was slow, but up to date the serum has been used in some five hundred cases with the almost uniform result that instead of from seventy to eighty per cent of the cases dying, as they invariably did before, from seventy to eighty-five per cent of them recovered; thus almost exactly reversing the mortality and recovery rate of the disease.

Gratifying as have been the curative results of the antitoxins, vaccines and serums already developed, it is, however, not too much to say that, had none of these yet been discovered, the enormously-increased power over the course, the spread and the causation of infectious diseases given by our accurate recognition of their cause, of their life habits, of the places in which disease breeds and the channels through which it is transmitted to fresh victims, would have been worth a thousand times what our knowledge of bacteriology has cost in labor, time, money and the sacrifice of animal life.

Even diseases like typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera and pneumonia, for which no specific antidote has yet been discovered, show already a reduction of from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent both in their occurrence and in their death rate when they do occur. Even if we should never discover a specific serum for typhoid, for tuberculosis, for cholera and for yellow fever, it is practically as certain as the sun rises and sets that we are in process of exterminating them entirely, and that their disappearance from civilized society is only a question of time.

Two American Heroes

Two most signal victories of this class were won in the case of malaria and yellow fever. It is only possible barely to allude to them here—indeed, little more should be necessary, as the newspapers are full every few weeks of reports of conquests over the two diseases. In one of these diseases, indeed, we already had an antidote, quinine, and though our new knowledge has given us no further curative agent in either, it has provided us with an absolute protection against them both, and put both well in the way of extermination. To put it very briefly, both were found to be due to parasites carried and introduced into the human blood by the bite of mosquitoes. This was demonstrated upon both animals and birds. Then a test upon human beings was demanded, and a score of medical volunteers, soldiers of modern science, stepped forward at once. In all of them the disease developed after they were bitten by infected mosquitoes, and the demonstration was complete. Two there were of those who offered themselves as victims at this altar whom we should add to our lists of American heroes—Carroll and Lazear for they paid the penalty with their lives. We thrill with pride when we think of the pension of two hundred and fifty dollars a month paid to Mrs. Carroll, and the noble sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month which goes to Mrs. Lazear and her seven children. It required some three years of coaxing and lobbying, not to mention special bills, to wring these magnificent sums from a grateful and intelligent Congress. These men by dying saved thousands of human lives in our Southern States during the recurrent invasions of Yellow Jack. What may appeal to us more, they saved millions of dollars' worth of damage to commerce and trade caused by quarantines and fever panics. But their orphans couldn't get one-thousandth part of the amount of protection from our noble Government that the feeblest and ricketiest Infant Industry can, by simply crooking its little finger.

Within five years of the discovery of the mosquito's part in yellow fever the disease was practically exterminated in its old hotbed and source of infection for the United States, Havana, and the single epidemic that has reached our shores since

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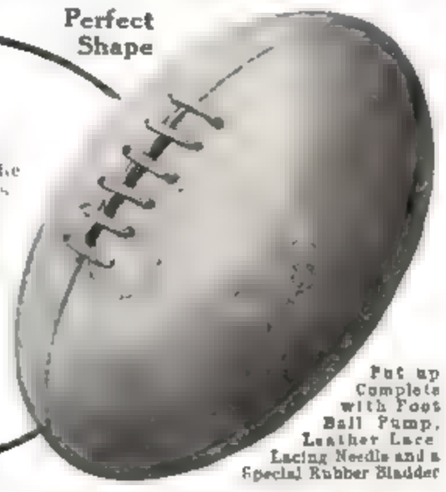

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was stamped out with about one-fifth of the usual mortality and panic. Never again, while health officers are reasonably efficient and intelligent, will a serious epidemic of yellow fever get foothold in these United States!

Similarly in the case of malaria, by cleaning up the small pools and puddles, any given district can practically stamp out malaria within its borders in a few years. Scores indeed have already done so. Of course, it is brutally cruel. It represents an appalling waste and destruction of happy, singing, dancing animal life, millions of poor defenseless little mosquitoes; but then, alas! the gods demand a price for every boon.

Of course, to make an omelet one must break some eggs, and this immense saving of both human and animal life, our enormous increase in health and happiness and social comfort, has been purchased at a price, and that price has been paid largely by our animal kinsmen. But as Sainte-Beuve remarked: "It is not necessary to calumniate even the Inquisition," and even such brief review as we have here been able to take of the nature of our debt to animals and its results shows that their sacrifice and suffering, while unquestionable and regrettable, have been neither excessive nor unreasonable.

The great bulk of animals used for scientific purposes are guinea-pigs and horses the former being extensively bred for the purpose. The procedures to which they are submitted are inoculations or infections with the germs or toxins of the disease under investigation. These inoculations usually involve about the amount of pain which attends the vaccination of a human being, as most viruses are introduced either by scratches made on the skin, by being mixed with the food, dropped into the eye or injected with a hypodermic needle. The amount of suffering that follows is simply that which attends the development of the disease, and in many cases this is not allowed to run its full course to death, as the animals are killed as soon as it is certain that they have fully developed the disease. In other words, they suffer just about as much as if left to themselves to die of natural causes, except that their deaths occur somewhat earlier.

For every guinea-pig that has died by inoculated disease in the laboratory, at least one child—perhaps your child—has already been saved from death by diphtheria alone. For every animal sacrificed in the laboratory, at least ten animals have been protected against painful and loathsome disease. Without the use of animals there would ever have been, at every step in the process, a fatal missing link in the chain of our evidence, and the superb advance of medical science of the last quarter of a century would either have been utterly impossible, or else have been less than one-fifth as great and as helpful as it has been.

The Iceman

A BOY heard of a place to be had at a town five hundred miles from his home and spent all his money for a railroad ticket, borrowing three dollars from his sister. The place was taken when he got there, but he found work in a livery-stable at ten dollars a month and board. Every damaged and broken article was charged to his wages, however, so that in six months he was able to just about pay back his sister's loan. He quit, and became a hostler in a railroad roundhouse and in a few months was sent on the road as fireman at sixty dollars a month. When he had saved two hundred dollars they made him an engineer, at one hundred and twenty dollars a month. In five years he had saved thirty-seven hundred dollars.

Then came a collision for which he was laid off thirty days, and as his nerves were shaken he decided that he would not go back to the railroad, but would set up in business instead. An ice-dealer in one of the towns along the line was having trouble, too, but of a kind due wholly to mismanagement. The railroad man offered twenty-five hundred dollars for the ice business, and got it, paying five hundred dollars down and the rest with notes extended over two years. As soon as his business was nicely in hand a wave of prosperity struck that part of the country, and the cold storage of provisions began to alter market conditions. Now, after ten years' work, he owns three large cold-storage plants, and is mayor of the town.

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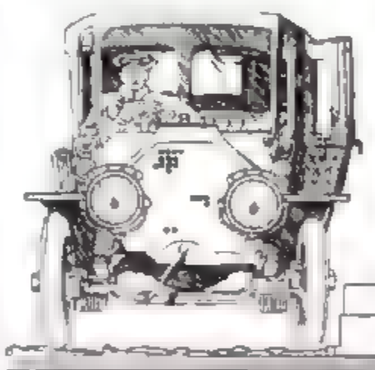

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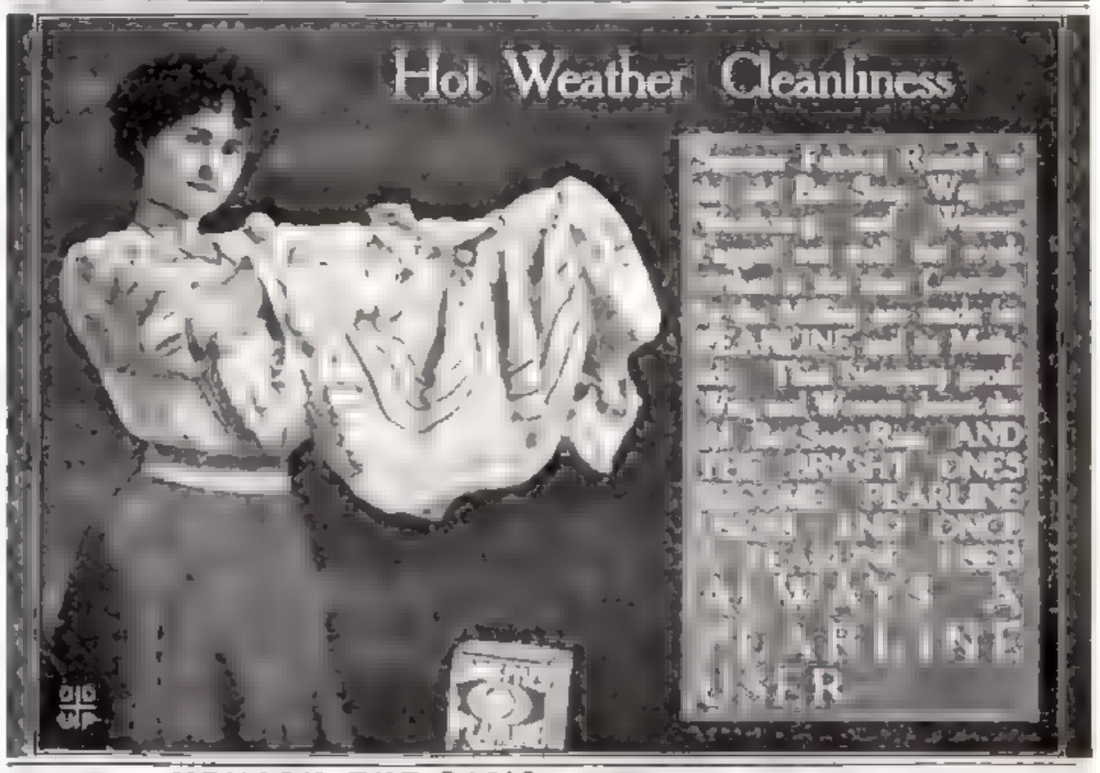

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You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, increases income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking.

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Orange Grove in Keystone Park Colony One of the 24 Orange Groves

10 Acres in Florida Will Take Care of You

Scene in Keystone Park Colony

This announcement tells of a wonderful opportunity. 10,000 acres of the best of Florida's famous orange lands have been subdivided into 1,000 farms of 10 acres each at Keystone Park Colony, Florida. These farms may be had *while they last* at the rate of $25.00 per acre, on easy terms. Not less than one nor more than four of these 10 acre tracts will be sold to any one person. Quick action is more important than capital. A payment of only $1.00 per acre, or $10.00, secures a ten acre farm. Balance at the rate of 50 cents per acre per month, free of taxes and interest on deferred payments.

KEYSTONE PARK COLONY

lands are not only the best of Florida's orange lands, but will produce crops of high priced fruits and vegetables **every month in the year!**

It is an absolute fact that a single KEYSTONE PARK Colony farm of 10 acres, under reasonably careful cultivation, will support any family in comfort and plenty, and pay a greater cash profit each year than most 100 acre farms in the Northern States.

Land high, dry and fertile. Pure spring water in abundance. Splendid shipping facilities. Three railroads penetrate the Keystone Park properties. Only 72 hours to New York by freight.

Location as healthful as anywhere in the United States. No extremes of heat and cold. Temperature averages 72 degrees throughout the year.

Accommodations for Purchasers Comfortable accommodations will be provided at very low cost in the Keystone Park "Colony House," to purchasers, until they can erect a dwelling on their own property.

Improvements Made Buyers of Keystone Park Colony Land not wishing to move to Florida at once can arrange with us to have improvements, planting and cultivation done *at cost* until ready to occupy their property.

Remit Promptly We advise immediate remittance of $10.00 for each 10 acre farm desired (not more than four), to secure first choice of these lands. We will immediately issue contract for warranty deed to be delivered when purchase has been completed.

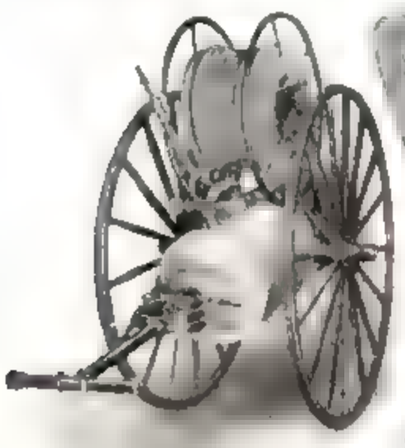
You are perfectly safe in making this remittance. We would call attention to the fact that a fraudulent advertisement could not find space in this publication at any price. If this is not sufficient, we will, on request, give anyone undeniable proof that every word of this advertisement is true, and that this opportunity is just what it seems to be.

Our Guarantee We guarantee to refund every dollar paid us if the purchaser, within 60 days after making the initial payment, visits KEYSTONE PARK COLONY and is dissatisfied with his investment and can point out to us any misrepresentation that we have made in this advertisement. This guarantee is backed by the financial and business standing of this company, which is certified to by the leading financial institutions of the State of Florida.

References F. C. Bowyer, President Tampa Board of Trade, Tampa, Florida; C. Fred Thompson, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Tampa, Florida; C. M. Knott, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Auditor and Recorder, Hillsborough County, Florida; G. A. Petteway, President Bank of Tampa, Tampa, Florida; F. L. Wing, Mayor, Tampa, Florida.

We will gladly send booklet, fully describing and illustrating the KEYSTONE PARK FARMS, to anyone wishing further information. We will also answer any special inquiry pertaining to the subject.

TAMPA BAY LAND COMPANY, TAMPA, FLORIDA



The "AJAX" for Towns and Cities and Volunteer Fire Departments

Have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises"

Extinguish a fire within a few moments of the start; without the usual water damage; and without the loss of valuable time in waiting for the arrival of your City Fire Department.

This you can do if you have *adequate* fire apparatus at hand for immediate use. Apparatus which does not require flooding the premises in order to extinguish a fire.

A small sum will enable you to have "Your Own Fire Department on Your Own Premises." Will enable you to purchase a powerful fire fighting machine, which instantly throws a *chemical* solution 80 feet, with an efficiency equivalent to thousands of pails of water.

FIRE FIGHTING EFFICIENCY EQUAL TO 9000 PAILS OF WATER

The Ajax Chemical Fire Engine

for Towns, Mills, Factories, Country Homes, Public Institutions, Stores, Etc.

As you know, nearly every large Fire Department in the Country has been using Chemical Fire Engines for many years. 40 to 90 per cent. of all fires are extinguished by them. (Official statistics by Cities in our catalogue.) We now manufacture the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine for *private* use at buildings and plants of all kinds.

And these machines are just like the City Department machines, except that they are mounted on a small frame, so they can be wheeled through narrow aisles, doorways, paths, etc. Has about ⅓ the capacity of a City Fire Department Chemical Engine, and will therefore extinguish nearly as large a fire—yet the cost of the private machine is only *a very small fraction* of the cost of the City Department machines

Whether your premises are located in a large City or a small Town, you should have one of our private machines (shown in lower corner) on hand for instant use. And if you are located in a small Town, with little or no fire protection, you should recommend to your Town Council that they order one of our Town machines (shown in upper corner) for use throughout the town in addition to the private machine you should have on your own premises.

As the AJAX throws a powerful *chemical* stream about 80 feet, it will readily extinguish fires of oil, tar, paint, celluloid, alcohol, turpentine, etc., on which water has little or no effect; it is operated instantly by one man; requires no attention when not in use and costs practically nothing to maintain. Among the purchasers of the AJAX are the Standard Oil Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, United States Government, Mexican Government, John Wanamaker, R. H. Macy & Co., etc.

The "AJAX" for Factories and private use of all kinds

FREE TRIAL OFFER:

We prepay freight charges and allow 30 days' approval. If machine is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it at our expense. This gives you an opportunity to build a big test fire—as big as you like—and note how easily, quickly, and effectively the AJAX will extinguish same. Write us a note, or fill in and mail us the coupon below, and we will send you complete descriptive pamphlet price and particulars as to our free trial offer. Write *now* before you forget it.

AJAX FIRE ENGINE WORKS, 95 South Liberty Street, NEW YORK

Send the undersigned your pamphlet giving full facts regarding the AJAX Chemical Fire Engine, and quote price and free trial offer

Name_____ Address_____

The Boy Problem Solved

THOUSANDS of boys have been kept out of mischief—other timorous thousands have acquired confidence—purposeless boys have grown ambitious—all have made their own spending money and acquired invaluable business experience by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

We are willing to appoint boys in every town in the country and supply them with capital with which to start. The first week's supply of ten copies of THE POST will be sent *entirely without cost.*

The fifty cents from selling these is all yours. After that, all that are required of that magazine and all that are required of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL at the wholesale price.

If you want your boy to earn his own spending money and to get invaluable business experience on Friday afternoons and on Saturdays and kept from mixing with undesirable associates, let him write to us. Don't send any money. The first week's supply and everything necessary will be furnished on application.

Boy Division
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
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TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ¼ to ½ mfrs. prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D. Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

Six Months to Pay For Good Clothes

$12.95

For this splendid, All-Wool Suit—made in the latest style. Your choice of cloth.

$3.35 Cash
$1.60 Monthly

This Suit will be sent on approval.

Dress in Clever Style

Our records show that photographic cuts of [illegible] we want to send it to you.

With it we send samples of the cloths in thirty desirable patterns. We buy nothing but all wool cloth. Every yard is guaranteed.

We also send a tape line, with simple instructions for taking your measure. We will fit you perfectly, as we have thousands of others.

This book gives prices on high-grade clothes [illegible]. You never saw clothes like these sold so low. You have probably paid much higher prices for such suits as we sell for $[illegible]. The reason is our enormous output.

Any suit or overcoat made in any cloth we show will be sent on approval. We guarantee the workmanship, the style and the fit. If not entirely satisfactory send the garments back, and all your cost payment will be refunded.

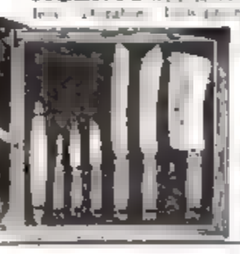
We sell on six months' credit without any security and charge no interest. Our credit prices are exactly the same as for cash. You can pay a little down and a little each month and dress just as well as the best dressed man you know.

We ask a chance to please you once and secure your permanent trade. Please send today for our free Fall Style Book and samples.

THE CLEMENT CO.
345 Franklin Street Chicago

"I MADE $12 PER DAY
Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"

AGENTS wanted [illegible]



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"Virginia" Bridge [illegible] mighty helpful when a few [illegible] of the game unconsciously. Each card [illegible] printed on either margin a rule of play, in [illegible]

"Virginia" Cards

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Virginia SKAT [illegible]

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ALL SIZES
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Pipe repairing of every description by mail—[illegible]

gold or sterling silver. Prices very reasonable. Special Prices to the Trade. DAVID ELLIS the Pipe man, Estab. 1899. Dept. B, 182-186 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Cigars. Tobaccos [illegible]

Commercial Failures

By Montgomery Rollins

IT IS little wonder that a young man about to enter a business career finds his ardor and ambition suddenly chilled by running head first into the cold, heartless statement, so often made, that ninety or even ninety-five per cent of every hundred business men fail at least once during their careers.

If these figures are based upon accurate statistics well and good; but if of doubtful authenticity, it is certainly unwise to make such a heart-breaking suggestion to those who find business full enough of discouragement without this drag-anchor.

There are a great many sayings and statements that we all accept without question because, perhaps, we have heard them so frequently that we have grown deaf to their meaning and do not stop to analyze them as we would if brought, in more mature life, face to face with some virgin fact of similar import. This recalls the man who had been afflicted with a severe pain from birth, and when it suddenly left him, when he was about forty, it was the first time that he was conscious he had ever possessed it, and so he began to ache with the memory.

The writer has always questioned the accuracy of that ninety-per-cent estimate of failures, and also doubted if it were possible that any statistics were in existence definitely proving the proposition. His attention was recently called to a printed card handed out by an insurance agent, in which these statements appeared:

> Between the ages of forty and forty-five, ninety-seven per cent of men meet reverses and lose their entire accumulations.
>
> Between the ages of forty-five and fifty, ninety-seven per cent have lost all.
>
> After the age of fifty but one in five thousand men recovers his financial footing.

This suggested requesting of various insurance companies whether they possessed statistics upon the subject, but none was forthcoming.

It next seemed natural to turn to the large mercantile agencies, and by these agencies reliable figures were immediately supplied. They agreed that the yearly average of commercial failures in the United States barely exceeds one per cent of the total number of mercantile concerns engaged in business each year. This represents only those who are unable to meet their financial obligations, and has no reference to those who voluntarily go out of business or change their occupation. Likewise, these figures obviously refer only to those actually engaged in mercantile affairs, omitting doctors, lawyers and professional men in general. The percentage in any one year has never exceeded one and a half per cent since the days of the Civil War.

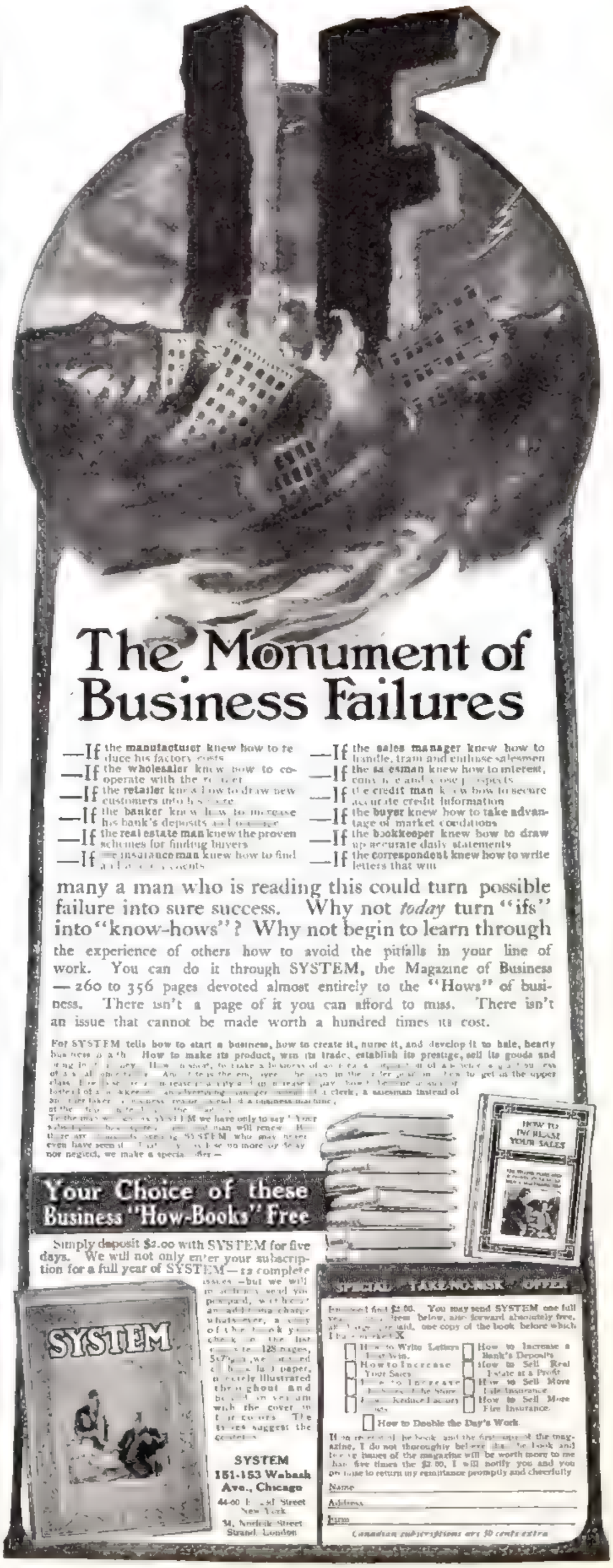
Roughly accepting these figures at one per cent and granting that the average length of a business man's career is fifty years—which is fixing it at a higher figure than facts justify—we would reach a conclusion that somewhere near fifty per cent, rather than ninety per cent, is the proper estimate.

It would seem that we are safe, therefore, permanently to inter this ninety-per-cent bogy, for the foregoing must disprove the prevalent belief which, at the worst, has evidently had but slight foundation.

Having now gained a little business courage, let us summarize a few of the whys and wherefores of non-success in business life.

It is not within the province of this article to give the reasons for failure in the order of their importance. The predominating one is lack of capital. Other self-evident reasons are neglect of business, general inexperience and incompetence.

Furthermore, the writer will not attempt to cover much of the ground for the causes of commercial catastrophe, which are recognized and understood by nearly every one, but rather touch upon more indirect and contributory causes not included in the list of the mercantile agencies, such as disaster, fraud, granting unwise credits,



The Monument of Business Failures

—If the **manufacturer** knew how to reduce his factory costs
—If the **wholesaler** knew how to co-operate with the retailer
—If the **retailer** knew how to draw new customers into his store
—If the **banker** knew how to increase his bank's deposits and [illegible]
—If the **real estate man** knew the proven schemes for finding buyers
—If the **insurance man** knew how to find [illegible] prospects
—If the **sales manager** knew how to handle, train and enthuse salesmen
—If the **salesman** knew how to interest, convince and close prospects
—If the **credit man** knew how to secure accurate credit information
—If the **buyer** knew how to take advantage of market conditions
—If the **bookkeeper** knew how to draw up accurate daily statements
—If the **correspondent** knew how to write letters that win

many a man who is reading this could turn possible failure into sure success. Why not *today* turn "ifs" into "know-hows"? Why not begin to learn through the experience of others how to avoid the pitfalls in your line of work. You can do it through SYSTEM, the Magazine of Business—260 to 356 pages devoted almost entirely to the "Hows" of business. There isn't a page of it you can afford to miss. There isn't an issue that cannot be made worth a hundred times its cost.

For SYSTEM tells how to start a business, how to create it, nurse it, and develop it to hale, hearty business [illegible]. How to make its product, win its trade, establish its prestige, sell its goods and [illegible]. How, in short, to take a business of any kind at any point of its development [illegible]. And it is the only magazine in the world [illegible] how to get in the upper class [illegible] to increase [illegible] to increase pay, how to become master of [illegible] to take the step [illegible] clerk, a salesman instead of [illegible] a business master instead of a business machine; [illegible]

To the man who gets SYSTEM we have only to say: "Your subscription [illegible] man will renew. [illegible] there are [illegible] reading SYSTEM who may never even have seen it. That is why we do no more to-day than [illegible] now neglect, we make a special offer—

Your Choice of these Business "How-Books" Free

Simply deposit $2.00 with SYSTEM for five days. We will not only enter your subscription for a full year of SYSTEM—12 complete issues—but we will [illegible] send you prepaid, without any additional charge whatsoever, a copy of the book you check on the list [illegible] 128 pages, 5x7½ inches, well printed on [illegible] paper, attractively illustrated throughout and bound in red cloth with the cover design in two colors. The titles suggest the contents.

SYSTEM
151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago
[illegible] Basil Street, New York
[illegible] Norfolk Street, Strand, London

SPECIAL TAKE-NO-RISK OFFER

Remember first $2.00. You may send SYSTEM one full year [illegible] from below, and forward absolutely free, all charges prepaid, one copy of the book before which I have marked X

- [ ] How to Write Letters That Win.
- [ ] How to Increase Your Sales
- [ ] How to Increase [illegible] the Store
- [ ] How to Reduce Factory [illegible]
- [ ] How to Increase a Bank's Deposits
- [ ] How to Sell Real Estate at a Profit
- [ ] How to Sell More Life Insurance
- [ ] How to Sell More Fire Insurance.
- [ ] How to Double the Day's Work.

If on receipt of the book and the first issue of the magazine, I do not thoroughly believe that the book and [illegible] issues of the magazine will be worth more to me than five times the $2.00, I will notify you and you on time to return my remittance promptly and cheerfully.

Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]
Firm [illegible]

Canadian subscriptions are $3 cents extra

failures of others and speculation, although it is astonishing what a small percentage of failures are really due to this last, as it is at the bottom of the list.

But some other guide-posts to evil ways and results may be looked at in detail

A college man earnestly working his way through his academic course, when asked how it was that he was able to find a goodly number of fellow-students to give him sufficient employment as a tutor, replied that the colleges nowadays were full of such men, that they came up from the preparatory schools without the proper knowledge of how to work. It was not that they lacked brilliancy, but that they lacked application. These men skimmed a vast amount of material, but did not thoroughly learn any of it. In other words, they were not well grounded. This habit, if it follows a man long enough for him to get into college, is apt to breed characteristics which result in slack conduct of affairs in after business life.

This is further illustrated by a woman whose daughter's schoolwork had brought her to the point where she was supposed to take up with what we used to term grammar. Thinking that some home help might be necessary, and to refresh her own mind, the mother sought to buy a grammar. She went from store to store without success till she found herself talking to a gray-haired man in a house publishing schoolbooks. He said: "Madam, you will not find such a thing as a grammar. They no longer teach grammar; they teach 'English,' but the scholars never learn it." Again superficiality; again lack of application.

"Stick to your last" is threadworn but expressive. How can we better express, in a few words, the advice to confine your business activities to the field of your training and of the business in which your capital is invested? How frequently men have said that, if they had only stuck to their business and not gone into this or that outside enterprise, they might have been living comfortably, or even in luxury!

Outside Interests That Distract

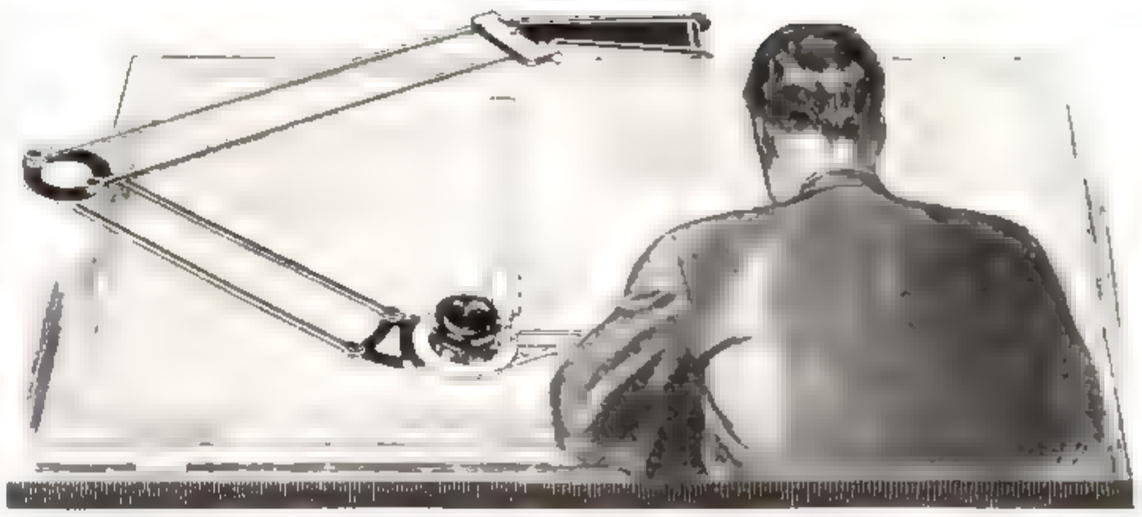
It is far easier to deceive or mislead a man in regard to something that does not pertain to his business than in regard to what does. Surplus money may be profitably, if conservatively, invested outside of one's business, but it should be distinctly surplus money and in no way likely to be needed in the business. If likely to be needed, a temporary investment only should be accepted. The highest grade investments are none too good; even the paltry two per cent of a trust company, and a good trust company at that, may, on the whole, be better than one paying a higher rate.

One class of outside interests which has led many a man over the brink is a business collateral to the one in which he is seriously engaged. Suppose, for instance, the attention of a shoe manufacturer is called to some new machine or device for the simpler and cheaper turning out of his product. It seems to him at once that this is a matter that he should know something about, and, in his enthusiasm over the thought that he can not only make a large profit from a successful introduction of the patent, or whatever it may be, but also increase the direct profits from his own business, he falls into temptation. The exploiting of such devices is better avoided under these conditions, although it may not be gainsaid that many successes have been made in such side issues

The foregoing suggests that it is extreme gullibility which leads a great many people into trouble, makes them ready marks for fakes and dishonest propositions Such credulity can be compared to the freshman who, green from the country, was invited to share a room and its expenses with a mature and enterprising sophomore. In the adjustment of a furniture and fixture account the freshman was inveigled into paying for the imaginary cost of one-half of the ancient and disfigured wall-paper.

The tremendous increase in the cost of living, the desire to run expensive automobiles without the proper income, and a hundred and one luxuries which have come to be termed necessities of the day, cause many a man to draw money from his store of capital which can ill be spared. Extravagance in one's family and lack of courage in the man to deny himself luxuries is a very common evil.

A lawyer was recently boasting that he had just executed his one-hundredth



The *Universal Drafting Machine* does in two operations all the mechanical work that requires twelve with ordinary drafting instruments

Every draftsman, architect, engineer and student, and every man employing draftsmen, should send for our descriptive catalog to learn the detail advantages of this clever, time-saving invention.

To Draftsmen

The Drafting Machine will save from 25 to 50 per cent of your time.

It does it by eliminating all the mechanical detail of changing tools, erasing and watching alignment The Drafting Machine absorbs and dispenses with these operations without any effort on your part The ease and rapidity of work thus obtained allow you greater concentration directly upon the mental side of the problems before you It means relief from the drudgery and annoyance of petty details. **It means you will have wider scope for more rapid individual progress in your profession.**

The Drafting Machine is simply a clever arrangement of easily moving metal arms, a graduated square and a protractor controlling the angular adjustment of the square By a single movement you can set the square at zero intervals for any angle on any part of the board and then draw the line the **exact** length desired. No changing of tools, no erasing Nothing complicated to get out of order.

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What would it mean to you to be able to get a set of drawings from your drafting room **in three weeks instead of four to six?**

If you adopt Drafting Machines you can [illegible] plish just such results They mean a gain of 25 to 50 per cent in the speed of executing drawings. By gaining time in your drafting room you make even greater gains in the subsequent progress of the work all along the line. You should, therefore, be keenly interested in anything that will cut down the time required to get drawings even though it has no other interest in the details of your drafting room

The Drafting Machine has been successful use for many years not only in America but also in Germany, France, England, Switzerland and other parts of the world Many of the largest engineering, architectural and manufacturing establishments have to be pursuaded to install it. The U S Government uses 175 machines.

Every student of drafting should equip himself with the Drafting Machine. With it he can get much more out of his course and his profession by saving time on each problem presented to him.

The Universal Drafting Machine Company, Cleveland, O.

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Whatever you are going to build, from the smallest to the most magnificent structure, use Concrete—and *see that your contract specifies*

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It is the highest grade obtainable and of an absolute uniformity that has won the unqualified endorsement of building experts throughout the United States.

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"What a Young Woman Ought to Know"
"What a Young Wife Ought to Know"
"What a Woman of Forty Five Ought to Know"

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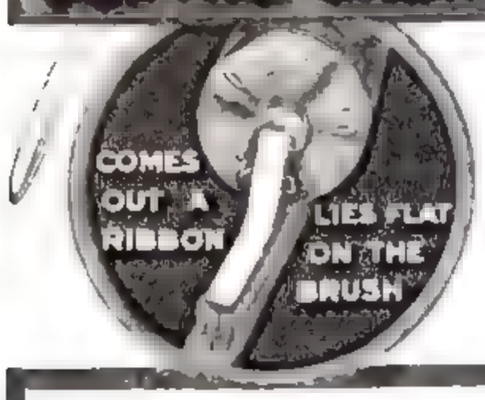

NO coloring matter in this delicious dentifrice to stain the bristles, and no deposit forms at their base.

Keeps your Brush Clean as well as your Teeth

42 Inches of Cream in trial tube sent for 4c

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No increase in retail price or lowering of quality.

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Children's Stockings

will continue to be sold at **25 cts. and 35 cts. per pair.**

"No Mend" are positively the strongest stockings for children because made of the very best [illegible] and dyed with the fast Lisle hose [illegible] and dissolves fast colors. One will prove their superiority.

Your dealer can supply you or we will send you the name of one who will

Laubach Hosiery Mills, Philadelphia

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The best hook for hanging hats, dress suits, clothes, rugs, etc., in the home, office, store and factory. Brass 25c, [illegible] in metal to match any antique copper 50c. Send 10c and dealer's name for sample package.

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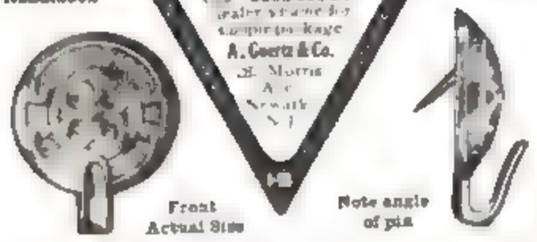
Ask Your Dealer for the Handihook

Made in four handsome finishes.



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Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

mortgage upon real estate, the proceeds of which, in each case, had been for the purpose of purchasing an automobile. Many of the men for whom these mortgages were executed were engaged in business and did not receive a salary.

There is a peculiar lack of system in a certain direction which, perhaps, should come under the head of over-confidence in partners and employees. The virtue of such system is illustrated in a remarkable manner by the way in which branches of the large Canadian banking institutions are examined. Their methods are an everstanding example to our own inefficient examination.

Suddenly and without warning a bank examiner and a corps of assistants will enter one of the Canadian branch banks and instantly every employee drops his work where he happens to be, and steps back from his counter or desk, a clerk of the examining force immediately taking his position and continuing the work of the day until its completion. This gives no opportunity for juggling the accounts.

Our better-conducted business concerns and private banking houses pursue similar methods and have, under contract, regularly-engaged auditors whose business it is to arrive at unexpected moments—at least twice a year—and thoroughly audit the accounts of the concern. A recent failure and suicide which resulted from such lack of ordinary business judgment occurred in a concern which had a branch office in another city, which was under the management of one of the partners. This failure disclosed tactics leading to the downfall of the house and to the resident partner's suicide, which could have been avoided by a system of regular auditing.

Over-Expansion a Cause

Spreading out too rapidly also occasionally leads to ruin. Many of my readers will recall men with successful businesses who, in good times, with orders ahead, thinking that business activity would go on forever, built a new factory, enlarged their store, or, in some such manner, spread out, only to learn they were meeting a temporary rather than a permanent demand—the natural consequence of which was inability to carry the added load during a period of lesser prosperity.

A store with a long-established reputation and a good clientèle, failing to recognize what a strong thing habit is, changes its location, thinking that it can not only carry its old business, but also add to it, and, as a result, often fails in both respects. To such cases "let well enough alone" pertinently applies.

A peculiar phase of spreading out or over-expansion was brought home to the banks and business men in the financial disturbances of a year or so ago. It may be worth while to enlarge somewhat upon the instance, because it was a source of much evil and should be guarded against in the future. It is better understood and appreciated now than it would have been before the recent panic.

As an illustration we will imagine that a merchant, during the recent era of great prosperity, misjudged the future to the extent of supposing that the halcyon times would continue forever. He would listen to no warning of impending trouble and was very anxious to spread out. Needing money for this purpose, he went to his bank and was quoted what seemed to him a high interest rate. He then approached a note-broker who offered him, say, fifty thousand dollars at a lower rate than that of the banking institution. The latter, however, when faced with this competition, met the rate, and the merchant obtained the money from his bank. But the experiment suggested to him the possibility of still further borrowing, as business was so good. Feeling that he could not ask more from his bank, having borrowed the limit of his accommodation there, he again sought the note-broker, who placed loans for him in outside cities to the extent of, possibly, fifty or one hundred thousand dollars more.

During the panic these last notes began to mature. The banks holding them would not renew as they did not know the borrower, nor did they have any reason for retaining his good-will. The note-broker through whom the notes were executed was likewise unable to place them elsewhere, and the borrower was face to face with the bald fact of notes falling due and nothing with which to pay them. In haste

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For BEAUTY, STRENGTH and QUALITY Kno-tair is not equaled by ANY other hose made; knit only in the Kno-tair WAY from the finest and most expensive yarns procurable.

Knotair "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality" for men and women

For QUALITY SNAP and STYLE, KNO-TAIR is the PREMIER of all GUARANTEED hose; Sheer, Fine, Gauze-like QUALITY—SEAMLESS, too—and SHAPELY! An assurance of Comfort with every pair of KNO-TAIR Lisle-like and Pure Silk Lisle Hose. We specially recommend for Formal occasions the Pure Silk Lisle, in SIXTEEN fashionable shades for Women. In EIGHT colors for Men.

JUST TO MAKE YOU ACQUAINTED WITH KNO-TAIR HERE IS OUR SPECIAL OFFER

Clip off attached coupon, mail today with 25c, in any convenient way and we will send you prepaid, One Sample Pair of MEN'S or WOMEN'S Lisle like Hose, with the privilege that, after you have examined the hose and are pleased with them you can have the remaining Five Pairs and a guarantee for the Six Pairs against wear for Six Months for $1.75. For 35c we will send you Pure Silk Lisle Hose and the remaining Five Pairs and the guarantee for Six Pairs, Six Months, for $2.65

MEN'S and WOMEN'S Lisle-like hose (Black Tan and Grey). Women's with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*

Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months . . . . **$2.00** the box

WOMEN'S Lisle-like OUTSIZES in Black and Tan . . . . . **$3.00** the box

MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Purple and London Smoke. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Grey, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Bronze, Old Rose, London Smoke, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*

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MEN'S SUPER SILK LISLE—a trifle heavier than the Pure Silk Lisle. Same Colors.

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WOMEN'S SILK LISLE OUTSIZES in Black and Tan **$4.50** the box

Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to the quality desired. Ask for book let "Kno-tair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality." IT'S FREE. Also ask for the "Kno-tair Gir." Please [illegible] The best dealers [illegible] where

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5301 Westminster Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me [illegible] Men's [illegible] Size [illegible] Amount enclosed [illegible] Dealer's name [illegible] Name [illegible] Street [illegible] City [illegible] State [illegible]

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Kenyon Useful Things to Wear

Specialties

FOR MEN $10 to $30

Kenyon Rain Coats
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LOOK FOR THE KENYON LABEL

This supplies all coat interests

The Gabardine

Made of a light English material, wind and rain proof in texture further process proofed. The most water-tight garment ever produced without rubber.

For Sale at good stores

We made Raincoats *only*
By improved methods
Until they were better
Than any other raincoats
Ever made

Then we applied
These superior processes
Enormous factories
and special trained men
To making other things

Each garment was *perfected*
Before our label went on.

We shall make nothing else
Until we find out
How to make it
Materially better
For lower cost
Than anything like it.

Each coat marked Kenyon
Is a specialty which
You cannot match nor equal
Each Kenyon specialty
Is a garment you need
Of permanent usefulness.

Ask your dealer or write and tell us what garment you want, whether men's or women's. We will send samples and style book and will see that you are supplied.

See the list of Specialties above

C. KENYON COMPANY
23 Union Sq., New York—Wholesale Salesrooms—200 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

THIS IS THE Kleanwell

THE BRUSH THAT HOLDS ITS BRISTLES

There are many different Kleanwell shapes. One of them is sure to suit you.

The Kleanwell is handed to you in this box—

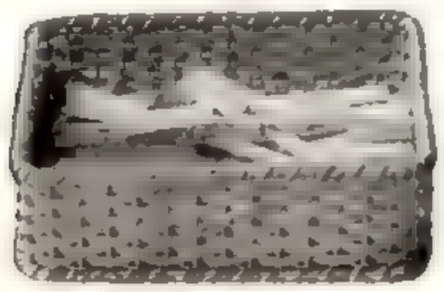
which is sealed with this seal—

You choose the style and shape you want from this Display Case on your dealer's counter—

or from this one—

Kleanwell display samples are never sold.

The Kleanwell way protects you from the dust-covered and thumbed over brushes you so often see in this basket—



Dolly's Kleanwell, a miniature Tooth Brush, will be sent on receipt of 4 cents.

ALFRED H. SMITH CO.
84 Chambers Street NEW YORK

Brisco Brushes
ARE BEST FOR THE HAIR

he ran to his bank and told his story. No help was forthcoming from that source, as he had already borrowed there all to which his average account entitled him. And this is where his poor judgment was emphasized, because he should have kept his bank of deposit—as many wise merchants do -absolutely free to be called upon in times of emergency just like this. Those were troublesome times; compromises were effected where possible; bank accounts were checked down to their lowest ebb, and money drawn in from all sources. Nevertheless, many failures resulted

The banks taking these loans disliked the broker for giving them a loan which was not paid at all, or only in part, or collected with extreme difficulty. The borrower disliked the note-broker because he could not renew, and so the latter got it coming and going.

The Japanese have a great ability to imitate, and this has enabled them to accomplish wonderful results and, in many instances, improve upon the methods of those whom they copy. The English, as a race, have been very slow at imitation and persistently adhere to the habits and ways of their forefathers. A progressive nation, a progressive people, must always be ready to adopt new and modern ideas and fear not to imitate, if greater efficiency and economy may result. It was once said that a man who could not carry a tune had no power of imitation.

And yet imitation may not always succeed unless it be intelligent imitation. There is a story of a Dutchman who opened a small cigar factory. His first prospective customer inquired why he made his cigars so short. The Dutchman informed him that, although he did not smoke himself, he had always noticed that every one who smoked always threw away the last inch, and he thought that he would save this much by making the cigar shorter. Perhaps this was excessive thrift rather than imitation.

A firm producing or furnishing some widely-used article enjoys great prosperity and a fine reputation. Relying upon this, they allow their product to deteriorate, and, for the time being, greatly increase their profits. The ever-sensitive and fickle consumer soon notices the change and seeks a substitute. Reputations come and go in this way, and fortunes with them.

There is a well-known establishment in a great Eastern city where thousands upon thousands are fed daily; there the leading business and professional men brush elbows with office-boys and clerks as they sit upon stools in crowded hundreds around endless counters. Why do they come and keep coming, day after day, year after year? Why have none of the many attempts at imitation succeeded? Because here the proprietor has not only never failed to give absolutely the best that money could procure in pure, well-cooked and cleanly food, but his service and system have alike been above criticism. Every patron feels sure that what cannot be seen is just as immaculate as what is in evidence. Such a reputation as this holds every customer. A reputation like that, which is possible in every line of business, will make a fortune for any one.

Eyes That Cannot See

Prescott, in his Conquest of Mexico, says that "in every country the most fiendish passions of the human heart have been kindled in the name of religion." It is open to argument if the lust for gold and the power of great combinations have not produced results just as ruthless, as competition has been eliminated and wreck and ruin left in the wake. Many a man has but invited catastrophe by embarking upon some business for which the particular market was so completely in the hands of a so-called trust, or its equivalent, that he was preordained to fail. There is no use in butting one's head into a brick wall of monopoly of this kind, unless there is a desire to lead a forlorn hope in the trust-busting line.

How often not only single individuals but whole communities fail to read the signs of the times. These people fail to haul in sail when a storm is impending. It seems almost impossible that any one should have been caught in the recent panic from lack of foresight. Still, many were, and thousands of them either failed utterly or suffered financially. Had they been students of history—of very recent history—they might have been happily advised. And yet many of these men were veterans of previous panics and saw about them some of the same conditions which had preceded the other times of trouble

Many brilliant successes are attributed to good luck, but this is generally self-administered balm to those less fortunate The good-luck statement is generally far from the real fact. Foresight, the prompt seizing of an opportunity equally open to others, indefatigab'e work or other good and sufficient reasons are usually behind honest successes of this sort. A man who is constantly down on his luck and thinks that a freight train is sure to pass whenever he wants to look out of the car window is an incumbrance upon the earth. He is constitutionally lazy or something of the kind. It is either his own fault or his inheritance, and they say we do not inherit a thing, but only the tendency.

Of course, there are many cases where an all-powerful Providence seems to have selected this or that man for a business martyr, but the same man can nearly always look back and see where it was within his own power to have prevented much of the misfortune that befell him Possibly he allowed his insurance policy to run out and failed to renew it for a day or two, during which time his buildings were burned; perhaps the other things which happened were equally due to his own carelessness and neglect.

Avoid this hard-luck idea as you would leprosy for if it gets hold of you it will paralyze your business capacity.

Waiting for Luck to Turn Up

It is almost useless to mention here those who are proverbially lazy and do not want to work. There are many, of course, who are not in the class we find lounging in cities and parks, apparently waiting for a job which they hope will never come, or who make up that army of unemployed of which one soldier, recently arrested, was able to pay his fine from a roll of over two hundred dollars in bills. We have reference here to the class in life who do not succeed because they know there is some one else who will support them if they do not support themselves. A little girl was asked if she would not pick a pail of raspberries to carry home. She said she did not want to, she would rather carry them in her stomach. Perhaps this illustrates the point in mind. At any rate, this class of failures goes hand in hand with those who will bring up any excuse to do what they wish rather than what they ought to do, and who are represented by those who, as they say in the country when it is too rainy to work out-of-doors, go a-fishing!

There is no doubt that endless efforts have been made in vain by those who have totally misunderstood their own capabilities. It is said that a good preacher was lost to the world in Bryan; there are certainly good business men who have failed as preachers. One cannot be a successful doctor just because his father was a noted practitioner. The sins rather than the virtues of the latter may develop in the son. Let one at the outset take counsel with himself and analyze his own merits and shortcomings, for unless a decided leaning toward a partially-selected or thought-of career is evident it is doubtful if great material reward will result.

Be observing, and you will see little leaks here and there, in your shop or office, that may represent the margin between profit and loss. This habit of observation may be cultivated with ease.

While the fundamental reasons of business disaster are largely the same from year to year, yet minor causes change from generation to generation. There are reasons today why failures might result which would not in any way be applicable to our forefathers.

To succeed in business in these hustling, stirring times one must keep posted upon world-wide affairs. Nothing is so small that its influence does not, sooner or later, reach some single individual, however obscure, and depress his business activities. A small war-cloud in the Balkans, of but passing interest to most Americans, might so overspread the horizon of commercial life that its effects would be felt in every civilized business center of the world. Study such matters, both business and political, that you may not be uninformed as to things which mean so much to the competitors in a grinding race in which only the fittest survive.

Don't let *your* wife shovel coal

when you're away during the day.

No need to shovel coal more than *once* a day in ordinary weather (twice in severe) if you have a

Spencer
Steam or Hot Water Heater

The water-jacketed magazine of the "Spencer" holds a 24 hours' coal supply; and feeds automatically.

The "Spencer" saves *money* as well as *labor* by burning *No. 1. Buckwheat Coal, costing from $2 to $3 less per ton than larger sizes.* The boiler is of the combination water-tube and return tubular type, acknowledged to be the most *economical* steaming device known.

These and many other advantages of the "Spencer" have been proven successful by 20 years' use.

Get our free heating book. You can't afford to install heating equipment without investigating the "Spencer."

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Send us the name of your Grocer, Druggist, Jeweler, Hardware or Department Store and we will place in your hands

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IT'S IN A JAR LIKE THIS

Made by the Manufacturers of the Celebrated Putz Cream Metal Polish
A leader for Twenty Years.
SILVA PUTZ
Silver Polish
It has many imitators but No Equal
Once used Silva Putz will hold your trade.

Safe 6% Bonds

We own and offer $150,000 First and Refunding Gold Bonds of the Citizens' Light, Heat & Power Co. of Montgomery, Alabama (pop. 50,000). Bonds are $500 and $100 each, payable 1919-1928.

Coupons payable semi-annually.
Price par yielding 6%

Special circular and particulars on request.

GEO. M. SEWARD & CO., Bankers
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A Four-Passenger Coupé with removable top which may be replaced with Leather Victoria or Buggy top. Exide, Waverley or National Batteries. Choice of solid or pneumatic tires.

Price $2,250

Waverley

Perfection of Style and Service In an Electric

No Other Electric Carriage

Has this Grace—this Noiselessness—this Safety—this Comfort

Waverley Electric carriages are built in the largest electric carriage factory in the world. No other factory has such facilities. This is why we can turn out the highest grade of cars at the lowest prices

Here are some of the *exclusive* points of the Waverleys. Compare ours with any other electric vehicle at any price. You will only prove these facts.

The Waverleys are the highest triumph of the coach building art. On the symmetrical proportions and harmonious lines of our carriages we have concentrated the genius of the most successful designers and artisans The graceful swell of the sides, the correct height and comfortable width, the pleasing colors of luxurious upholstery and enamel, represent lifelong study of the coach body. We have builders of over a quarter of a century's experience.

Only Finest Materials Accepted by Sixteen Inspectors

The poplar for our Coupé top (design copyrighted), is selected by master lumbermen, and seasoned three years. Our leather, morocco, broadcloth and satin for the interior are the choicest the world affords. Not a particle of material goes into a Waverley that does not pass every test of our inspection department. Sixteen expert inspectors constantly employed in this work alone.

In the Waverleys the largest space is given to fine French plate windows affording a clear view in all directions, and perfect ventilation.

Choice is given of colors as follows

Majestic Blue, Waverley Maroon or Brewster Green, with upholstery to harmonize.

Gentleman's Car

(5)

The painting of each Waverley requires twelve weeks It includes twenty-eight operations, with sixteen coats of paint

The Waverley is just the right weight for the utmost efficiency and durability—neither too heavy nor too light. Aluminum is largely used.

Think of the saving of tire expense this means!

The New Waverley Drive

In the new Waverleys the motor is attached to the body with rubber cushions which overcome the vibration. It thus hangs between the springs. The power is transmitted to the floating rear axle through a silent flexible gear inclosed in a dust-proof case and running in oil. No other system attached to body is completely inclosed The Waverley dust proof case prevents any noise and keeps out the grit The Waverley Herringbone gear on the floating rear axle overcomes the jerking and knocking of the ordinary cog.

The Waverley Patented Control

Waverley Carriages are made absolutely safe by the new Waverley Controller, the most important improvement in electric vehicle construction (Waverley Patent No 38,621).

Through the simple operation of our controller the carriage can not be started at any time on any speed except the low. No matter if the lever is accidentally shifted—no matter if it is tampered with in the absence of the car user—the speed lever must go to the "off" position before the car can be started

The reverse lever is immediately back of the speed lever, rendering it unnecessary to reach for a reverse lever in front of the seat

It automatically locks to prevent operator reversing speed before the forward speed lever is returned in "off" position

See How Easy it is to Enter or Leave the Waverley

The Waverley Patented Drop Sill is another exclusive feature. It brings the Coupé so low that the step is even with many curbs and not more than eight inches above any. From the step to the inside is only 11 inches

These People Can Afford Higher Priced Electrics

Yet they prefer the Waverley to competing cars that sell as high as $3,000. The following are among the Waverley's present owners:

Mrs. Lucy Carnegie, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie. Mrs. Carnegie has purchased twelve Waverleys for Winter Island, the winter resort of the Carnegies

John B. Herreshoff, the noted yacht designer Three Waverleys have been purchased by the Herreshoff family

Representative James Tawney, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House.

Ex-Attorney-General, Charles J. Bonaparte. Has purchased two Waverleys

Secretary of the Navy, George Von L. Meyer.

William E. Horlick, Racine, head of the Horlick Malted Milk Co.

Dr. Frank Billings, Chicago's most famous physician

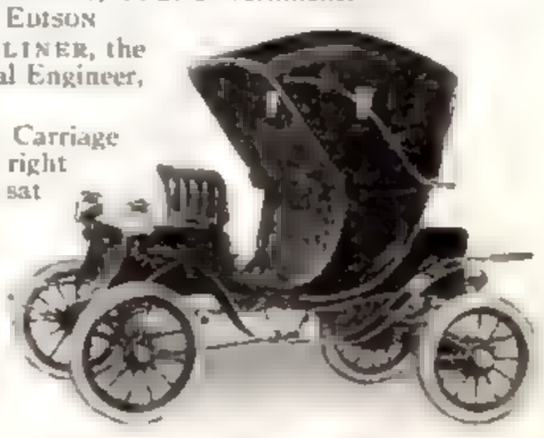
War Department, U. S. Government.

Thomas A. Edison

Emil Berliner, the noted Electrical Engineer, Washington

An Electric Carriage must surely be right in all points to satisfy such men as Edison, Herreshoff and Berliner.

But get the new Waverley catalog and judge for yourself.



Waverley Victoria Phaeton

Same Car as above, with coupe top removed.

Send for our beautiful Art Catalog G 1 showing Waverley 1910 Models. The book will be mailed free to you by return mail.

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY, 142 S. East St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

You cannot buy better than best—you cannot get more than most. To the Young Man who wants all that his money will buy—in style, fit and fabric we urge an immediate inspection of the fall showing.

¶ These clothes are all of more than ordinary goodness. Your eyes will tell you so.

¶ Send 2c for *The L System Magazine*, or 24c for set of 4 original college posters in colors.

H. M. Lindenthal & Sons

Style Originators

Chicago
New York

DICTATOR

THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 23)

abruptly and so deeply offended you there remains enough soundness in me at the core to warrant your charity and repay in a measure your forgiveness and a renewal of your interest in my behalf

Search your heart, Geraldine; question your intelligence; both will tell you that I am enough of a man to dare love you. And it takes something of a man to dare do it.

There is a thing that I might say which would convince you, even against the testimony of your own eyes, that never in deed or in thought have I been really disloyal to you since you gave me your heart. . . . Yet I must not say it. . . . Can you summon sufficient faith in me to accept that statement—against the evidence of those two divine witnesses which condemn me—your eyes? Circumstantial evidence is no good in this case, dear. I can say no more than that.

Dearest, what can compare to the disaster of losing each other?

I ask you to let me have the right to stand by you in your present distress and despondency. What am I for if not for such moments?

The silent, lonely, forlorn battle that has been going on behind the door of your room and the door of your heart during these last few days is more than I can well endure. Open both doors to me; leagued, we can win through!

Give me the right to be with you by night as well as by daylight, and we two shall stand together and see "the day break and the shadows flee away."

That same evening his reply came:

My darling, Kathleen will give you this. I don't care what my eyes saw if you tell me it isn't true. I have loved you, anyway, all the while—even with my throat full of tears, and my mouth bitter with anger, and my heart torn into several thousand tatters—oh, it is not very difficult to love you, Duane—the only trouble is to love you in the right way; which is hard, dear, because I want you so much; and it is so new to me to be unselfish. I began to learn by loving you. Which means, my darling, that I will not let you take the risk you ask for. Give me time; I've fought it off since that miserable night—Heaven alone knows why I surrendered—turning to my deadly enemy for countenance and comfort to support my childish and contemptible anger against you.

Duane, there is an evil streak in me and we both must reckon with it. Long, long before I knew I loved you, things you said and did often wounded me; and within me a perfectly unreasoning desire to hurt you—to make you suffer—always flamed up and raged.

I think that was partly what made me do what you know I did that night. It would hurt you; that was my ignoble instinct. God knows whether it was also a hideous sort of excuse for my weakness; for I was blazing hot after the last dance—and the gayety and uproar and laughter all overexcited me—and then what I had seen you do and your not coming to me—and that ominous, uneasy impulse stirring!

That is the truth. The dreadful thing is that I could have been capable of dealing our chance of happiness such a cowardly blow.

Well, it is over. The thing has fled for a while. I fought it down, stamped on it with utter horror and loathing. It—the encounter—tired me. I am weary, yet from honorable wounds. But I won out. If it comes back again oh, Duane, and it surely will! I shall face it undaunted once more. And every hydra head that stirs I shall kill until the thing lies dead between us for all time.

Then, dear, will you take the girl who has done this thing?

GERALDINE SEAGRAVE.

This was his answer on the eve of his departure

And on the morning of it Geraldine came down to say good-by; a fresh, sweet and bewildering Geraldine, somewhat slimmer than when he had last seen her, a little finer in feature, more delicate of body; and there was about her even a hint of the spiritual as a fascinating trace of what she had been through, locked in alone behind the doors of her room and heart.

She bade him good-morning rather shyly, offering her slim hand and looking at him with the slight uncertainty and bent brows of a person coming suddenly into a strong light.

He said under his breath: "You poor darling, how thin you are."

"Athletics," she said; "Jacob wrestled with an angel, but you know what I've been facing in the squared circle. Don't speak of it any more, will you? . . . . When are you coming back to us?"

"I don't know. Father's letters perplex me. I'll write you every day, of course."

A faint color tinted her skin.

"And I will write you every day. I will begin today. Kathleen and I expect to be here in September. But you will come back before that and keep Scott company, won't you?"

"I want to get into harness again," he said. "I want to settle down to work."

"Can't you work here?"

"Not very well."

"Why?"

"To tell the truth," he admitted, smiling, "I require something more like a working studio than Miller's garret."

"That's what I thought," she said shyly, "and Scott and I have the plans for a studio all ready; and the men are to begin Monday, and Miller is to take the new gate cottage. Oh, the plans are really very wonderful," she added hastily, as Duane looked grateful but dubious; "Rollins and Calvert drew them—I wrote to Billy Calvert and sent him the original plans for Hurryon Lodge. Duane—I thought it would please you ——"

"It does, you dear, generous girl! I'm a trifle overwhelmed, that's all my silence meant. You ought not to do this for me ——"

"Why? Aren't we to be as near each other as we can be until—I am ready—for something closer?"

"Yes. . . . Certainly. . . . I'll arrange to work out certain things up here. As for models, if there is nothing suitable at Westgate village, you won't mind my importing some, will you?"

"No," she said, becoming very serious and gravely interested, as befitted the fiancée of a painter of consequence. "You will do what is necessary, of course, because I—few girls are accustomed in the beginning to the details of such a profession as yours; and I'm very ignorant, Duane, and I must learn how to second you—intelligently"—she blushed—"that is, if I'm to amount to anything as an artist's wife."

"You dear!" he whispered

They said good-by; her dark eyes became very tragic, her lips threatened to escape control.

Kathleen turned away, manœuvering Scott out of earshot, who, knowing nothing of any situation between Duane and his sister, protested mildly, but forgot when Kathleen led him to an orange-underwing moth asleep on the coping of the terrace.

And when the unfortunate Catocala had been safely bottled and they stood examining it in the library Scott's rapidly-diminishing conceit found utterance:

"I say, Kathleen, it's all very well for me to collect these fascinating things, but any ass can do that. One can't make a particular name for one's self by doing what a lot of cleverer men have already done, and what a lot of idle idiots are imitating."

She raised her violet eyes, astonished:

"Do *you* want to make a name for yourself?"

"Yes," he said, reddening.

"Why?" in gentle wonder.

"Why not? I'm a nobody. I'm worse; I'm an amateur! You ought to hear what Duane has to say about amateurs!"

"But, Scott, you don't have to be anything in particular, except what you are."

"What am I?" he demanded.

"Why—yourself."

"And what's that?" He grew redder. "I'll tell you, Kathleen. I'm merely a very painfully-wealthy young man. Don't

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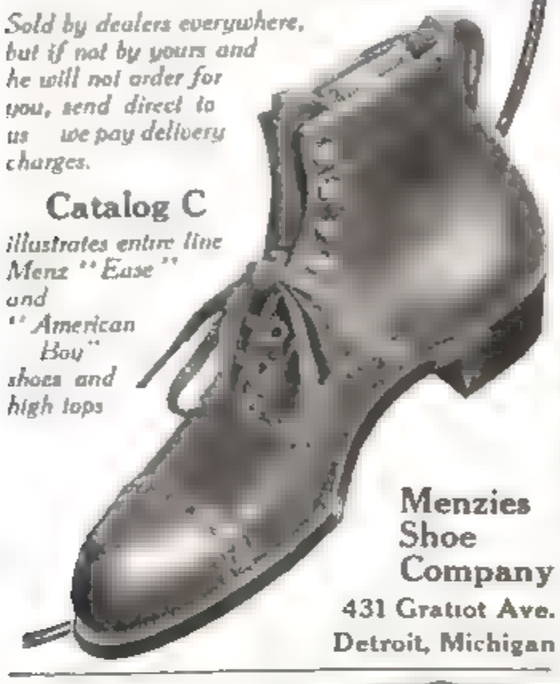

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laugh; this is becoming deadly serious to me. By my own exertions I've never done one bally thing either useful or spectacular I'm not distinguished by anything except an unfair share of wealth. I'm not eminent, let alone preëminent, even in that sordid class; there are richer men, plenty of them—some even who have made their own fortunes and have not been hatched out in a plethora of affluence like the larva of the Carnifex tumble-bug

'Scott!'

"And I!" he ended savagely. "Why, I'm not even preëminent so far as my position in the social puddle is concerned, there are sets that wouldn't endure me; there's at least one club into which I couldn't possibly wriggle; there are drawing-rooms where I wouldn't be tolerated, because I've nothing on earth to recommend me or to distinguish me from Algernon Fitz-Needle and Montmorency de Sansgallette except an inflated income! What have I to offer anybody worth while for entertaining me? What have I to offer you, Kathleen, in exchange for yourself."

He was becoming boyishly dramatic with sweeping gestures which amazed her, but she was conscious that it was all sincere and very real to him.

"Scott, dear," she began, sweetly uncertain how to take it all, "kindness, loyalty, and decent breeding are all that a woman cares for in a man."

"You are entitled to more; you are entitled to a man of distinction, of attainment, of achievement

"Few women ask for that, Scott; few care for it; fewer still understand it."

"You would. I've got a cheek to ask you to marry me—*me*—before I wear any tag to identify me except the dollar-mark——"

"Oh, hush, Scott. You are talking utter nonsense; don't you know it?"

He made a large and rather grandiose gesture:

"Around me lies opportunity, Kathleen every stone, every brook

The mischievous laughter of his listener checked him. She said: "I'm sorry; only, it made me think of

Sermons in stones,
Books in the running brooks,

and the indignant gentleman who said: 'What nonsense! It's "Sermons in *books*, *stones* in the running brooks!' Do go on, Scott. I don't mean to be frivolous: it is fine of you to wish for fame."

"It isn't fame alone, although I wouldn't mind it if I deserved it. It's that I want to do just one thing that amounts to something. I wish you'd give me an idea, Kathleen, something useful in—say, in entomology."

Together they walked back to the terrace. Duane had gone; Geraldine sat sideways on the parapet, her brown eyes fixed on the road along which her lover had departed.

"Geraldine," said Kathleen, who very seldom relapsed into the vernacular, "this brother of yours desires to perform some startling stunt in entomology and be awarded Carnegie medals."

"That's about it," said Scott, undaunted. "Some wise guy put it all over the boll-weevil, and saved a few billions for the cotton-growers: another gentleman full of scientific thinks studied out the San José scale: others have got in good licks at mosquitoes and house-flies. I'd like to tackle something of that sort——"

"Rose-beetles," said his sister briefly. In her voice was a suspicion of tears, and she kept her head turned from them.

"Nobody could ever get rid of rose-beetles," said Kathleen. "But it *would* be exciting; wouldn't it, Scott? Think of saving our roses and peonies and irises every year!"

"I *am* thinking of it," said Scott gravely

A few moments later he disappeared around the corner of the house, returning presently, pockets bulging with bottles and boxes, a field microscope in one hand, and several volumes on Coleoptera in the other.

"They're gone," he said, without further explanation.

"Who are gone?" inquired Kathleen.

"The rose-beetles. They deposit their eggs in the soil. The larvæ ought to be out by now. I'm going to begin this very minute, Kathleen." And he descended the terrace steps, entered the garden, and, seating himself under a rose tree, spread out his paraphernalia and began a delicate

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and cautious burrowing process in the sun-dried soil.

"Fame is hidden under humble things," observed Geraldine, with a resolute effort at lightness. "That excellent brother of mine may yet discover it in the garden dirt."

"Dirt breeds roses," said Kathleen. "Oh, look, dear, how earnest he is about it. What a boy he is, after all! So serious and intent, and so touchingly confident!"

Geraldine nodded listlessly, considering her brother's evolutions with his trowel and weeder where he lay flat on his stomach, absorbed in his investigations.

"Why does he get so grubby?" she said. "All his coat pockets are permanently out of shape. The other day I was looking through them, at his request, to find one of my own handkerchiefs which he had taken, and—oh, horrors!—a caterpillar, forgotten, had spun a big cocoon in one of them!"

She shuddered, but in Kathleen's laughter there was a tremor of tenderness born of that shy pride which arises from possession. For it was now too late, if it had not always been too late, for any criticism of this boy of hers. Perfect he had always been, wondrous to her as a child, for the glimpses of the man developing in him: perfect, wonderful, adorable now, for the glimpses of the child which she caught so constantly through the man's character now forming day by day under her loyal eyes. Everything masculine in him she loved or pardoned proudly—even his egotism, his slapdash self-confidence, his bullying of her, his domination, his exacting demands. But this new humility—this sudden, humble doubt that he might not be worthy of her, filled her heart with delicious laughter and a delight almost childish.

So she watched him from the parapet, chin cupped in both palms, bright hair blowing, one shoulder almost hidden under the drooping, scarlet nasturtiums pendent from the carved stone urn above; a fair, sweet, youthful creature, young as her guiltless heart, sweet as her conscience, fair as the current of her stainless life.

And beside her, seated sideways, brown eyes brooding, sat a young girl, delicately lovely, already harassed, already perplexed, already bruised and wearied by her first skirmishes with life; not yet fully understanding what threatened, what lay before—alas! what lay behind her—even to the fifth generation.

They were to motor to Lenox after luncheon. Before that—and leaving Scott absorbed in his grubbing and Kathleen absorbed in watching him—Geraldine wandered back into the library and took down a book—a book which had both beguiled and horrified the solitude of her self-imprisonment. It was called Simpson on Heredity.

There were some very hideous illustrated pages in that book; she turned to them with a fearful fascination that had never left her since she first read them. They dealt with the transmission of certain tendencies through successive generations.

That the volume was an old one and amusingly out of date she did not realize as her brown eyes widened over the terrifying paragraphs and the soft tendrils of her glossy hair almost bristled.

She had asked Kathleen about it and Kathleen had asked Doctor Bailey, who became very irritated and told Geraldine that anybody except a physician who ever read medical works was a fool. Desperation gave her courage to ask him one more question; his well-meant reply silenced her. But she had the book under her pillow. It is better to answer such questions when the young ask them.

And over it all she pondered and pored and used a dictionary and shuddered, scaring herself into a morbid condition until, desperately scared, she even thought of going to Duane about it, but could not find the hardihood to do it or the vocabulary necessary.

Now, Duane was gone; and the book lay there between her knees, all its technical vagueness menacing her with unknown terrors.

Then, unquiet and apprehensive, she began a restless tour of the house, upstairs and down, wandering aimlessly through sunny corridors, opening doors for a brief survey of chambers in which only the shadow-patterns of leaves moved on sunlit walls; still rooms tenanted only by the carefully-dusted furniture which seemed to stand there watching attentively for another guest.

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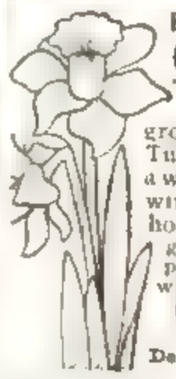

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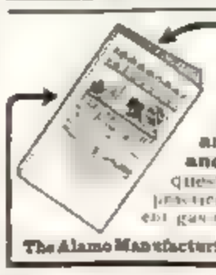

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ADVENTURES IN HOME-MAKING

A Fireplace and a Secret Stair

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

IT IS easy to put in a fireplace. That is one of the things we learned in the course of our adventures in home-making. Ordinarily, a man considers that he has a house with fireplaces or a house without fireplaces; it is looked upon as a fixed condition; whereas, as a matter of fact, it need not at all be a fixed condition, but is subject to one's own judgment and desires.

Among the curious and well-nigh incomprehensible things of the past century was the passing of the fireplace in favor of the air-tight stove and the furnace. It used to be, of necessity, that every house had its fireplaces. Then they were swiftly discarded, with none so poor to do them reverence. But gradually they have been coming into their delightful own again, with improvements that come from a better knowledge of chimneys and of the conservation of heat. Nowadays, most houses are built with at least one fireplace; many houses with numerous fireplaces.

Our own home was not without them, but we wanted more. Not, of course, to the neglect of the furnace, with its practical excellence, for it would be indeed foolish to put aside such a really valuable modern improvement. But with a furnace, or a system of hot-water heating, there should always be flickering fireplace fires to add to the joys of living.

Now, there are differences as to the ease with which fireplaces may be put in where they do not already exist, but it will usually be found that the putting in of a fireplace can be readily arranged.

Naturally, here in the library, it did seem as if with the bookcases and shelves arranged for, following the pulling down of partitions, the taking out of stairs, and the free demolition of doors, there ought to be little if anything more to do; but as a matter of fact there was still a great deal to do, and this putting in of a fireplace was only one of the additional items.

There was a chimney at the end of the room, opposite to the diamond-pane windows, with a chimney-breast projecting the dignified distance of two feet eight, thus giving space sufficient for a fireplace. Far up on the wall there was a pipe-hole, which needed only to be filled in and plastered over. By good fortune the chimney had been continued to the floor, with supporting columns of brick running down into the cellar, making it easily possible to go ahead with the fireplace without preliminary chimney-building.

The Size of a Fireplace

By some freakish chance the chimney-breast was not in the middle of the wall, nor was it far enough to one side to make it a corner fireplace had we wished for this. It was merely and tantalizingly off center, and so the thing to do was to have it widened with lath and plaster sufficiently to put it in the middle. This left an open space behind the new lath and plaster, and it was utilized as a chimney-closet, with door opening to the side.

The fireplace, of course, opened in the very center of the new chimney-breast; it was a simple bit of mason work, easily done, and there was no trouble in keeping it in connection with the flue, although that was now at one side.

It is Easy to Put in a Fireplace

When a chimney is in existence before the fireplace is planned the size of the fireplace opening cannot be a matter of taste or fancy, for between chimney-flue and fireplace opening there must be a recognized proportion if the chimney is to draw properly. It is the frequent neglect of this proportion in building or adapting which gives rise to the popular belief that smoky fires will happen with even the best regulated fireplaces.

The sectional area of the opening of the fireplace should be ten times the sectional area of the flue. Our flue was nine by twelve, an area of one hundred and eight square inches. The fireplace opening, therefore, needed to be one thousand and eighty, and this opening was best attained by a fireplace opening thirty-six inches wide and thirty inches high—which again was good fortune, for it was a size that was entirely satisfactory for the place.

We took two of our old-fashioned mantelpieces—we had several that we had gathered in at points several hundred miles apart—and held them up at the fireplace to see which looked best—just like draping a bit of dress goods or a suit on a figure—and decided upon the one which went best with the size of the chimney-breast and the thirty-six by thirty. With its simple and admirable lines it took its place with as natural an air as if it had been made for that particular spot.

Artistic Tile Effects

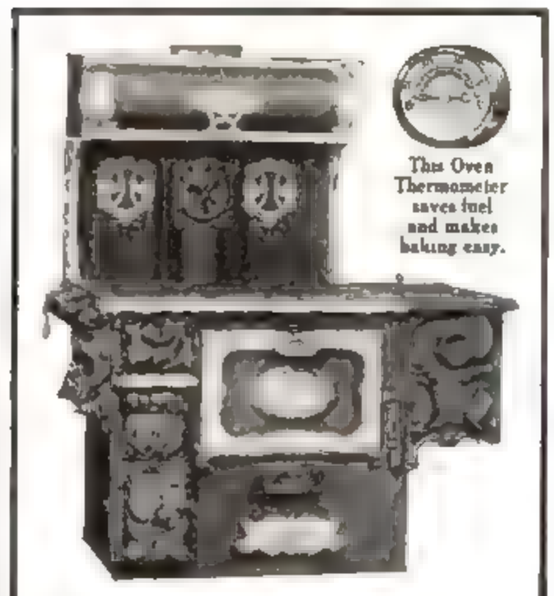
The mantel had but one defect—a vertical crack across the center insert under the shelf. Paint could not hide it, nor inserted splinters cure its contrariety. After each effort (to anticipate a little) it gaped newly with the heat of a few fires, and it again did so after the painter filled it with "composition" and after the carpenter, spurred to renewed effort, planed it close with his tiniest plane. But at length the solution of the problem came. Decorator's canvas was fitted and glued into the panel and painted the color of the mantelpiece, and the trouble was over.

A throttle (a chimney damper) was built in, so that at any time the flue could be entirely shut, the ability to close a fireplace flue being not infrequently a convenience: in the coldest weather to retain in the room the heat of the furnace, in damp weather to keep soot-scale from falling into the room, and in summer to keep out chimney swifts.

Red brick tile, three inches square, an admirable imitation of Moravian tile anciently made near Philadelphia, were bought at a pottery but a dozen miles distant, where they are made in the old-fashioned way: roughly worked by hand, and punched from the clay as a housewife cuts a cooky from dough. These fitted the space on the vertical front, between the fireplace opening and the mantelpiece—six inches at each side and eight inches above—and they were also laid as a hearth, twenty inches projective.

The tile were laid in calcined plaster mixed with a little lampblack, and thus there are lines of black plaster between each of the tiles, a simple way to gain an effective result.

Each tile, before setting, was laid for half an hour in boiling linseed oil, not deep



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enough for complete immersion, for only the side that was to face outward was treated. In this way the desired soft, dull, mellow color was gained on the side that was to show, while the other surface was left unoiled for adhesion

But all too soon the soft color was lost, and in an annoyingly-amusing way For at the first cleaning of the completed room a time-saving scrubber took off all of the soft mellowness with lye used in cleaning the floor, whereby all the labor was lost, and it took months of work and oil-rubbing to tempt the proper coloring back again

There were brass andirons ready to put in the fireplace, and, this being the largest room, we chose the largest pair, a pair from an old house in the Western Reserve. The fireback, the reredos, came still farther. We had discovered it six years before, in the house of a cobbler in the village of St. Cloud. He had it from his father, who had taken it from the Château of St. Cloud at the time of its burning and looting during the siege of Paris. We did not take it when we first came across it, not then having a home of our own to build it into, and it being too heavy (eighty pounds) to carry about just for the pleasure of possessing it. But now was the time to get it. One of us happened to be in Paris, took a run out to St. Cloud before sailing, found the cobbler and the reredos and the same price—only ten francs—and it was brought over on the steamer and is in place.

Upon the mantel there was to be nothing but two brass candlesticks, and above the mantel a single picture. It is of vital importance to avoid a cluttered appearance about a fireplace and to exercise discriminative reserve.

Getting a Liberal Education

A tall picture, high enough to reach to the cornice line, was decided upon, and it was to be so fastened, flat against the wall, as to seem part of the permanent decoration of the room

The picture decided upon was one of the admirable modern German school, and represents a highly-pictorial line of knights and lances above a shadowy, red-roofed town. It is a dark, strong picture, strong in treatment and in color effect, and on strong paper. And the question came, why put glass over it?—why not leave it as if it were a painting?

And so, rolled in its paper cylinder, it was taken in to an artists' material shop, and a meager, bent-over German came forward, a man of aspect crusty and crabbed and cross, but whose real nature proved to be divertingly different from this outward crust

"I should like to look at a stretcher, a canvas, to mount this picture on."

The answer came snappishly: "No canvas used now—all cotton!"

"All right, cotton."

"But—but—paste that color-print on!" he spluttered irascibly. "Nobody but an expert can do that!"

"Well, I should like it done"

"*You* can't do it!" He glared, but instead of insisting on impossibility became suddenly helpful. "My man is an expert, and while he's making the stretcher he'll just paste it on. It'll take him only a few minutes."

"And I want some varnish for it."

"Varnish!" he exclaimed explosively "That can't be varnished! It needs mastic!"

"Very well—I meant mastic varnish."

"Mastic's the thing! But do you know how hard it is to put mastic on without spoiling the picture?" he demanded. "It must have a thin coat of thin rice-flour paste first!"

"Well, paste, then." To know this man was a liberal education.

"Hum!" He hesitated and looked for a moment mollified. "My man will put it on."

"And the mastic ——"

"The mastic! You can't put that on right! You'd put too much on and it would run!"

"But your man ——"

"He can't do it! I can't do it myself! You can't do it!"

"Well, there's a painter working at the house who understands mahogany finishing and that sort of thing. I'll get him to do it with a camel's-hair brush."

"Huh!" He sold the mastic, but with continuous pessimism as to results. The stretcher was perfectly made and treated, and the total charge for this and the mastic

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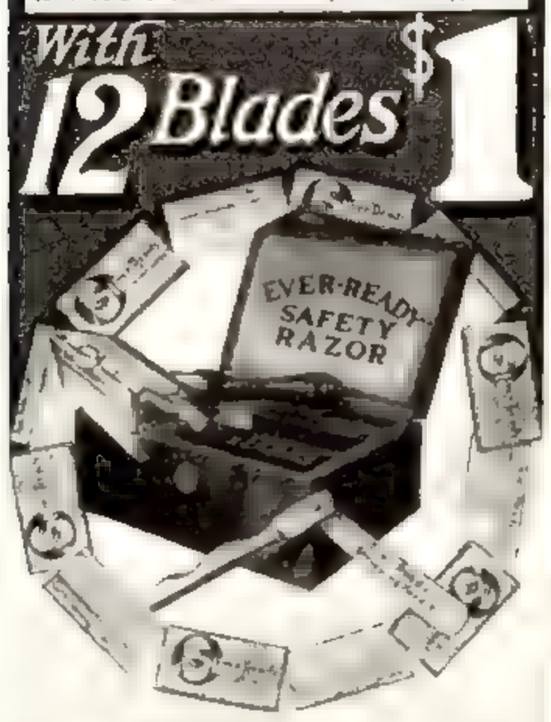

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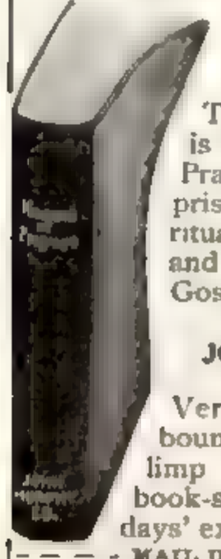

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was only a dollar and thirty cents. At home the painter applied the mastic with quick, light strokes, and the picture, protected by the mastic from the air, and with all the effect of a painting, was ready for a frame.

The frame was to be plain black, and in the house was the very thing—but not in the shape of a frame!

In the dining-room, some simple pine moulding of good design, four inches wide and without too many curves, was being used. It seems absurd, but it was precisely the proper design for the frame, and cost but four cents a foot.

A carpenter, working at the house, cut the moulding and mitered the corners and fitted them together—a hard thing to do, although it seems theoretically so simple. In cutting and mitering the wood was not held flat, but was cut on a bevel so as to make the picture stand out in a relief of two inches. It was fastened vertically in place with nails, and the heads were countersunk and puttied over. The frame, with two coats of dead-black paint, was as satisfactory in appearance as if it were a frame expensively obtained of a dealer.

In the first few days it was clear how imperatively needful was personal presence in the house, even though the smell of the plaster was over it all and the sound of the hammer was heard in the land. The entire house was, fortunately, quite habitable, but it was certainly an experience to live for weeks with a good share of the household belongings in crates and boxes, including the books that were waiting for the completion of the library.

Choosing the Colors

The color of the bookcases was mahogany, the wood itself being birch. The tiles of the fireplace were the same rich red-brown. The window-seat and door were likewise mahogany, and the window-frames and the mantelpiece were cream-white. At the diamond-paned windows there were to be no curtains, but for the other windows were chosen silk-tissue curtains of a fine golden brown which, in a pattern of small diamonds, were precisely the thing for the room. It may be worth while to mention that these curtains, so fortuitously bediamonded, were picked up, by a happy chance, for one-sixth their usual price.

And now the question came, what color should the wall be? If tradition were to be followed it would be a dark or even somber color. But repose and warmth are imperatively requisite in a library; and with the dark cases and white windows and mantel it seemed as if a shade of tobacco brown would be best, and so half a dozen long sample pieces were held up against the wall in turn. But none of them seemed just right.

At length we decided to take a risk. We chose a yellow—King's yellow, or, as it might more irreverently be termed, pumpkin yellow. Not to brighten the room, but to warm it, while at the same time giving a really beautiful color. Absolutely patternless, it was color alone, and, to go with it, the ceiling was given a paper of cream-white, the same shade as the cream-white of the mantel.

But in one respect, an important respect, it was not a success. At the fireplace end of the room, on either side of the chimney-breast, there was a glow of the yellow from ceiling to floor. That the yellow was a good yellow could not hide the fact that there was too much of it.

How was the fault to be remedied? This question presented itself insistently.

Would it be well to paper the lower half of the room, there, with the tobacco brown? Not bad, yet not quite the right solution. Another idea, dismissed as soon as entertained, was to put some sort of tapestry there, some hanging or something in Eastern coloring, perhaps; but we felt strongly opposed to the kind of fussy cozy corner which such things inevitably make. Then would it be well to give up the yellow entirely and paper over it, in some other color, for the entire room?

The problem was mulled over for days, and was at length solved by panels that were certainly unique in the making.

Moulding, identical with that used as the top line of each bookcase, was fastened against the wall on the level of the bookcase tops, on both sides of the chimney-breast.

Then a light little moulding, in tall, slim rectangles, was nailed with fine finishing nails against the papered wall between the first moulding and the baseboard, leaving a three-inch space above and below, with six inches between panels. This was enthusiastically done with a saw and a miter-box and a foot-rule, the evening that the idea came, after the carpenter had gone home, and there were even rectangles of moulding placed underneath the windows to carry out completely the air of verisimilitude

This simple work was all that was needed!—all except painting. For the lower half of that part of the room—moulding and baseboard and wall-paper—was merely painted cream-white, and no one looking at it has doubted that all that surface is paneled in wood.

A highly-important single factor was that the wall-paper had, by good luck, a smooth-textured, fibery surface that took paint like a board. Even then, had the paint line ended with wall-paper against wall-paper, an oily stain would have continued ahead; but this was averted by ending with the baseboard on the bottom and the line of moulding, bookcase high, at the top. And, too, the slight projection of this line of moulding makes an apparent throwing out of the entire painted space below it to a different plane from that of the wall-paper above, and this aids materially in maintaining the effect. And it was all so easily done! Fourteen mitered rectangles on a papered surface gave us fourteen sunken panels and a wainscoted wall. And, practical consideration, it was so cheap! The entire wall was now right, retaining the fine warm coloring, but with no longer too much of it and now all in the upper part of the room

From the first, when taking down the impossible partition and stairs in the middle of the room, we knew that an extra bedroom and a sewing-room directly above the library would not be accessible except through another sleeping-room, if some new way of reaching them from below could not be contrived

And one day the idea of how to do this came through the suggestion of a friend: "Put in a secret stair beside the fireplace!"

Now, there is perennial delight in a secret stair—and here was the chance to have a stair both secret and at the same time highly practical. At once there came thoughts of many secret stairs of history and fiction: of the one in Henry Esmond, set in a window-sill; of the one pictured by Balzac, entered by pushing aside the very back of a fireplace, and therefore so often so delightfully unusable.

The Secret Stair

And so the thought of a secret stair grew upon us. It seemed just the thing to round out what had been done in the room, and always with the satisfactory feeling that, in following the leading of romance, we were making a very usable and necessary addition to the house.

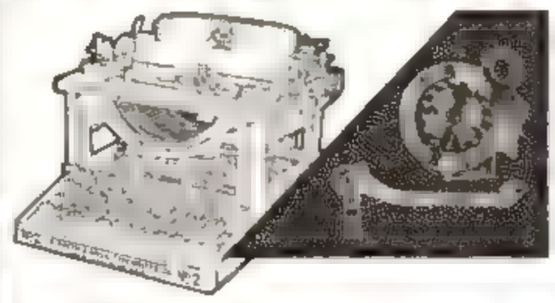
Measurements were taken to test the practical feasibility, and plans were definitely made, and then the carpenter was called in.

"Cut through this paneling beside the fireplace into the little room behind. Keep the baseboard in place; it can always be stepped over. The entranceway through the paneling, and the spring to push to open it, must not show. Begin the stair in the storeroom, boarding it in there so as to have no entrance from that side. Run the stair up within the chimney-breast, utilizing the upper part of the closet space beside the chimney, and take advantage of the fact that the flue begins to angle over toward one side at the height of six and a half feet. There must be nothing to give a hint that the chimney conceals a stair. And now, is it feasible; and if so, how much will it cost?"

The carpenter, happily accustomed by other work here to look upon the unusual as usual, came and saw and was conquered. "Nothing easier," he said laconically. "It will be steep and narrow, but there is headway enough. I guess that's how a secret stair ought to be, though I never built one before. There will be a little new wood to get, besides what I see left here from the other jobs, and the labor will be, I think, not over twelve dollars. It will certainly not be over eighteen."

And thereupon, thus simply, the secret stair was made.

Ball Bearing Throughout



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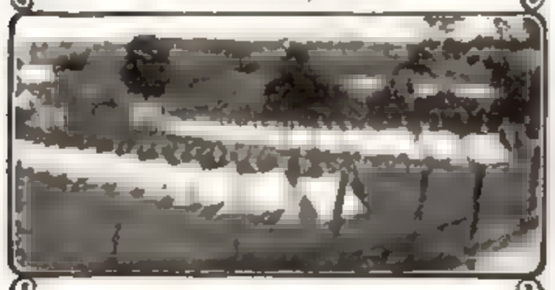

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Second—He saved it after making, a wholly different matter.

Third—He saved the savings, which is still another thing

Up to the age of twenty-eight he was a good-natured harum-scarum, roving about, working for others and giving slight thought to his future. An elder brother died, leaving a fairish sort of retail store where he had really worked himself to death. There were also a widow and children. The younger brother took charge for the widow with a view to turning stock and good-will into cash. Nobody would pay what he thought his sister-in-law ought to have, however. So, in the end, to get that much money out of the business he bought it himself.

Goods inventoried about $4500, and he added $1500 for fixtures and good-will, agreeing to pay six installments of $1000 each, six months apart. Stock being greatly run down he had to buy new goods to the value of $1500, half of which were obtained with borrowed money and the rest on two months' credit. By turning a $6000 stock four times a year, with net profits of fifteen per cent on capital each turnover, he could clear about $300 a month. Some of his sales would have to be made on credit, tying up money, and he had to take care of his two months' purchases before there would be anything clear toward the first $1000 payment to the widow.

These circumstances made him lay out a complete program for the first year, with a schedule of obligations to meet and a certain profit to make each month. This was an excellent thing. It gave him a plan to work by, and the experience he had picked up as a roving harum-scarum served him to good purpose. By the end of the tenth month he had met his program and turned stock the allotted four times, leaving two months at the end of the year in which he could afford to pay something handsome for the extra trade that would enable him to turn it a fifth time. At the end of the second year he owned the business clear and free.

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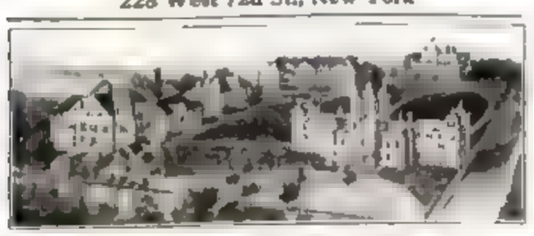

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Small money premiums were paid employees for genuine economies. If a clerk stopped a leak in a barrel, that was real economy. If he cut cloth in such a way that there would be no remnant, that was an economy. If he saved light by turning down the gas in the cellar when he came up, or packed goods so that charges were saved, or made deliveries with one trip instead of two, these economies brought him a percentage of what the store gained by them. The system in paying such premiums was simple, for this merchant set his own estimate on what could be saved that way, and twice a year employees got a percentage based on their wages. If a clerk made two shipments instead of one, there was a penalty. The system worked well because the proprietor was constantly about among his people, and resulted in economies of wrapping paper and twine; even a gross of pencils lasted longer. Superfluous economies were discouraged—there was no money in letting a customer wait while a clerk pulled nails out of a box-cover and straightened them. There was also a useful rule against mental arithmetic which gives chances for error either for or against the house. Pads of paper were placed everywhere and even when not more than two figures were to be added, it had to be done on paper. At the same time these pads made it easy to record credit sales, cutting off losses through neglect to make such records, a neglect which may eat into retail profits to the extent of five per cent.

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During his harum-scarum days he had worked for an easy-going employer whose family was permitted to order what it pleased at Father's store. The doctor in that town, say, bought his wife a silk dress—his one extravagance. The merchant's wife sent down to the store for a silk dress when she saw it. The bishop's one extravagance was to buy his daughter a piano. The merchant's daughter had to have one, too. As the outcome, the merchant's family was living up to the extravagances of all the mildly extravagant families in town—just because Father kept a store. Father failed, eventually.

When this retired merchant married and had a family, therefore, he remembered

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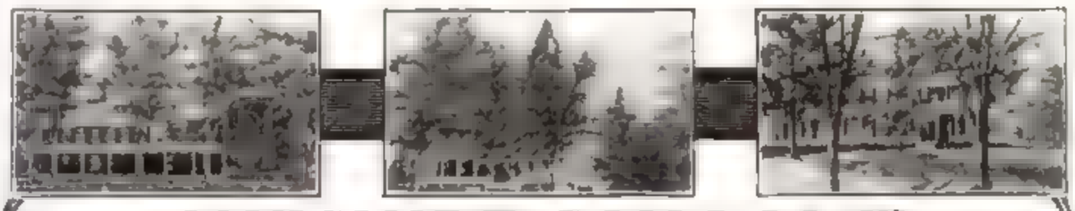

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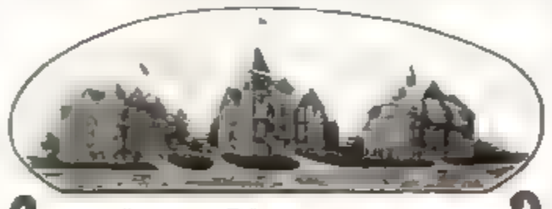

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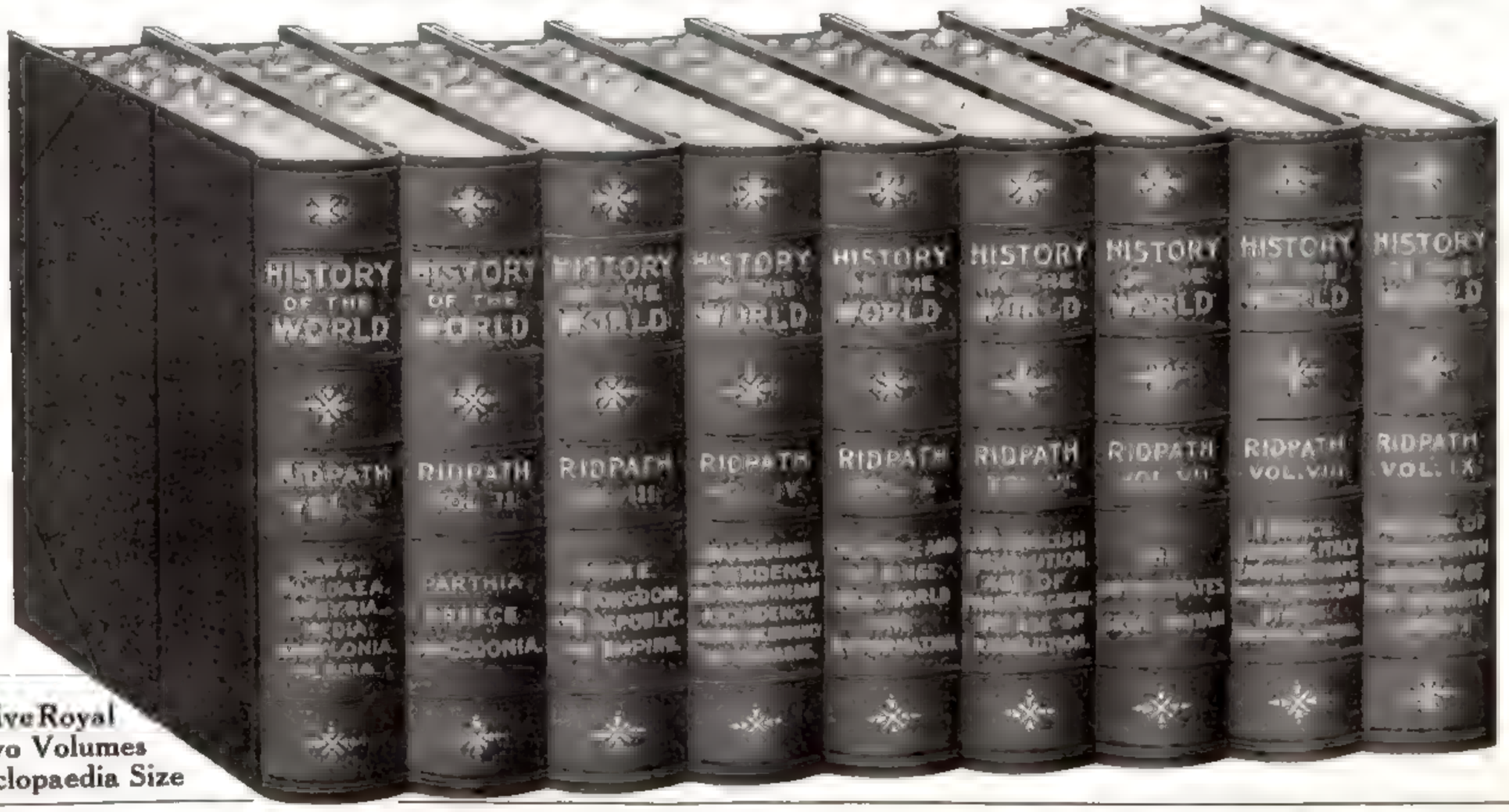

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Leadville, an Epic of the West

(Continued from Page 5)

reaches, too, the parasites of that half-civilization about the cow-camps and mining towns of all the West. Gambler and crook, gun-man and painted lady, pay and pack and troop into this land where winning and spending are sudden. The little railroad, dragging freight and debts from Denver to Cañon City, becomes like a trunk line. At Cañon City stage, immigrant wagon, converted farm wagon, ox team, mule team and jack train are taking orders weeks ahead to convey freight and passengers across the passes. The mountain deer, stepping along the trails which their ancestors had followed for two hundred centuries, came out upon these strange cavalcades and sniffed and sped straight ahead, deer-fashion, to die by joyous fusillades from the stages and immigrant wagons. Man, who never goes backward in his advance, was breaking a new corner of his estate, the world.

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Before the first heavy wave of that rush, H. A. W. Tabor, by another picturesque stroke of luck, had made his second stake. The beginning thereof goes back a little way into mining history.

"Chicken Bill," the "mine-salter," got his name from his appetite and his reputation from his character. In his brief term as a freighter he was sent into the Gunnison country with a load of dressed chickens. A blizzard arose, and the camp gave him up for lost. At the end of a fortnight, and when the weather had modified a little, the searching party found him among his frozen mules, encamped in the bed of one freight wagon. He had cut up the other one for fuel, and he had been living on chickens—three a day for two weeks. After that, Bill never cared much for poultry.

His steady means of livelihood was "salting" gold nuggets for tenderfeet. He it was who first blew the gold into the quartz with a shotgun—a device which has scarcely been improved upon in all the subsequent advance of mining science. He entered Leadville with a view to studying the scientific method of salting with lead carbonates, and remained to dig in Fryer Hill. After he had sunk his shaft sixty feet Chicken Bill got disgusted with legitimate mining. He knew that Tabor and his backers were spying out all the claims for good investments. One night, he sneaked over to the Little Pittsburgh and bought from Rische four sacks of bonanza ore. He carefully lined the bottom of his claim with two sacks of these lead carbonates, sprinkled the rest on the dump, and strolled down to Leadville. There he got premeditatedly, ostentatiously drunk—and in such manner that he would seem to be celebrating luck. The Tabor men saw him and hurried to his claim—the Chrysolite. They found his plant. The next day Tabor struck while the iron was hot. So did Chicken Bill. Tabor bought the Chrysolite on the spot for thirty thousand dollars. Bill took it in currency, and lost himself. The Tabor miners were only an hour in

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This year's results in the

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If somebody should offer you **$10,000 a year,** wouldn't you take it, and say thank you?

Such an offer wasn't exactly made to Mr. I. N. Parlier, but his **eighty-acre vineyard,** in San Joaquin Valley of California, netted that sum.

Of course, he owned the land, and had improved it with much labor and many dollars. That $10,000 wasn't a windfall, he earned every cent of it.

The point is, **he started with little and today has much.** Mr. Parlier's success should be duplicated. If you buy soon, the increase in land values will be a big item. Raw acres now cost $50 and up. Time, work and water will some day make each acre worth $1,000.

Ten or twenty acres is enough for profitable fruit raising and truck farming.

What some farmers have done:

From an orchard 18 years old, J. B. Osborn, postmaster at Atwater, Cal., harvested ten tons of peaches to the acre and sold them to cannery at $18 a ton; land never fertilized. This is $1,800 for ten acres.

Owens Bros., of Merced, Cal., sold to the cannery **$750 worth** of string beans raised **on four acres.**

John Gamos, of Merced, Cal., dug from **15 acres** eleven carloads of **sweet potatoes,** averaging 250 sacks per car, worth $1.15 a sack, or **$4,300.**

J. S. Montgomery has 10 acres in suburbs of Merced. From **45 hives of bees** he took **$3,750 worth of honey** last season.

This great Central California valley, once a Spanish-Mexican cattle and sheep ranch, is being developed by American settlers into a land of orchard homes.

Smaller farms mean larger towns and better home markets.

A wide [illegible] level as a floor, gently sloping to the [illegible] average width, 100 miles, and more than [illegible] long.

Through its center flows the San Joaquin River to the sea, fed en route by mountain streams, which rise among snow capped peaks. Plenty of water for irrigation.

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I know this Valley from end to end. I have seen crops planted and harvested in every one of its seven counties. I have interviewed farmers, ranchers and merchants. I have collated the [illegible] facts.

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digging out the "ore body." "Hell!" said Tabor when he heard of it. "Well, I've got nothing just now for you fellows to do. Go ahead and sink that shaft anyhow." In three more shifts they struck the main carbonate body; and the Chrysolite produced millions. Tabor's luck made him fortune out of misfortune in those days. When he invested he was just as lucky. He bought for one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars the Matchless on Carbonate Hill; the Matchless became the steadiest high producer of all his properties; of them all, it is the only one which is producing yet.

The Little Chief is another fairy tale with which to conjure tenderfeet and reluctant investors. As I have said, the porphyry dyke dips at this location, joining two ore chutes; the width of the Little Chief ore body was two hundred feet. The Dillon brothers, Dennis Custer and John Taylor, partners, staked it out originally. To get money for sinking they sold an option to a speculator. He had the right to buy for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at the end of sixty days. Ten days after they signed the papers they, too, struck the great ore body; their assays and prospects made a quarter of a million seem like a white chip. Leaving the claim under guard, the partners invaded Leadville to find the speculator and get back the option, if possible. He was forewarned; he sneaked out to Denver, where he found capital for the purchase. When they had assured themselves that he was gone beyond recall the partners returned to the claim, dug full steam, and took out two hundred thousand dollars in the six weeks before the option expired! At that, they had dug out only a corner of their find. Most of the original discoverers died poor; the Dillon boys were canny exceptions. They had enough money when they abandoned mining to buy a big stock farm on the Eagle River, and there they lived happy ever after.

Then the mines on Carbonate Hill and Iron Hill, which had been doing well already, reached deeper-lying carbonate bodies similar in formation to the Fryer Hill chute. It was now a certainty; even Wall Street admitted that Leadville was the richest thing since Nevada played out. A rush of capital followed. The era of unparalleled production, running beside an unparalleled "jag" of spending, began.

Before I go into that heyday and flower of the camp, let me have done with Tabor and his luck. Prosperity brought out in him that king quality which had lain there, half disguised, in his years of adversity. From the time when he left a Maine stone quarry for adventure in the West, through his period of homesteading in Kansas, of playing with mining, of storekeeping, his associates had recognized it; whenever there came occasion for a public leader in California Gulch, that leader was Tabor. Now he developed a mania for big things.

The first big thing, the inflated over-capitalization of the Little Pittsburgh, was only remotely his. The promoters with designs on Wall Street were already there. They formed a stock company, took over the Little Pittsburgh, and sent for the most eminent mining expert in the East. He went through the Little Pittsburgh with pick and assay, and reported that the ore in prospect was worth twenty million dollars. Probably he was only mistaken, and it may be that the show was stage-managed for him. The promoters issued twenty million dollars' worth of capital stock in hundred-dollar shares, which sold rapidly on the New York market at from twenty dollars to thirty dollars a share. The mine paid dividends of one hundred thousand dollars a month for six months—and blew up. They had exhausted the carbonate chute, and Fryer Hill, on the edge of the Leadville ore body, was not underlaid by those deeper zinc compounds and sulphides which revivified the camp after the carbonates were gone. Just such financiering marked the history of the Chrysolite—Chicken Bill's unconscious strike. The stock company capitalized it for ten millions and sold the stock for forty to fifty dollars a share. When the company had declared one million two hundred thousand dollars in dividends, its ore deposits were no more. These operations gave the camp a bad name in New York; they did not affect the pockets of the Western capitalists who had hurried to get in ahead of the Wall Street lamb.

Tabor was now the richest man in Colorado. Allowing for the tendency to

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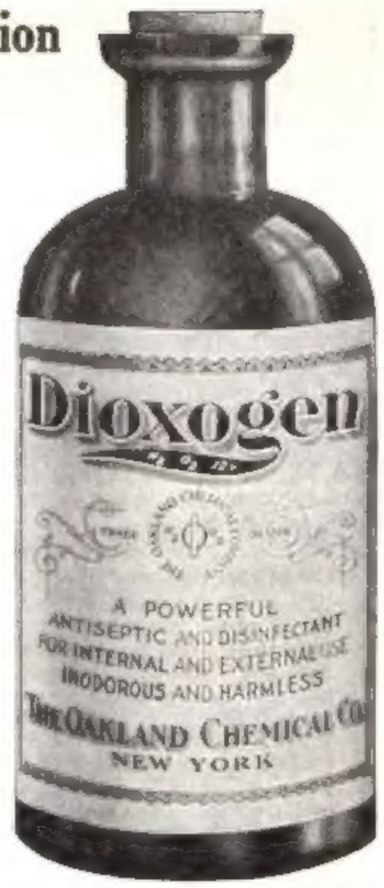
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DIOXOGEN *proves itself*. It bubbles and foams *the instant* it is brought in contact with germs, germ poisons and the harmful products of decay and decomposition. The bubbling and foaming of DIOXOGEN are actual manifestations of its germicidal and cleansing action. When DIOXOGEN foams and bubbles it is disinfecting; it is destroying, disorganizing and *cleaning out* the bacteria and other disease-causing substances.

CAUTION Be sure you get *real* DIOXOGEN—the *Pure* Peroxide of Hydrogen. Some dealers, who have not investigated the comparative merits of different grades of peroxide, honestly think all peroxide of hydrogen is alike. If you just ask for "peroxide of hydrogen," you may get an inferior grade; you may get "bleaching" peroxide; you may get weak and inefficient peroxide; you may get impure peroxide. By insisting on DIOXOGEN and by accepting DIOXOGEN *only* are you sure of getting *pure* peroxide of hydrogen of satisfactory strength and efficiency.

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exaggerate the wealth of any man, he must have had eight or nine millions. Not a great deal as Eastern fortunes go nowadays—but that was the West and thirty years ago. He pulled up stakes for Denver, that city of pleasant site and climate which got its early start from the Leadville millions, and prepared to play his part in the politics and finance of his state. Tabor invested his loose money in Denver buildings. The Tabor Opera House—in its time the best theater of the West—remains his monument.

Spending money like water, he rushed into politics. His personality was as well fitted for such a career as his discretion was unfitted. He had a genuine love of his kind and that natural blindness for social distinctions which the professional politician only assumes. To the end of his life he was "Horace" to his comrades of early days, though they wore jeans and he diamonds. To the end of his fortunes his old "pardners" had the privilege of putting their cowhide boots on his mahogany.

Tabor got the office of Lieutenant-Governor; and when Senator Teller, of Colorado, was advanced to Arthur's Cabinet, Tabor was created United States Senator to fill the sixty-day vacancy. He proceeded to Washington with a Senatorial trousseau of diamonds and loud clothes. It included a forty-dollar nightshirt which fired the imagination of the opposition newspapers, and which has grown in tradition to be a twelve-hundred-dollar nightshirt.

In Washington he remarried. President Arthur was the guest of honor at the ceremony—for Arthur liked Tabor, as did every one else who met him closely. He returned to Denver, built on a half block of ground a palace for a residence, and prepared to live up to his wealth. The mansion is a boarding-house now. On luxuries, on lavish personal charities, on a hopeless political ambition, finally on big, foolish mining projects, he frittered his millions away. A Mexican mining deal, wherein he played Tabor luck against a location one hundred and fifty miles from a railroad, took the biggest crimp. There were the matters, too, of foolish plunges in Aspen mines, in Chicago docks, in Oregon dredgers. After the Mexican boom collapsed he mortgaged his buildings. His opera house, his business blocks, finally his mansion went under the hammer. By the year 1896 he was working in the stopes of one of his few remaining mines, trying to get something back. That failed, as everything did after his luck turned. His friends took counsel, and, in consideration of what he had done for the state and its politicians, they got him the office of postmaster at Denver.

Not all the fortunes went as this one did. It is surprising to learn how many great American careers were financed from those hills, how much solid advancement they started. Leadville was the second founding of Denver, what with the small fortunes transferred to that pleasanter site. In Leadville Senator Moffatt and Governor Routt, of Colorado, got their first wealth. Levi Z. Leiter was in reduced circumstances after the financial crash of 1873. His partnership with "Uncle Billy" Stevens and their fortunate investment in the Iron-Silver Mine, and in the placer patent which covered the city of Leadville, gave him his second wind. Graham and Guggenheim took four million dollars from the A. Y. and Minnie mine; and the Guggenheim of that partnership was father to the "Smelter Trust" family and to the present Senator from Colorado. Stephen B. Elkins invested in the Small Hopes. The money he made there came so suddenly and so easily that he speculated with it on the West Virginia coal lands which brought him his greater fortune. That same company financed Senator Plumb, of Kansas, and, to a lesser extent, James G. Blaine.

But under these lay the smaller fortunes, poured suddenly into the pockets of men who did not know that big riches, as well as small, have nimble wings. Of these, in a larger way, Tabor was typical. He represented a whole class: those able, free-handed citizens of the West who played the game of life as a man shakes dice at the bar, and whose high courage stopped at no project, however absurdly great. They did nothing permanent for themselves, those men; but they tamed and harnessed the West for our generation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Irwin upon the men who discovered and made Leadville and what they did. The second article will be printed in an early issue.

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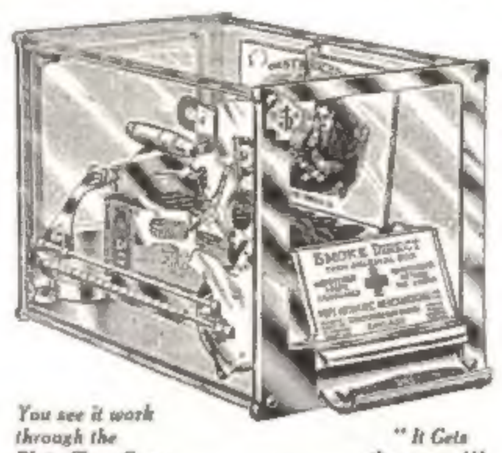

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Systems of Pope Cigar Selling Machines are now established in various parts of the United States. One entire Western State is disposed of. Negotiations are pending for three southern states. A number of large eastern cities are being operated by local interests whose capital ranges from $4,000 to $70,000. Other smaller eastern cities and counties fr. 000 to $4,000. A n. .er of western cities and counties have been taken up on a basis of from $1,000 to $50,000.

Many smaller places are disposed of to individuals on a basis of from $1,000 to $5,000. Hundreds of negotiations are pending for other territory involving capital of from $1,000 to $80,000 cash.

Judging by the number of responses to our recent announcement, together with the readiness with which the territory was taken up, the public has been waiting for just such a machine as we make and exclusively control.

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There's the *utmost limit of wear* in every pair of Steel Shoes—and *comfort* as long as you wear them. They are *lighter* than all-leather work shoes with their thick and clumsy soles. They need *no repairs!* They are *absolutely waterproof* and will keep your feet warm, dry and comfortable in the coldest weather, in mud, snow or slush up to your *shoe-tops*. Do you wonder that many thousands of workers will wear no other kind of work shoes?

Steel Shoes Give Protection From Colds, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Stiffness, Discomfort

Steel Shoes are as waterproof as Rubber Boots, and keep the feet warm and perfectly dry, regardless of rain, snow, slush or mud—no matter how cold the weather. They defy cold and wet, protecting the feet even from dampness and chill.

Many cases of rheumatism, colds, and sore throat result from wearing all-leather shoes which *leak* or *absorb moisture*. Pneumonia often develops as the direct result of cold, wet feet. Why take chances when Steel Shoes offer *real protection*, with *comfort* thrown in for good measure?

How These Wonderful Shoes Are Made

Steel Soles and Sides—Waterproof Leather Uppers—Adjustable Steel Rivets in Bottoms—Hair Cushion Insoles

Steel Shoes solve the problem of the Perfect Work Shoe for all time to come.

The soles of Steel Shoes and an inch above the soles are stamped out of a special light, thin, rust-resisting steel. *One piece of seamless steel from toe to heel!* As a further protection from wear, and a means of giving a firm foothold, the bottoms are studded with adjustable steel rivets. The "Immortality" of the Sole!

The adjustable rivets add the finishing touch of perfection. Practically all the wear comes on these steel rivets. When steel rivets wear down, you can instantly replace them with new rivets. And the rivets at the tip of the toe and ball of foot are the only ones that wear. Steel Shoes never go to the Repair Shop, for there's nothing to wear but the rivets. The cost is only 30 cents for 50 extra steel rivets. No other repairs are ever needed.

The uppers are made of the very best quality of pliable waterproof leather, and firmly riveted to soles. There is greater strength and longer service and more foot comfort in Steel Shoes than in any other working shoes in existence. It's in the *steel* and the *pliable leather*, and the way they are *put together*.

Secret of Steel Shoe Elasticity

Steel Shoes have thick, springy Hair Cushion Insoles, which are easily slipped out for cleansing and airing. They absorb perspiration and foot odors—absorb the jar and shock when you walk on hard or stony ground. They keep your feet free from callouses, blisters and soreness.

Made in Sizes 5 to 12, 6 inch, 9 inch, 12 inch and 16 inch High Styles

Steel Shoes are made with tops of different heights, suitable for every purpose, from general field work to ditch-digging:

Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, $2.50 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $3.50 shoes.
Steel Shoes, 6 inches high, with *extra grade of leather*, $3.00 a pair, excel any $4.50 all-leather shoes.
Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, $3.50 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $5.00 shoes.
Steel Shoes, 9 inches high, with *extra quality of leather*, $4.00 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $5.50 shoes.
Steel Shoes, 12 inches high, $5.00 a pair, are better than the best all-leather $6.00 shoes.
Steel Shoes, 16 inches high, $6.00 a pair, are better than the best all-leather shoes regardless of cost.

Get "STEELS" and Enjoy Real Comfort—

Then Tell Your Neighbors About It! Order a Pair Today

Learn, by actual test, the tremendous advantages of "Steels."

We will fill orders for "Steel Shoes" direct from this advertisement, under a positive guarantee to refund the purchase price promptly if, upon inspection, you do not find the shoes exactly as represented.

Remit the price of the *size and style* of shoes you wish. *Be sure to state size of shoe you wear.*

We will ship shoes promptly, safe delivery guaranteed.

No More Sore, Aching Feet!

You will not suffer from corns, bunions, callouses and blistered, aching feet if you wear Steel Shoes. They are shaped to fit the feet and need no "breaking in." Easy on—easy off. No warping, no twisting, no curled-up soles. The rigid Steel Soles force the uppers to keep their shape. They *rest* the feet by affording *support* exactly where it is needed.

Throw Away Your Old Shoes and Hot Rubber Boots!

Don't torture your feet in hard, twisted, warped, leaky, shapeless leather-soled shoes. Don't sweat your feet and make them tender by wearing hot rubber boots, felt boots or arctics. Throw the old things away! Get a pair of Steel Shoes and *learn what foot comfort really means.*

Save $5 to $10 in Shoe Money!

As one pair of Steel Shoes will outlast three to six pairs of leather-soled shoes or at least three pairs of rubber boots, it is easy to see that the saving in shoe bills is great. At least $5 to $10 a year! A man who wears Steel Shoes doesn't have to own three different styles of working shoes.

Save Doctors' Bills!

Steel Shoes pay for themselves over and over again in the saving of medicine and doctors' bills. They prevent sickness.

Wear Steel Shoes and you will prevent Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Stiffness of the joints and other troubles and discomforts caused by cold, wet feet. Keep your feet always warm, dry and comfortable in Steel Shoes. They protect your health and save doctors' bills.

Save Repair Bills!

Steel Shoes need no expensive repairs—no "half-soling," no new heels, no patches.

The thin Steel Soles are turned up an inch high all around—absolutely no cracks or seams to hold moisture or mud. You can instantly replace the adjustable Steel Rivets when partly worn. The expense of keeping leather-soled shoes repaired is often nearly as great as the original cost of the shoes.

A Style of Steel Shoe for Every Use

For all classes of use requiring high cut shoes, such as ditching, lumbering, hunting, etc., our 12 inch or 16 inch high Steel Shoes are absolutely indispensable. They give the *utmost possible protection.*

We strongly recommend the 6 inch High Steel Shoes at $3 a pair or the 9-inch High Steel Shoes at $4 a pair for general work under all conditions.

Fill out, tear off and mail the Order Blank TODAY.

Send Your Order for Steel Shoes Today Direct to

N. M. RUTHSTEIN, Secretary and Treasurer

STEEL SHOE CO., Dept. 63, RACINE, WIS.

Canadian Branch Factory, TORONTO, CANADA.

Order Blank

FOR STEEL SHOES

Steel Shoe Co., Dept. 63, Racine, Wis.

Gentlemen:—

I enclose _____ for $_____

in payment for _____ pair Steel Shoes.

Size _____

Name _____

Town _____ State _____

County _____ R. F. D. _____

My shoe dealer's name is _____

Eventually

Why Not Now?

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